This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 1,082,819

PRESENTED BY
THE SOCIETY

TRANSACTIONS

AND

COLLECTIONS

VOLUME VIII

TRANSACTIONS

AND

COLLECTIONS

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

VOLUME VIII

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY
1901

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE:

EDWARD E. HALE, D. D., of Roxbury.
NATHANIEL PAINE, A. M., of Worcester.
CHARLES A. CHASE, A. M., of Worcester.
CHARLES C. SMITH, A. M., of Boston.

347340

Christopher Columbus Baldwin

DIARY

OF

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS BALDWIN

LIBRARIAN OF THE

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

1829—1835

WORCESTER MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

1901

WORCESTER:
PRESS OF CHARLES HAMILTON.
1901.

NOTE.

Among the treasures of the American Antiquarian Society the Diary of its early and brilliant Librarian, Christopher C. Baldwin, has long been considered as a most valuable nugget. Whether as a picture of life in the cultivated society of a shire town in Massachusetts three-quarters of a century ago, or the jottings of an earnest genealogist and antiquarian, interspersed with shrewd and often naïve comments upon men and customs, it is certainly unique and an exemplar.

It is curious to note how the work developed as it progressed. At first, a few almost common-place memoranda in The New England Farmer's Almanack, it gradually expands, and later is evidently written out in full and at leisure some time after the occurrence of the events. Note the memoranda made during his last and fatal journey to the West, which would have furnished many pages of interesting comments and information if the life of the writer had been spared.

The Council of the Society, on October 20, 1899, authorized the Committee of Publication to print the Diary. The work of editing has been done by one of their number, Nathaniel Paine, A.M., who also prepared the introduction and notes.

The Committee express their thanks to Benjamin Thomas Hill, Esq., who copied the Diary for the printer; to Miss Mary Robinson, assistant to the Librarian, who compared the proof with the original and also prepared the index; and to Miss Mary G. Whitcomb, of the library staff, for assistance rendered.

The portrait of Mr. Baldwin is from the original painting by Chester Harding, in the possession of our Society. The picture of his birthplace is from a photograph procured by Mr. Paine.

Committee of Publication.

ERRATA.

Page 82. Under date of November 24, for Dr. *Ebenezer* Paine read Dr. Leonard Paine.

Page 193. Mr. Baldwin speaks of a Mr. Harris as having written a tract entitled, "Simplicity's Defence." This was undoubtedly "Simplicites Defence against Seven-headed Policy, Or Innocency Vindicated," *etc.*, London, 1646, the author of which was Samuel Gorton, not Harris as stated. Another edition appeared in 1647 and it was reprinted in Providence by the Rhode Island Historical Society in 1835 and in Force's "Tracts" Vol. iv., No. 6, in 1846.

Page 209. It is stated that Samuel Davis was the editor of "Morton's New England Memorial." This is incorrect, it having been edited by Judge John Davis, with notes, in 1826. The full title of this very rare book is "New-Englands Memoriall: or a brief Relation of the most Memorable and Remarkable Passages of the Providence of God, manifested to the Planters of New-England in America; With special Reference to the first Colony thereof, Called New-Plimouth. As also a Nomination of divers of the most Eminent Instruments deceased, both of Church and Common-wealth, improved in the first beginning and after-progress of sundry of the respective Jurisdictions in those Parts; in reference unto sundry Exemplary Passages of their Lives, and the time of their death." Cambridge: 1669.

Page 248. Under date of December 17, 1833, for Rev. *Samuel* Paine of Weymouth read Rev. Thomas Paine.

Page 281. First line at top of page, for Capt. *John* Barker read William Barker, who was landlord of the Exchange Coffee House at Worcester from 1793 to about 1803.

INTRODUCTION.

THE author of the following diary, Christopher Columbus Baldwin, was born at Templeton, Massachusetts, in that part of the town now called Baldwinville, August 1, 1800.

Under date of August 1, 1832, in the diary, he thus refers to his birth :

"I was born thirty-two years ago this day, if there is any reliance to be put in the family record. The record in the Bible reads in this way 'Christopher Columbus, born August first, 1800, sign of the thighs.' My father entertains a curious notion that the temper is influenced in some way by the particular time of birth, so the place of the sign in the Almanack is put in the record against each of the family."

His father, Capt. Eden Baldwin, was a son of Jonathan Baldwin, a native of Spencer, Mass., and one of the first settlers of Templeton. His mother was Abigail Force, born June 16, 1768, a daughter of Lieut. Jonathan Force of Wrentham, Mass. Jonathan Baldwin became a large land-owner in that part of Templeton now called Baldwinville, and was the owner of a saw and grist-mill. His son Eden succeeded him in the business, and also had a lumber and brick yard. The name was given to the village on account of the business

enterprise and public spirit manifested by both father and son.[1]

Christopher studied at Leicester Academy for three years, and entered Harvard College with the class of 1823. He left college in May, 1823, having been dismissed with thirty-four others of the senior class, owing to certain disturbances, brought about by the obnoxious action of a member of the class. The college records indicate that Mr. Baldwin was a good student and that he had good standing as to conduct.

He studied law in Worcester, with Gov. John Davis and Hon. Charles Allen, then leading members of the bar. He was admitted to the Worcester County Bar in October, 1826, and began practice in Worcester. He afterwards practised in Barre for a short time and later in Sutton, but finally returned to Worcester.[2]

Although well qualified to have gained a good standing at the bar, law was not to his taste, he being specially interested in genealogical and historical study in preference to the complications and details of his profession. In the words of a contemporary, "he loved better to explore the field of history than of law, and to draw from the memory of the aged, material which might serve for future amplification and correction." His tastes in this direction soon brought him into close fellowship with William Lincoln, brother of Gov. Levi Lin-

[1] The house in which Christopher was born, built by his father in 1797, is still standing in good condition.

[2] Mr. Baldwin had an office on the east side of Main Street, Worcester, in the building next south of the United States Hotel, on the spot now occupied by Piper Block; also for a short time on the west side of Main Street, opposite the Worcester Bank

BIRTHPLACE OF CHRISTOPHER C. BALDWIN, AT TEMPLETON (NOW BALDWINVILLE), MASS., ERECTED IN 1797.

coln, and the local historian of Worcester. In 1825-26 they jointly edited and published "The Worcester Magazine and Historical Journal," which although not financially successful, was of much literary merit and became of value to the student of history, especially to those interested in town histories.

The great interest manifested by Mr. Baldwin in antiquarian and genealogical studies made him a suitable person for membership in the American Antiquarian Society, to which he was elected October 20, 1827. His friends Charles Allen of Worcester and Emory Washburn of Leicester were chosen at the same time, as was also Jared Sparks, the eminent historical scholar. At the same meeting at which he was elected a member he was appointed temporary librarian and cabinet keeper, succeeding his friend William Lincoln, who had lately been elected corresponding secretary.

In 1829 Mr. Baldwin became editor of the *National Ægis*, a newspaper started at Worcester in 1801 under the editorship of Hon. Francis Blake, later conducted by William Lincoln, his immediate predecessor in the editorial chair.[1] He retained the editorship till May, 1830, when he removed to Barre, Mass., where he practised his profession till the fall of that year, and then settled in Sutton, Mass., going into partnership with Jonas Leonard Sibley of that town, who was then United States Marshal. He resigned the office of librarian of the Antiqua-

[1] The *National Ægis* was discontinued in 1833, but publication was resumed in 1838, with William Lincoln as editor.

rian Society at the time he took up his residence in Barre, and Samuel M. Burnside, of Worcester, succeeded him.

Upon his return to Worcester in 1832 he was elected permanent librarian of the Antiquarian Society, and as appears by his diary assumed the office April 1, 1832, which he retained till his death.

Mr. Baldwin at once began the work of rearranging the books, pamphlets, newspapers, *etc.*, in the library, and to make special efforts to increase the collections, sparing himself neither time nor trouble in so doing. Besides the diary, he left two quarto volumes containing copies of letters written by him to institutions and individuals, asking for contributions of books, newspapers, and manuscripts for the library. A perusal of these letters[1] will show very clearly the indebtedness of the Antiquarian Society to him for many of its most rare and valuable publications, and there can be no doubt that to him more than to any one else except its founder, the Society owes its large and valuable collection of early American newspapers.

He writes to John Quincy Adams in April, 1832, asking him if possible, to secure for the library, the works of Hakluyt, Purchas and Churchill, and says: "They are so rarely met with that it would be too much to ask any one to spare them from his library, and it would be esteemed a great favor to be

[1] The letters, of which there are over two hundred now in the possession of the Antiquarian Society, were written between April, 1832, and March, 1835, many of them being of historical value. There are also two volumes of letters received by him between February 1, 1832, and December 10, 1834, mostly from prominent students and antiquaries.

informed where in this country they could be purchased." He also says "When you shall dispose of your copy of the New English Canaan by Thos. Morton I wish you would remember our library. I do not find that this is borne on any catalogue of our public institutions," *etc., etc.*

He did not hesitate to write Viscount Kingsborough, in December, 1834, requesting a copy of his great work on the "Antiquities of Mexico." He says: "I am not aware that any institution in this country is so fortunate as to possess a copy. I have ventured to ask your Lordship to enrich our library with a copy, from the consideration that the American Antiquarian Society is a national institution designed to promote the study and insure the preservation of American Antiquities."[1]

Writing to Jared Sparks he asks that the manuscripts used by him in writing the "Life of Gouverneur Morris" be deposited in the library of the Society, and soon after he writes to Edward Everett for help in completing the Society's sets of the North American Review, the American Annual Register, *etc.*

In August, 1832, writing to Rev. Aaron Bancroft, who was then on a visit to Cincinnati, he requests him to interest himself in the mounds in the Ohio valley, and says: "What I particularly want and am desirous of procuring is a collection of skulls. I want the skulls of that unknown forgotten people who built the mounds and forts, and

[1] The letter to Viscount Kingsborough does not appear to have been responded to, but several years later a copy of the "Antiquities of Mexico" was presented to the Society by Hon. Isaac Davis of Worcester.

inhabited the country before the present race of Indians."

To Obadiah Rich, the famous London bookseller and bibliographer, he writes August 12, 1834, informing him that as soon as his catalogue of the library of the American Antiquarian Society is out of the press he purposes to prepare a catalogue of all the productions of American authors from the settlement of the country to the present time.[1]

He says "The oldest book in the Society's library is a Bible printed in 1476," and he asks Mr. Rich to procure one printed in 1470 or earlier if one could be had without great expense. He asks "how can the library be enriched with the public documents which have been given to several of our public institutions by the British government?"

He also says "I have requested my friend Mr. [George] Bancroft of Northampton (who has made himself so prominent by his first volume of the History of the United States) to add a note in relation to the institution with which I am connected."

Mr. Rich answered this letter in November of the same year and tells Mr. Baldwin that he has arranged to have the publications of the Record Commissioners sent to the Society. All the volumes not out of print will be sent as soon as the name of the institution to which it is given is printed on the title of each book. He alludes to the proposed publication of the catalogue of the

[1] The untimely death of Mr. Baldwin prevented his carrying out his plans in this direction.

productions of American authors and thinks it will be a most desirable addition to the stock of bibliographical literature.

In a long letter to George T. Davis, editor of the *Franklin Mercury* at Greenfield, Mass., in reply to one received from him asking if the Antiquarian Society had any skulls of New England Indians, he treats the subject at considerable length and says "any specimens sent will be thankfully received."

To Rev. John Pierpont in March, 1834, he writes, asking for a copy of each of his publications for the library. In the same letter, speaking of the collections of the Boston Athenæum, he says "I know of no collection in New England so large and valuable as that. There are many things in it no doubt that are of small value, but my experience daily tells me that we cannot determine what is valuable and what is not. There is scarcely anything that issues from the press that will not be wanted by somebody. There is a maxim among misers which says 'take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves.' A faithful librarian should observe this rule: take care of the pamphlets and the books will take care of themselves. I can assure you I am a most punctilious observer of my version of the proverb."

In a letter dated June 30, 1834, to Temple Cutler, son of Manasseh Cutler, in regard to the records and papers of the Ohio Company, he says: "I have made many inquiries in relation to the disposition of the records and papers of the Ohio Company."

"Many of the emigrants who settled at Marietta went from several of the towns in this county and I can obtain but very little information from any of their families as to the history of the Ohio settlement." General Putnam was "born in Sutton, and lived several years in Brookfield and Rutland, and from the esteem and regard entertained towards him by the public in these places, many families accompanied him in his removal to Ohio." He thought Mr. Cutler might have many papers relating to the subject which he could send to the Antiquarian Society library, and says "they must become interesting to the future historian, and their preservation will identify the name and memory of your father with the original formation of one of the most powerful and wealthy States of the Union." "Every fragment of paper relating to it should be carefully laid up for future reference," and he asks Mr. Cutler to give information about all such "letters, maps, journals, pamphlets and newspapers concerning the settlement" as he may know to be in existence.

Many more letters might be quoted if it were necessary to show Mr. Baldwin's interest in his vocation. Nearly every one of the two hundred or more letters contains a plea for books, manuscripts or newspapers for the library in his charge, and many of them contain historical and bibliographical matter of interest and value. But one other will be quoted, and that because it relates to a circumstance mentioned on page 311 of the diary, where he refers to John Howard Payne.

In a long letter to Payne dated August 31, 1834,

he speaks of his (Baldwin's) efforts to get subscriptions to Payne's journal ("Jam Jehan Nima"), and says "I have not been able to obtain a single subscription, it is too high. I could not make them understand that anything but a daily newspaper could be possibly worth ten dollars," *etc.* In the same letter he speaks of a remarkable case of somnambulism, the subject being Jane Rider, then under the care of Dr. Samuel B. Woodward, at the Worcester Lunatic Hospital. He gives a long and very interesting account of what he saw and heard about this remarkable case, which had attracted much attention from medical men.[1]

Mr. Baldwin was a natural antiquary and genealogist; wherever he travelled he visited the burial-places and copied names and epitaphs, examined town records, and interviewed aged men. Many examples appear in the diary.[2]

He also took great interest in natural history, and spent many hours in searching for specimens, returning after long tramps in the woods and fields, "with his hat wreathed with butterflies and his shoulder loaded with ores." In a letter, written in July, 1832, to Thaddeus W. Harris, librarian of Harvard College, he encloses insects for his cabinet, the smallest of which "was found in a new locality, in the midst of a large folio volume, having by appearance passed directly through the binding into the leaves of the book."

[1] "An Account of Jane C. Rider, the Somnambulist," by L. W. Belden, M.D., was published at Springfield, Mass., in 1834.

[2] The Antiquarian Society has in its library a volume of epitaphs, collected by Mr. Baldwin, containing copies of over a thousand inscriptions, from monuments and grave-stones in various burial grounds in New England.

His interest in historical study caused him to collect a mass of material with the intention of writing a history of Sutton, Mass., but his early and unexpected death prevented him from arranging it for publication. He prepared for the *Worcester Magazine and Historical Journal* a paper entitled the "Topographical View of Templeton"; also various historical and biographical papers signed "B."

Mr. Baldwin spent a great deal of time in preparing for publication the first catalogue of the library of the Antiquarian Society. He says of this work in a letter to Jared Sparks that it has been prepared after the plan of the "new College Catalogue" and he requests Mr. Sparks, if he is acquainted with any better way to suggest it. He did not live to see this work completed for publication as it did not come from the press till 1837.

In the spring of 1834 Mr. Baldwin prepared a series of articles for the *Worcester Palladium* under the title "Reformer," some of which are signed "Democritus."

In the first article he says:—

"I am induced to try my hand at a series of papers for a variety of reasons. There are several subjects which I wish to talk about. I must confess, too, that I have some vanity to see my speculations in type. But what is of prime importance with me is the correcting of certain faults which, within a few years, have sprung up in frightful abundance. I shall attack these, Mr. Printer, with a courage that shall recommend both me and my cause to the sympathies of the public. I have prepared myself for the encounter and I

shall give them no quarter. I have borne with them until patience ceases to be a virtue, and I am resolved now to speak out. There are many individuals in the community whose impudence in some particulars has reached to such an insufferable pitch that if they are permitted to go on unchecked and without rebuke, we shall be in danger of falling into a state of barbarism.

"You may have a curiosity, Mr. Printer, to know who I am, and I will tell you. I am a retired sort of gentleman, having little to do but to look after my affairs and consult my ease. I occupy a kind of middle station between riches and poverty. I have no pretentions to learning, and I assure your readers that I shall not distress them with either Latin or French. I am not free from the little ills and perplexities that occasionally disturb every one's enjoyment. Alternate pleasure and pain are the common lot of humanity. I am extremely miserable when I pay my tailor's bill, and gloriously happy when my interest money is brought in punctually. * * * So you may see from these few hints, that I am something of a philosopher, and not an unsuitable hand to give advice to those who need it."

Mr. Baldwin also prepared for one of the Worcester newspapers, over the signature of "Pilgrim," articles giving an account of excursions to the White Mountains, the lakes and the seashore.

He was much interested in education and in the public schools of Worcester, serving on the School Committee and acting as their Secretary.

Mr. Baldwin's connection with the Antiquarian Society brought him into affiliation with kindred societies in the United States as well as with historical students generally. He was an honorary

member of the Essex Historical Society, the New Hampshire Historical Society, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the Rhode Island Historical Society.

As a librarian he was preëminently successful and had to a great degree the faculty of interesting others in his work and in the success of the library which he had so much at heart. He lost no opportunity to increase the collections of the Antiquarian Society, and to encourage the use of them by all who were interested in antiquarian or historical studies.

Owing to ill health, brought on largely by his incessant labors in building up the library and increasing the usefulness of the Society, Mr. Baldwin felt the need of rest and a change from the daily routine of his vocation, and in July, 1835, he left Worcester with the intention of making an extended trip in the West.

The journey was undertaken at the suggestion and with the approval of the Council of the Society, with the hope and expectation that he might regain his health, and at the same time afford facilities for examining the ancient mounds in Ohio, and in other ways promote the objects of the Society. At a meeting of the Council of the Antiquarian Society it was voted to request Mr. Baldwin "to visit the Western Country for the purpose of making examinations as contemplated by the will of Mr. Thomas and that one hundred and fifty dollars be appropriated for the purpose."

He started on this journey about the middle of August, 1835, reaching Pittsburgh, as appears by

the diary, August 15. Five days after, as he was about to enter the field of his intended investigations, he was suddenly killed by the overturning of a stage on which he was travelling from Wheeling, Virginia, to Zanesville, Ohio.

"Start by stage on the Cumberland road for Zanesville"—are the last words written on the small memorandum book found in his pocket. A few hours later, as the stage was entering the village of Norwich, Muskingum County, Ohio, the accident occurred which caused his instantaneous death. His remains were kindly cared for by strangers and buried in the churchyard at Norwich.

Many years later, Samuel F. Haven, his successor as permanent librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, visited his grave and copied the inscription on the stone erected to his memory, which is as follows:—

In
Memory of
CHRISTOPHER C BALDWIN ESQR
of Worcester, Mass
the Librarian
of the
American Antiquarian Society
Killed
Aug 20 1835,
By the overturning of a stage
coach in Norwich, Ohio.
Aged 35 years.[1]

At the annual meeting of the Antiquarian Society, October 23, 1835, the death of the librarian was formally announced by the Council in a report

[1] The lapse of time having caused the grave-stone to be displaced, and the grave itself having sunken, the Council of the Antiquarian Society have lately caused them to be put in good condition.

prepared by Dr. John Park and Samuel M. Burnside.

The report says:—

"The Hall, both internally and externally remains secure from injury;—the Evergreens, selected by the taste, and many of them planted by the hand of the late lamented Librarian form an interesting ornament to the neat and pleasantly situated structure;—their perennial verdure is a fit symbol of the memory of that excellent officer, as cherished by the many who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, and most particularly by those, who from official association, intimately knew his merits and his worth.

"The Council cannot close this report without further observing that while the Institution appears in every other respect successful and prosperous, the privation, just alluded to, is felt by them as a deep calamity, and, perhaps irreparable loss. The unexpected dispensation of Providence, by which Mr. Baldwin was brought to a premature and instantaneous death, has deprived the Society of the services of a Librarian, whose singular qualifications for the station he occupied, were the theme of frequent and general admiration. His assiduity in *more* than duty, was rapidly augmenting the valuable collections of the Society—and his polite and kindly intercourse with the numerous strangers, whom the growing reputation of the Institution induced to visit it, was spreading its popularity throughout the Union."

On the same day as the annual meeting, at the request of the Council of the Society, William Lincoln delivered an eloquent eulogy on the life and services of Mr. Baldwin, in the meeting-house of the second (Unitarian) parish at Worcester.

Extended notices of Mr. Baldwin appeared in the Worcester and Boston newspapers. The following extract from a Worcester paper, written it is supposed by his friend William Lincoln, will show to some extent the estimation in which he was held :—

"In the meridian of life, in the midst of usefulness, in the indulgence of an honorable ambition, and the enjoyment of an extensive and increasing intercourse with men of congenial tastes and kindred occupations, his course has been thus suddenly arrested. With the peculiar literary taste of Mr. Baldwin other qualities were happily combined, which rendered him a favorite in the social circle. He possessed ready wit, a love of humour, and a vivacity which, springing from a disposition cheerful and benevolent, diffused habitually its sympathetic influence around him. With a ready perception of the absurd and the ludicrous, which he well knew how to render tributary to his pleasure, he was yet considerate of the feelings and honest prejudices of others, and never willingly gave offence by rude expression of his own opinions or by ill-timed sarcasm.

"His memory will long be cherished, and it would have been to him a pleasing consideration that he died in peace with all men, and that while there were none to reproach, there were many to honor him, and to lament his untimely fate."

The diary here printed has been copied from the original now in the library of the American Antiquarian Society, which is contained in interleaved copies of the "Massachusetts Register and U. S. Calendar" for 1829 and Thomas G. Fessenden's "New England Farmer's Almanack" for the same year; "Thomas's Farmer's Almanack" for 1830

and 1831 bound in one volume interleaved and several extra pages at the end, a bound quarto volume apparently made for the purpose, containing the diary from March 15 to September 10, 1832, and a folio volume with the diary from September 15, 1833, to July 15, 1835, after which date the few remaining entries, which are from August 15 to August 20, the day of Mr. Baldwin's death, were in a small unbound memorandum book. It has been copied as written by Mr. Baldwin, with the exception of some changes in punctuation, errors in spelling which were evidently accidental, and the discarding of many of the capital letters, which he freely used. In many cases where persons are named in the diary the surname only is given. When known by the editor, the Christian name has been inserted in brackets.

The diary from September, 1832, to September, 1833, is missing and no mention of it has been found in the other manuscripts of Mr. Baldwin, now in possession of the Antiquarian Society.

DIARY OF CHRISTOPHER C. BALDWIN.

January, 1829.

1. There has been no snow yet, and but very little rain during the whole of the last month. The ground is frozen, tho. not deep. The roads are perfectly smoothe, and the weather during the last 30 days has been unusually mild and pleasant: much of the time the earth could be ploughed and all the old people say that they rarely have seen such a December. To-day cloudy and appears like snow; cold. *Spy*, *Ægis* and *Yeoman* addresses for the new year are rec[d] and paid for. Snow falls about an inch in the afternoon and evening. Visit the Burbank School, to ascertain whether the master does his duty, he having been complained of; complaint not without foundation. Reprove the Master & give advice to the scholars. Visit the New Worcester school; divide it, giving part to the Master and part to Mistress, being over 100 pupils in the District. Ride T. Kinnicutt's[1] horse; rains in the ev'g. Visit John Davis and see for 1st time Miss Mary H. Estabrook of Royalston, intended wife of Isaac Davis, Esq.; think well of her.

2. Cold, cloudy; afternoon snows fast. Subscribe for *American Jurist*, $5, Editors, Richard Fletcher, Willard Phillips, Sam[l] Sewall, John B. Davis of Boston; pay C. Harris $25 for books &c:[2]

3. Very cold—at sunrise 10° below zero; clear; get $350. insured on my books at the Franklin Ins. Office. It all cost $3.45. Insurance begins at noon. Attend Justice Court, enter 16 actions before C[harles] Allen.

[1] Thomas Kinnicutt, afterwards Judge of Probate for Worcester County.
[2] Clarendon Harris, one of the early booksellers of Worcester.

4. Sunday. Not so cold, cloudy, thermometer at sunrise 5° below 0. New Year sermon by Mr. [Alonzo] Hill.[1] 55 died; 11 in our Parish,—10 females and one male.

5. Cold, clear, more moderate than yesterday, appearance of snow. Attended Justice Court before Isaac Goodwin, Esq. Lowell Factory burnt; loss $120,000.[2] Receive a letter from Hon. John Davis from Washington.

6. Warm, cloudy, thaws. Have sick-headache; go to bed.

7. Very warm and pleasant all day, thaws much and all the snow disappears. Appears like rain. Get well of headache.

8. During the night it rained, and froze as it fell, and the ice gathered on the branches of the trees more heavily than it was ever known to before. The shade trees in the street are greatly injured, many of them crushed to the earth. Cloudy and cold, with wind which injures the trees. Dine with Dr. [Oliver H.] Blood.

9. Clear and very cold. The ice on the trees gives everything the appearance of enchantment. Many families ride out in their sleighs to enjoy the sight. The ice makes good sleighing.

10. Continues very cold and clear, does not thaw; wind; and great damage to the trees, which are surpassingly beautiful. Very cold.

11. Clear, cold, does not thaw. The trees and grass invite the people to ride out to enjoy the sight, which is wonderful.

12. Clear, cold, does not thaw. Go to Boston, Charles

---

[1] Rev. Alonzo Hill, D.D., colleague with Rev. Dr. Bancroft, minister of the Second Congregational Church; Recording Secretary of the American Antiquarian Society 1865—1871.

[2] Mill No. 2, belonging to the Merrimack Manufacturing Co., at Lowell, was totally burned on the morning of January 5, 1829.

Paine keeps my office. Put up at Earle's.[1] Go to the old theatre.

13. Rather cloudy, warmer, looks like rain. Go to the Court House at Lechmere Point to look after the history of the name of Baldwin, do not find much. Go to the new theatre.[2] Josiah Quincy is proposed for President of Harvard College by the corporation.

14. Warm and foggy. Look and laugh at many very ridiculous things, viz. : a ram with 4 horns ; an ox weighing 4000 lbs. ; a cow that runs under the ox ; and an Ostrich eating ropes, broken glass and boot heels ! Go to the old theatre.

15. Rains all day. Call on Gov. Lincoln. Go to the new theatre. At 10 P. M. start for Worcester in Mail Stage : reach W. 5 A. M.

16. Clear, warm, no snow or ice. Hear of many failures. Great distress among woollen manufacturers.

17. Rainy and warm.

18. Snows and warm. Sick of a cold. Lewis Bigelow assigns his property for benefit of his creditors. George T. Rice & [Emory] Washburn return from Washington. Have a letter from Hon. John Davis, from Hon. Simeon Baldwin, Conn.

19. Cold and clear. Study law all day, and do no business. Examine a school.

20. Clear, cold. A little snow but not good sleighing. Examine a school. Study law. Do no business, tho. there are failures almost daily.

21. Cloudy and appearance of snow. Sick with a cold. Study law all day. In the evening visited by Joshua Coffin of Newbury, a queer genius and an antiquary ; lend him a

[1] Hezekiah Earl's Coffee House was in Hanover Street, near Court Street, and was the starting place of the Accommodation Stage for Worcester.

[2] The old theatre was the Boston, built in 1798; and the new one the Tremont, opened in 1827.

dollar, which he says will defray his expenses to Concord, N. H., & thence to Newbury via Providence, R. I. ! ! !

22. Twelve manufactories of wool & cotton have been burnt in N. E. within the last 20 days.

23. Clear & cold. No sleighing. A little snow. Visit the apprentices school.

24. Study law. Cold, clear, looks like snow.

25. Mr. Noyes of Brookfield preaches.[1]

26. Pleasant and warm, thaws. Eliz^a^. Blake returns from Keene with G. T. Rice.

27. Cloudy and warm. Study law.

28. Read life of Sir Josh: Reynolds by Northcote.

29. Have rheumatism in my wrist very bad. Study law & write to Mr. Davis at W.

30. Study law. Examine school. It snowed on Tuesday night & since has been good sleighing. Cold & clear.

31. Cold. Study N. T. & law.

I have boarded at Worcester Hotel[2] since 20 Oct., 1827. From 19 June, 1823, to 20 Oct., 1827, I boarded with Mrs. Eliza A. Blake, widow of the late Hon. Francis Blake.

February, 1829.

1. Cold, clear. Mr. [Alonzo] Hill preaches & Dr. Bancroft.[3] After meeting ride to Holden in sleigh with Gardiner Paine; fine sleighing. Study N. T.

2. Write to Maj. Davis. Study law. Afternoon begins to snow and continues into night. Not very cold. Examine school. Study N. T.

---

[1] Rev. George R. Noyes. Settled over Unitarian Church, Brookfield, in October, 1827. Afterwards professor of sacred literature in the Divinity School of Harvard University.

[2] At the corner of Main and Mechanic Streets. Afterwards called the United States Hotel.

[3] Rev. Aaron Bancroft, minister of second parish (Unitarian), father of George Bancroft the historian.

3. Cold and pleasant. Snow falls 6 inches. Study law. Read *N. A. Review.* Hear of death of Gen. Andrew Jackson, which is contradicted.

4. Read an interleaved almanack of Rev. Thomas Prince for 1736. Study law. Finish *N. A. Review.* Invite Miss Eliz[a] Green to ride out in sleigh. Chs: Paine carries Rebecka Curtis; fine ride; go to Leicester; thence to So. Leicester & home. Take possession of land set off on Execution.

5. Cold night. Study law. Examine school.

6. Pleasant. Perfect sleighing. Ride to Wesson's in Westboro with Eliz[a]. Green, C. Harris et ux., T. Kinnicutt, Esq., et ux. Ste. Salisbury, Esq., et Sa Bigelow accompany us. Very fine time of it.

7. Warm, thaws. Enter seventeen justice actions. Study law. Read N. T.

8. Cloudy, warm. Rv. George Allen preaches for Mr. Hill for first time;[1] he is orthodox; much talk about it; the more rigid are worried about it. Study N. T. It rains all night and snow disappears.

9. Examine school. Study law and N. T. Visited by Rev. Mr. Hill *officially.*

10. Warm for season. Study law & N. T. in Greek. Witness Lucy Patch's will: snows in evening. Read President Adams' letter to H. G. Otis & others.

11. Cloudy and warm. Snows in the evening but not so as to make sleighing. Study law in A. M. et P. M. N. T. in Greek. Visit Doctor Blood's in evening; meet L. & S. Bancroft; play *vingtun.*

12. Study N. T. and law. Receive an invitation to a party at Gen[l] [Nathan] Heard's for Friday evening; accept it.

---

[1] Rev. George Allen, was settled at Shrewsbury, Mass., in November, 1823, and remained there till June, 1840.

13. Cold, pleasant, no sleighing. Study law and N. T. in Greek. Read Clarkson's life of William Penn. Receive a letter from my friend Jos. Willard of Lancaster.

14. Have a new blue coat of Kimberly $20.50, to be paid for first of June; wear every day.

15. Cold. Attend meeting. Hear Mr. Hill. Invite Is. Davis to dine with me. Read in N. T.

16. Last day of service for March Court; make no writs. Read law and N. T. in Greek.

17. Cold and pleasant, no sleighing. Examine the White school. Horseback. Make a specification of Thomas Howe's improved boot cutter.

18. Have letter from Hon. J[ohn] Davis. [Emory] Washburn goes to Boston. Study N. T. in G. Have sick headache and go to bed.

19. Examine school on Burnt Coat plain, in afternoon examine school in Read's district. Horseback. Coldest day of the winter. Buy load of wood, $3.50.

20. Examine in forenoon school in Monroe's district. Horseback. Very cold but appears like snow storm. In afternoon examine school at New Worcester; 42 pupils under 8 years. At 2 o'clock begins to snow and snows very fast until 12 at night, when it is judged more than a foot had fallen.

21. The wind blows fiercely and the roads are impassable. Judge Cummins[1] is stop[d] here on his way to Berkshire. Rev[d] Mr. Nath[l]. Hewit of Fairfield, Conn., is here also. Study law.

22. Cold and clear; no mail from Boston or elsewhere reaches town; all the roads are impassable. Hear D[r]. Bancroft. Study new T. Spend the evening with J. Cummins. Write to Benj. Trumbull, Esq., of Colchester, Conn., to

[1] Judge David Cummins, of Salem, an Associate Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

have him give his father's manuscripts to the Library of the American Antiquarian Society; he is son of the Historian of Conn.

23. Very cold, clear. Study law and Memoirs of Cardinal De Retz. Roads are opened; few persons able to pass. Judge Cummins sets off for Lenox. Very cold. Meet to get up a Ball; am made one of the Managers, but decline.

24. Clear, looks like snow; at night snows, but not much. Read Memoirs of Cardinal De Retz; read Apochryphal New Testament, a bad book, who reads it is in great danger of scepticism. Mr. Rice comes from Boston; is 24 hours about it on account of the travelling. Visit Kinnicutt in the evening. Br. Burnside requests the Subscribers of the Ball to meet. He makes a speech against dancing cotilions, prefers contra dances, procures a vote to be passed that the *mgs.* shall not call more than half cotilions! Br. Burnside is about 47 years old![1]

25. More mild and pleasant, like rain, cloudy at sun down. Washburn comes from Boston. Study law. Read Memoirs of Cardinal De Retz, a most excellent book. Look over Abbot's History of Andover. Hear of Gen. Jackson's new cabinet. Snows fast at 12 at night.

26. Rains very fast during most of the day. Read De Retz; law a little; and Ethan Allen's Oracles of Reason, a queer book.

27. Clear, cold, travelling much worse than it has been known during the winter. Dine at Dea. [Benjamin] Butman's with several gentlemen. Attend ball in the evening at Mr. Thomas' public house; sixteen ladies and nineteen gentlemen present. Nero Powers on the Fiddle and old Peter Rich on the Tamborin are the Musick. No musick from abroad could reach us on account of the going. Have a fine time. Ladies in gay dresses and musick always please me. Pay $3.00.

[1] Samuel M. Burnside, attorney at law.

28. Cold, fair. Examine school. Hear complaints about Mr. Worcester of the high school. Get a new hat at $8.00: Read Kent's address to New York Hist. Soc. & Cardinal De Retz and N. T.

March, 1829.

1. Pleasant, windy, cold. Mr. Hill preaches A. M., Dr. Bancroft P. M. Read N. T. in Greek, Cardinal De Retz. In evening call at Dr. Bancroft's & Mrs. Rose's.

2. It is now good sleighing; warm and looks like rain. March meeting; am candidate for Town Clerk; people will not vote for me because I have no wife! Jupiter Tonans! Men are judged by their coats and not by their motives. C. C. P. sits. Judge [Solomon] Strong. I enter 14 actions.

3. Attend court. The Old Docket is called over this day, according to established usage. Ten hundred and fifty new entries; a most unusual number. Receive a letter from my father informing me of the dangerous illness of my mother; make arrangements to go to Templeton; Mr. Washburn takes charge of my Docket.

4. Leave Worcester in the Keene stage at 5 A. M.; good sleighing; road badly drifted; snow here judged to be eighteen inches deep. Reach Templeton at 12. Leave with Col. Townsly $88.20 for cousin Avary Turner, being money collected of Jos. T. Turner of Worcester. Reach my father's at 1 P. M. and find my mother better, tho. not out of danger; her complaint, fever. Pay to my father $80; money collected of Elias Carter. Pleasant and looks like rain.

5. Mother better. At noon rains; at 4, snows and blows a tempest all night.

6. It is judged that one foot of snow has fallen. The roads all impassable; no person passes during the day.

Mother better. Doctor [J. W. D.] Osgood thinks her case yet doubtful.

7. Clear, cold; wind subsides. Break roads. Go into the woods with Jonathan, and on measuring find the average depth of the snow to be near three feet. Mother much the same. This night dies Hon. Joseph Estabrook of Royalston, aged 59.

8. Cold, clear. Mother much the same.

9. Very pleasant and warm. Spend the day in visiting the neighbors and talking about old friends and mates. Find that father has paid for me since I have been in Worcester three hundred and eighty seven dollars and fourteen cents. This is all he has paid towards my legal education.

10. Very warm and pleasant. Mother better. Start for Worcester with the stage. Pay Dexter Gilbert for Thos. Bond $51.30, money collected of Lewis Bigelow. Turn over many times; no one hurt; 14 passengers; reach W. at 5 P. M.

11. Warm and pleasant; very bad travelling; roads almost impassable.

12. Rain falls in torrents during most of this day and no stages can get along; roads all impassable. Study law. Whist at C[harles] Allen's, Esq.

13. Warm and very bad travelling. Examine two schools at New Worcester. Am visited by Doc. Elisha Bartlett of Lowell, my particular friend & correspondent.

14. Very cold and clear; bad going. Study law. Talk with Judge Cummins.

15. Very cold, clear. Spend forenoon with Judge Cummins. Read N. T. in Greek. Do not attend meeting. A little indisposed. Go to Gov. Lincoln's in evening.

16. Adjourned town meeting. Snows with hail. Am elected one of the school committee. Study law. Write to Richard H. Vose, Esq., of Augusta, Maine. Write to father. Do no business. Am visited by Rev. Mr. Hill; object to belief in miracles; his wonder at my heresy very great; hopes to reform me.

17. Cloudy, warm, snows but melts, a gloomy day. Call at Dr Blood and at C. Allen's. Send depositions by mail to Northampton. Study law.

18. Very cold. Said to be as bad a day to be out in as any of the winter. Snow flies & the roads are hardly passable. Called a remarkable day by old men. Snow is yet deep & the roads wholly filled. Write to Judge Simeon Baldwin of New Haven about our ancestors. Study law. My friend Wm Lincoln, Esq., applies to me to take charge of the *Ægis* paper while he is absent on a journey to Maine.

19. Warmer, pleasant. Study law. Read many newspapers. *Ægis* exchanges with more than an hundred, so that one has to open one hundred different papers each week.

20. I am told by Doctor [Benjamin F.] Heywood that the snow is two feet deep on a level!! There is great depth of ice too on the ground. Invited to spend the evg at the Misses Denny's and have pleasant time enough. They are sisters of Austin Denny, Esquire.

22. Attend Meeting; hear Mr. Hill & Dr. Bancroft. Visit in evening Dr Blood's, Mr. Allen's, Dr. Bancroft's.

23. Very cold indeed; men with ears tied up.

24. Cold, thaws a little, not much. Am chosen Secretary of the town's School Committee for the year. Make up newspaper.

25. Attend the Court of County Commissioners. Will-

ard Day fails; Gould & Patrick fail. Study Phrenology. Receive a poet Letter ex Lucretia Bancroft to visit Hon. J. Davis; spend eveg at whist & feeling each other's heads, find some well developed *Bumps:*

26. So cold that every morning my water in wash *bole freezes* quite hard. Am made assignee of Avary Maynard with Sam Harrington; write the assignment.

27. Very pleasant, but cold. Examine yesterday, today and tomorrow. I make sharp speech to the Latin school which gives great offence to Mr. [Leonard] Worcester.

28. Warmer, snow disappears rapidly.

29. Attend meeting; dine with Gov. Lincoln, and read 3d vol. of Black Book by Mrs. Royal.

30. Cloudy, warm. Make an *Ægis.* Isaac Davis, Esq., marries Miss Mary H. Estabrook of Royalston.

April, 1829.

1. Warm & pleasant, snow disappears rapidly, thick banks of it yet remain. Have the Rheumatism in my knee very bad, do not go out. Cannot walk. Study law—not much.

2. It has rained most of the night and rains most of the day. Knee yet lame and very provokingly so, does not swell. Write some mortgages of personal property, &c.

3. Am very lame and sick, can but just hobble, am visited by Doctor Blood.

4. Warm, pleasant. Read newspapers and the *North American Review.* Am better.

5. Take medicine and am more unwell. Call on Mr.

Wilson[1] the Postmaster out of his regular hours and he is very mad.

6. Pleasant. Write Mr. Wilson a note and he returns a repentant letter. I forgive him. Vote for Governor [Levi] Lincoln for Governor, and Thos. L. Winthrop for Lieut. Governor—am better, have a bad cold.

7. Am more unwell, knee lame from Rheumatism, feverish, send for Doc. [John] Green. Write for my paper and go to bed sick.

8. Rains most of the day, do not go out. Fast day, hear guns, idle fellows firing at a mark; meeting forenoon and afternoon. Invite Thos. Kinnicutt, Esq., and Henry K. Newcomb to dine with me. They play shoemaker *lue* all the afternoon, with Rice and Town. I never play myself—playing cards Fast day!!

9. Rainy. Read the *Weekly Journal*, a newspaper published by the pupils of Miss Lucretia Bancroft's school; am greatly pleased. Rains most of the day.

10. Rains much during the day. Get better of my lameness. The first appearance of small birds. Study law.

11. The canal-boat "Washington," the first built in Worcester, is carried through the street on wheels from near the Gaol to the basin near the Distillery, where it is to be launched: there are banks of snow yet in the Main Street and the going very bad. Read the *N. A. Review*. See a martin, lark & robin for first time.

12. Attend meeting, hear Mr. Hill. Read an essay on the Eleusinian Mysteries by Ouvaroff; am much instructed by it. Visit Isaac Davis & his new wife for the first time, Gov. Lincoln's & Dr. Bancroft's.

13. At ten o'clock the boat "Washington" is launched.

---

[1] Dea. James Wilson (of First Baptist Church) was postmaster from 1801 to 1833.

Emory Washburn, Esq., makes a speech on the occasion, writes a song and Emory Perry sings it; have a collation aboard; ride to the Red Mill and return; attend Parish meeting & vote to raise $1568.00. Washburn's speech & song very good. Study law & read *N. A. Review* and [write] a letter to Ebenezer Baldwin, Esq., of Albany about our ancestors. Chief-Justice [Isaac] Parker is on his way to the Western Counties.

14. Very pleasant. Supreme Court sits today, held by Judge [Samuel] Putnam.

15. Make a specification of a Patent for Thomas Howe's Boot crimper. Very beautiful weather. Attend court. According to immemorial usage, Mr. George T. Rice, Hardware Merchant, is summoned before a Court, called the Augmentorial Court, composed wholly of old Batchelors, to answer for his desertion of the corps and wilfully, *contra pacem*, uniting himself, malicé with a woman in marriage. The defendant is 35 years of age and has led a life of commendable purity as appears; but irrifragable proof is adduced certifying the Hon. Court that he has often been led into temptation and has more than once demeaned himself *coquettish* in his conduct.

Present, Hon. Silas Brooks, Chief Justice
" Joseph G. Kendall, Associate J.
Chris: C. Baldwin, Clerk.
John W. Lincoln, Marshall
William S. Hastings, *Cryer*
Emory Washburn, Attorney General

Jurors
William Lincoln, foreman
Gardner Burbank
Stephen Salisbury
William D. Wheeler
Samuel B. Rice
Gardiner Paine.

Henry K. Newcomb, Counsel for Defendant

The Deft. "wages his Law" and offers to justify his conduct!! After inviting the Court and jury to partake of a sumptuous entertainment provided at the Worcester Hotel moves for a continuance of the action until the next night, and invites all present to call at his house at 8 o'clock P. M.

Primates, Curia advisare vult, and the motion granted. April 16, the Deft. exhibits to the Hon. Court his new wife, and tho' not being able to "behold such beauty and be silent," looking first at the wife and then at each other, "presto," order a "non sequitur" and it was therefore recorded in these words:

George Tilly Rice: The Court having examined the cause of your arrest order that you be discharged from duress and that you go thereof so discharged without day.

Chris. C. Baldwin.

"Mopso Nisa datur! quid non speremus amantes?"

16. Very beautiful indeed! George T. Rice marries Miss Elizabeth C. Blake, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Francis Blake of this town. Attend the wedding party in the evening. Seeing how happy it makes folk appear to marry, I am half inclined to go at the business myself. He is 35 & she 18!! and a good match too.

17. Write to the Hon. Henry Baldwin of Pittsburg, Penn., enquiring after his ancestors. Attend Court. Hon. John Davis and Charles Allen, Esq., dine with me at the Hotel, and Wm Lincoln, Esquire, Editor of the *Ægis*.

18. Very pleasant. Ride to the Coal mine[1] on horseback with Joseph Willard, Esq., of Lancaster. Attend Court; hear two ingenious arguments, one from Hon. John Davis of this town, and one from Hon. Daniel Davis, Solicitor-General.

19. Anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. Attend

[1] The coal mine was in the easterly part of Worcester, near Lake Quinsigamond.

meeting. Dr. Bancroft gives a sermon on the late Rev. William Nash of West Boylston. He was born in Williamsburg, Aug., 1768, grad. Yale '91; Prof. of Divinity there; studied with Dr. Lothrop of West Springfield. Dine with Gov. Lincoln; sup with T. Kinnicutt.

20. Rainy. Attend court, tho. I have no business. I am only attorney. Read "Elements of Materialism" by Dr. Charles Knowlton, a native of Templeton; think very well of his talents, but am sorry he has made such a bad book.

21. Pleasant. Attend court. Assist friend Lincoln in making an *Ægis*. Spend the evening at Mr. [Calvin] Willard's, high Sheriff for the County. Have a sumptuous entertainment. Mr. Willard always affords such an entertainment once during each Court. I like him for it.

22. Attend court during the day. Jonathan Holman comes from Templeton, bearing me the melancholy intelligence of the dangerous illness of my mother. I return with him immediately and arrive at Templeton

23. at 4 in the morning. Find her very low. Thanks me for my timely arrival and converses sensibly upon her condition. Stay with her through the day and most of the night.

24. On Friday morning, twenty minutes before seven, she dies without a struggle—consumption.

25. The remains of my mother are deposited in the family tomb. Her maiden name was Abigail Ware Force, born at New Braintree, 16th of June 1768.

26. Attend meeting. Hear Rev. Mr. [Charles] Wellington.

27. Remain with father all day.

28. Continue with father; he becomes sick.

29. Go to Rindge with him and he feels better.

30. Remain with him until noon, when I return by the stage to Worcester. The month has been unusually cold; old men say there has been nothing like it since 1794.

May, 1829.

1. Pleasant. Attend court which [is] yet sitting. Purchase some books for father. Call on Mr. [Isaiah] Thomas, the Antiquary; talk about old things; his faculties are unimpaired—I call on him once a week.

2. Warm. The steeple to our Unitarian church is raised. Have a justices' court before Emory Washburn, and he has gone to Springfield to examine Miss . . . . to see whether he can put up with her faults for $25,000, and take her for a wife. Get my writs served over again. Ride to Millbury with Austin Denny, Esq. Asa Waters' new house is great extravagance. Examine the gun factories.

3. Rainy. Attend meeting all day, hear Mr. Hill. Dine with Hon. John Davis. Read *Edinburgh Review;* receive 2nd No. of *American Jurist;* read N. T. Call at Mr. Kinnicutt's in eve; see his three sisters, who have just come from Seekonk to reside permanently in this town.

4. Cold. Attend court. Make out papers for a Patent for setting fractured limbs for Doctor David S. C. H. Smith of Sutton. He is the son of the celebrated Dr. Nathan S., professor at Yale College.

5. Doctor [John S.] Butler comes to town from Northampton to establish himself as a Physician.

6. Bonaparte dies. Attend court. Ride to Holden with Ichabod Washburn to obtain evidence in his case at Boston. Very pleasant.

7. Warm. Set off on a journey with said Washburn; go through Ward to Oxford, thence to Dudley, where we

dine and call on George A. Tufts, Esq., thence go to Woodstock, and stay over night at Ashford.

8. Pass through Ashford to Mansfield, and thence to South Coventry to Mr. John Boynton's, an extensive Machinist; lives on the border of Wangombog pond; dine with him and return through Mansfield & Woodstock to Southbridge, where we remain all night.

9. See Linus Child, Esq., who visits the factories with us. Pass through Charlton and Leicester to Worcester. The object of our journey was to examine cotton and woollen machinery and procure witnesses in a Patent case.

10. Very rainy in the forenoon. Go to church, Dr. Bancroft preaches. Dine with Hon. John Davis and afterwards ride in my friend Wm Lincoln's birchbark canoe with him and Mr. D.—a very pleasant ride.

11. Cold; snows at Paxton & Rutland. May Meeting. Chose 5 representatives, and vote to fence the common. Stephen Salisbury, Esq., dies at 5 P. M., aged 82. He is reputed the richest man in the County or that has ever been in it—$500,000 at least, & many suppose much more.

12. Pleasant, but cold; very cold for the season. Study law. Read *Edinburgh Review.*

13. Dr. Smith of Sutton visits me from Sutton; converses on entomology, he having attended much to the subject. Attend Parish meeting.

14. Warm and pleasant. Go into the woods with Rejoice Newton, Esq., for trees to ornament the burial-ground by the common. Jos. T. Turner, Caleb Newcomb, Thos. Kinnicutt, Esq., and Luther Burnett go with us. We return with seventy trees.[1]

[1] Several of these trees are still standing [1900].

15. Set out the trees in the burial-ground. Attend the funeral of the remains of Mr. Salisbury. Read the lives of the 12 apostles.

16. Go with Ch's. Paine and get from the woods 40 trees for the burial-ground and set them; it rains very hard in the meantime. Have a justice court & enter fourteen actions.

17. Fair. Attend meeting; dine with Hon. John Davis; read *New Testament;* spend evening with Wm Lincoln, Esq.

18. Very pleasant & looks like rain. Read law. Walk at eveng with Misses Bancroft.

19. Pleasant and warm, rains at sunset. Read law, *Edinburgh Review.* Mr. [John] Weiss,[1] the Barber, lately from Boston, gives me two beautiful pictures.

20. Anthony Chase raises his sign as collector for the Canal; that's according to custom. Am called on by the Rev. Wm B. Sprague of West Springfield,[2] who informs me that his collection of pamphlets contains nearly *thirty thousand!!* Examine Lat. school.

21. Very pleasant and warm. Henry W. Miller of the firm of Rice and Miller of this town marries Miss Nancy Merrick, sister of Pliny Merrick, Esq., of this town. Do not attend the wedding party in the evening.

22. Study law. Ride on horseback.

23. Very warm. Read *Christian Examiner* and witness the exhibition of a Caravan of animals. There were many monkeys.

24. Attend meeting, Mr. B[ancroft] forenoon and Mr. H[ill] afternoon. Invite H. K. Newcomb & brother J[oseph] W[arren] N[ewcomb] to dine with me at Hotel.

[1] Father of Rev. John Weiss.

[2] William B. Sprague, D.D., removed from West Springfield to Albany, N. Y., in 1829. He was the author of *Annals of the American Pulpit.*

25. Warmest day. Read *Christian Examiner*. Study law. Write letters.

26. Rains; warm. Read *American Jurist*.

27. Election day. Dine with William Lincoln, Esq., who boards with Hon. John Davis. Exceeding warm. After dinner fish in Mr. Lincoln's pond;[1] catch many pouts and breams; drink punch; Mrs. D. and children ride in the boat.

28. Warm and pleasant; vegetation never appeared better. Meeting of Encampment at Holden; do not attend; they vote to move it to this town. Great excitement about Masonry. Ichabod Washburn raises his house without using any ardent spirit; believed to be the first instance of the kind in New England.

29. Rains most of the day. Read newspapers.

30. Have a Justice's Court before Emory Washburn, Esq. Read the *Federalist*, and newspapers.

31. Attend meeting. Invite William Lincoln, Esq., & Henry K. Newcomb to dine with me; have a good time.

June, 1829.

1. Last day of service for June Court. Emory Washburn leaves the Hotel and commences boarding with Mr. [Benj.] Butman. Pay my quarter bill, $40.00.

2. Rains, cold, afternoon warm and pleasant. Roll nine pins at New Worcester. Hon. Josiah Quincy inaugurated as President of Harvard College.

3. Called up at 4 o'clock by a fire in Mechanick's street, [Samuel] Boyden's Blacksmith's shop, put it out; damage $100. Examine school. Have Kinnicutt's horse and chaise. Hon. Jonathan Russell & Lady stay at Hotel.[2]

---

[1] Lincoln's pond was where the southerly end of Crescent Street now is.

[2] Jonathan Russell, LL.D., was one of the five Commissioners who negotiated the treaty of Ghent in 1814.

4. Cloudy but very warm. Spend the evening with the Hon. Isaac C. Bates of Northampton, now member of Congress. The steam frigate, *Fulton*, is blown up in Long Island sound by accidental firing of the magazine,. and thirty-two lives are lost.

5. Very pleasant and very warm. Everything looks beautiful and promising; the season is delightful. Isaiah Thomas LL.D. calls at my office; above 80 and yet healthy and vigorous.[1]

6. Make justice writs; read *Federalist;* take tea with Hon. John Davis; read Newspapers. Town meeting to reconsider the Vote by which the town authorized the fencing of the common; some excitement about it. The street are mostly for it and the out parts of the town against. William Eaton, Isaac Davis, Jubal Harrington, Docs. [John] Green and [B. F.] Heywood oppose the interests of the street and all impute their conduct to a *peoplish* spirit; the vote is reconsidered, 100 for & 66 con.

7. Cloudy, but very warm. Mr. Hill preaches. Dine with William Lincoln and sup with him, and ride in his boat, and he and I and Hon. John Davis spend the afternoon (heaven forgive the sin) in catching frogs.

8. Read *Federalist;* study law; examine school; play whist at G. T. Rice's.

9. Read Southey's "Book of the Church." Examine School at New Worcester with Thos. Kinnicutt, Esq., and spend evening with Dr. Flagg.

10. There is a party this evening at Pliny Merrick's; I do not attend. Take tea at Hon. J. Davis'. Read "Book of the Church." Read law. Ride on horseback with Charles Paine.

---

[1] Isaiah Thomas was the founder and first president of the American Antiquarian Society.

11. Cool, but fine weather. Read "Book of the Church." Examine Tatnuck school with Thos. Kinnicutt. Call at E[dward J.] Vose's, Esq.

12. Doctor *Jacob Porter* comes to town and Dr Thomas pays his board for 2 weeks. He is distinguished for his devotion to the natural sciences. He is a member of the A. A. S. There is a ride today to West Boylston among the old folks; Dr Bancroft and the like.

13. Enter 15 justice actions. Ride horseback with Wm. M. Towne, Esq.

14. Attend m. Mr. [Joseph] Allen of Northboro preaches. Dine with Mr. Geo. T. Rice and remain with him most of the afternoon.

15. First day of the Court for June; holden by Hon. Judge Cummins; enter seventeen actions. Take tea with Mr. Kinnicutt. Ride on horseback. Read "Book of the Church."

16. Attend court. 650 actions on the new docket. Beautiful weather.

17. Attend court. Invite Thos. Kinnicutt and William Lincoln, Charles Allen, Esqs., to dine with me at the Hotel; 2 bottles.

18. Attend court. Ride on horseback. Am sick. Dr. Butler gives me pills.

19. Attend court, which rises at nine A. M. According to immemorial use the members of the Bar in Worcester devote the afternoon to *rolling nine pins;* it is usual for court to rise on Saturday but it fell this time on Friday; have a very pleasant time, and dont lose any money; I bet only one fourpence per game.

20. Have a justice court. Richard H. Vose, now of Augusta (Me.), and formerly lawyer in this town, came yesterday and left this day.

21. Attend meeting; Dr. Bancroft forenoon, Mr. Hill afternoon; a beautiful sermon. Dine with Gov. Lincoln. Have *cherrys* for the first time this year. Cool, but very fine weather.

22. Set off for Templeton. Leave Mr. Wadsworth in my office. Arrive at Templeton at 12 at noon by stage. The country never looked better. Call on the neighbors and have a very pleasant time.

23. Rains. Go a fishing and take two hundred *perch* or thereabouts; get wet through; Henry Newton, Edward Loud, and brother Jonathan go with me.

24. Set off with father for the White Mountains; pass through Winchendon, Fitzwilliam, Rindge, Jaffrey, Peterboro, Hancock, Antrim, Deering, Hillsboro to Henniker, where we stay the first night, fifty miles.

25. Pass through Hopkinton to Concord where I call on Gov. [Benjamin] Pierce.[1] See the legislature in session. Boscawen, Salisbury. Visit the tomb of Ebenezer Webster, father of Hon. Daniel Webster. Franklin to James Sawyer's. 33 miles.

26. Here spend the day. View the rapids, factories, &c.

27. Pursue our journey through Sanbornton, Gilmanton, Guilford, Meredith, Senter Harbour, Moultonboro, Sandwich, Tamworth.

28. Rains. Ossipee, Eaton, Conway, Bartlett.

29. Rains. Adams through ungranted lands, to Hanson's, six miles from any inhabitant.

30. Rains. Spend the day at Hanson's, which is only four miles from the summit of Mount Washington, the highest of the White Mountains.

---

[1] Benjamin Pierce, father of President Franklin Pierce.

July, 1829.

1. Clear. Ascend Mount Washington with Mr. Hanson as my guide; start from his house at half past five and reach the summit at quarter before ten, passing over the top of Mount Madison in our course. At half past ten we are shut up in a cloud; hails very fast at first for a few minutes, then snow, and then rains, the wind blowing very fiercely; are unable to descend on account of the darkness occasioned by the denseness of the cloud. At eleven the storm ceases and the sky partially clear. Distance from Hanson's to the pinnacle was about five miles. In 1827, on the 3rd July, I ascended Mt. Washington on the west side from Crawford's and find the east side much the easiest; pursue the Pinkham road through Shelburne addition to Randolph.

2. Randolph, Killkenny, Jefferson, Lancaster, Dalton. On Connecticut River. Rains.

3. Dalton, Littleton; pass over to Flanders, in Waterford; back to Littleton, Lyman, Bath, Haverhill, Piermont, Orford.

4. Orford, Lyme, Hanover, Lebanon, Plainfield, Cornish; pass over the Con. into Windsor; back to Cornish into Claremont; Charlestown. Afternoon rainy.

5. Charlestown, Walpole, Bellows Falls, Rockingham, Walpole, Westmoreland, Surry, Keene, Swansy, Marlboro, Troy. Rainy.

6. Pleasant. Fitzwilliam, Royalston, Winchendon, Templeton. Find family well. Our journey has cost us ten dollars and eight cents each, and have travelled near four hundred & fifty miles.

7. Pleasant. Return to Worcester by stage and conclude Worcester to be the handsomest, largest and most flourishing town in our journey.

8. Cloudy; read newspapers. Sup with Wm Lincoln, Esq.

9. Fair and warm; read newspapers. Henry M. Sikes, Merchant, aged 40, dies of a consumption; he was born in this town.

10. Very warm. Kinnicutt & wife go to the Springs, &c. Examine two schools. Information is received that Levi Lincoln, Jr., is living and not dead. Sup with Wm. Lincoln, Esq.

11. Very warm; spend the day in reading newspapers.

12. Very warm. Dr. Bancroft preaches. Mr. Hill left town on Monday last to pay a visit to the White Mountains. Dine with William Lincoln, Esquire.

13. Cool, dusty. Take charge of the *Ægis* while Mr. Lincoln is absent at Boston with Mrs. Davis.

14. Write for the paper. Read newspapers.

15. Very warm; accounted one of the warmest that have been this summer. Attend on Mr. Charles Mirick, now sick at the hotel. A native of North Yarmouth; for 15 months has resided in Boston; is a merchant; complaint, affection of the heart.

16. Warm. Read newspapers. Stay with Mr. Mirick most of the day. Think very highly of him.

17. Mr. Hill and Washburn return from the White Mountains. Mr. Mirick becomes more unwell; think him dying but he revives. I stay with him during much of the day and all the night; Doc. Butler is his physician and is much devoted to him.

18. Cloudy all day. Mr. Mirick is very low; unable to speak loud. I write to Rev. Asahel Bigelow of Walpole for him, who was my classmate.

19. Cloudy and warm and a little rain. Attend Church;

Rev. John Brazer preaches, from Salem. He is a native of Worcester. Mr. Hill in the afternoon. Dine at the Hon. John Davis' with my friend William Lincoln.

20. Very warm. Stay with Mr. Mirick, our sick stranger. Read newspapers.

21. Very warm. Make up the *Ægis*. Watch with Mr. Mirick during the night. Hear the celebrated Dr. [Lyman] Beecher preach in Mr. Waldo's Meeting house; a very powerful preacher—never heard one more so.[1]

22. Thought to be the warmest day so far. Read newspapers and concluded contract with Griffin and Morrill, proprietors and publishers of the *National Ægis*, to edit that paper for two hundred dollars per annum, they furnishing me with all the periodicals as perquisites and paying quarterly.

23. Cloudy, but very warm. Study law. Stay with the sick stranger. Remove my office to one formerly occupied by Austin Denny, Esq., nearly opposite the Worcester Bank; hire it of Judge [Nathaniel] Paine; pay thirty dollars a year; pay quarterly.

24. Very pleasant. Henry K. Newcomb invites me to go to Hopkinton Springs—a very pleasant place.

25. Pleasant. Meet much company; roll nine pins, swing, hang the ring, talk to the ladies, walk with them, eat, drink and laugh; return at night. See remarkable comet in eve., at 10.

26. Warm. Attend meeting; Mr. Hill preaches. Dine with my friend Wm Lincoln at Hon. John Davis'.

27. Warm. Read law and newspapers.

28. Enter into contract with Griffin and Morril to edit the *National Ægis* for two hundred per year.

---

[1] The Calvinist (Central) Church building was erected by Hon. Daniel Waldo and for many years was known as "Mr. Waldo's Meeting House."

29. Examine school with Mr. Hill at N[ew] W[orcester].

30. The greatest shower ever known; much damage done. Abel Flagg's barn burnt by lightning.

31. Cool. Read *American Jurist.* Take tea at Dr. Bancroft's.

August, 1829.

1. My birth-day. Read law, *American Jurist* & newspapers.

2. Mr. [Edward B.] Hall[1] of Northampton preaches. Dine and sup with William Lincoln, Esq., & Hon. John Davis. Call at the Gov. in the eve. & find Hon. Daniel Webster there.

3. Ride with T. Kinnicutt, Esq., to Millbury, in company of Gov. Lincoln, Mr. Webster, Hon. Mr. Hunt of Brattleboro, and with them & other gentlemen at the Governor's. I have never seen any man who said so many good things as Mr. Webster.

4. Make up my paper. Spend most of my time in reading newspapers.

5. The *National Ægis* is issued with my *inaugural* speech as Editor. I am paid two hundred dollars a year & have the exchange papers, &c.

6. The weather is warm and beautiful. I find that the number of papers that the *Ægis* exchanges with is one hundred.

7. Mr. Sawyer visits me from Franklin, N. H.

8. Read newspapers.

9. Do not go to meeting; stay with Mr. Myrick.

10. Read papers and watch with Mr. Myrick. Mr. [William C.] Rives, Minister to France, passes through town.

---

[1] Rev. Edward B. Hall, afterwards settled at Providence, R. I.

11. Make my paper. Attend to office business, which is smaller now than it has been for the year past.

12. Very warm. Dine with Mr. Davis, and in the eve ride with Mr. Lincoln and Washburn on his pond till 11 o'clock; take coffee and return home.

13. Watch with Mr. Myrick; he gains a little. The season is fine.

14. Study law, reviews, newspapers.

15. Warm weather.

16. Attend meeting—Doc. Bancroft in forenoon. Dine at Maj. [John] Davis.[1] Mr. Hill preaches a farewell sermon to the old house of worship and Dr. Bancroft [makes] a most eloquent prayer; much sobbing on the occasion.

17. Last day of service for our next court; very little business.

18. James G. Carter, Esq., of Lancaster, sends Sam[l] Batcheller, Esq., (of Lowell) to me with a letter.

19. Very pleasant. Chester Harding comes into town from Boston to take the portraits of Mrs. Salisbury and her son Stephen Salisbury, Esq.[2]

20. The meeting-house of the 2nd Congregational Society in this town was dedicated this day. Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Bancroft; consecrating prayer by Rev. Mr. Hill; and original hymn supposed to be written by Emory Washburn, Esq. House very much crowded. Dine at Mr. Thomas' public house; walk with Mr. Harding.

21. Pews are sold at auction in the new meeting-house. Mr. Simeon Burt pays the highest price, viz. $337, being the sixth pew on the south side of the aisle. I purchase No.

[1] John Davis was commissioned March 18, 1820, as Judge Advocate, with the rank of Major, and was discharged from that office January 29, 1829.

[2] Harding also painted a portrait of Mr. Baldwin, the author of the Diary, which is now in Antiquarian Hall.

55 and give $150, and sell half of it to Maj. Gardiner Paine.

22. Carpet my pew, purchase a cushion at $8; am much pleased with it.

23. Mr. Hill preaches fore & after noon in the new meeting-house. I dine at Maj. Davis' in company with Mr. Harding; walk with him at evening.

24. Make my newspaper and walk with Mr. Harding; am much pleased with him.

25. Mr. Harding leaves town for Boston. I leave the hotel and commence boarding with Hon. John Davis, who resides on the estate of William Lincoln, Esquire, the residence of the late Lieut. Gov. Levi Lincoln. Col. John W. Lincoln and his brother William are fellow boarders.[1]

26. Purchase pair of shoes of Augustus Cowdin; 11/3 price.

27. Study law; read newspapers.

28. Study law.

29. Have a justice court before Emory Washburn, Esq.; enter 12 actions. The day is very pleasant.

30. Attend church all day. Furniture for my pew, consisting of three hymn books, hair cushions, carpet, fan, and rests, cost fourteen dollars.

31. The August or fall term of the Court of Common Pleas begins its session this day.

Sept., 1829.

1. Seven hundred actions are entered at this term of Court of Common Pleas. Judge Strong presides. The day is very warm.

[1] This estate was on the west side of Lincoln Street, where the Moen house now is.

2. One of the warmest days of the season. Thermometer at 90 in the shade. In the evening a most tremendous thunder shower comes up; many barns are struck and great damage done.

3. Attend court. Few criminal cases. Grand Jury dismissed on Wednesday morning at opening court.

4. Attend court. The weather very cold; have a fire for the first time.

5. Court rises. Ride to Ram's horn pond in Sutton or Millbury, a reservoir of the Blackstone Canal, in company with Hon. J. Davis, John W. Lincoln and William Lincoln. All go in the Col.'s wagon with two horses and his new harnesses. Bring back many grapes, and notwithstanding my headache have a pleasant time.

6. Attend meeting all day; Mr. Hill and Doctor Bancroft. Make calls in the evening as usual. Every body is delighted with the new house.

7. Read law and Clapperton's second expedition into Africa.

8. Make an *Ægis*—and read Clapperton; it is a good book.

9. Very pleasant weather. Read law and in evening invited to visit Mr. Geo. T. Rice's; do not.

10. Asa Walker fails. His brother Varanus absconds with a girl, leaving a wife and children. He owes me one hundred and fifty dollars. Attend Mrs. Davis' party in evening.

11. Col. Lincoln goes to his farm at Oakham in his two horse wagon and carries Mrs. Davis, with his sister, Mrs. [Rejoice] Newton, and Miss Sarah Bancroft; they return at evening and give marvellous accounts of their adventures. The weather is pleasant; a frost the last night kills much corn and other damage.

12. Read law and Clapperton and newspapers. Day pleasant. The earth suffers for want of rain. My father visits me from Templeton.

13. Mr. [Abner D.] Jones of Hubbardston preaches. Attend meeting fore & afternoon, do not think much of parson Jones.

14. Read law; my office is painted.

15. Make my paper. Mr. Alonzo Lewis, author of the "History of Lynn," attacks me in the *Lynn Mirror* for correcting a gross error in his history in saying that our ancestors were Episcopalians.

16. Warm and pleasant. Read law and news. Find that I exchange with one hundred different presses. Mr. [John M.] Earle, editor of the *Spy*, exchanges with a still larger number and Mr. [Emory] Washburn, editor of *Yeoman* with about one hundred. I do not know how many the *Republican* takes.

17. I go with Wm Lincoln to Shrewsbury and Grafton to procure testimony to be used in the trial of the Commonwealth vs. Daniel Newton for the murder of Ezekiel Knowlton. The chances are against the prisoner.

18. Read law and newspapers.

19. Attend meeting. Rev. Mr. Thomas preaches all day; a good preacher.

20. Study law and write for my paper.

21. Pleasant.

22. Rainy.

23. Study Davis's "Justice."

24. Attend a party in the evening at Thomas Kinnicutt's, Esq.; a general turn out.

25. Study law.

26. Beautiful weather.

27. Attend meeting all day; Mr. Hill and Dr. Bancroft. The weather is cold but pleasant. Spend the evening at home.

28. Write for my paper, etc. Stephen Salisbury, Esq., leaves town for Boston, and sails for Europe on Thursday next, in the Liverpool packet.

29. Rainy. Attend a party at Major Rejoice Newton's, Esqr.; it is a large party.

30. Cloudy and rains in the evening. Attend a dancing party at Gov. Lincoln's. A great number of persons are there—from eighty to an hundred at least.

October, 1829.

1. Pleasant but cold. The Supreme Court is sitting this week. Daniel Newton is this day tried for the murder of Ezekiel Knowlton and is acquitted. Both of Shrewsbury. Ought to have been convicted of manslaughter.

2. A party this evening at Mrs. Brazer's; attend it. Joseph Willard of Lancaster delivers an address at the court house before the members of the Bar. It was near three hours long; it did not tire. The best thing friend Jo. ever did. Have a splendid supper afterwards at Thomas' Coffee House, at which upwards of 70 lawyers sit down & partake. The members of the Court attend and drink many toasts which are remarkable for wit & sense. All insensibly, court & bar, grow quite smutty; tell many bad stories. Hon. W^{m}. Steadman of Lancaster keeps the table in a roar with his stories. Hon. Judge Nathl Paine presides at the table. Gov. Lincoln and Rev. Dr. Bancroft are present, besides Chief Justice Parker & the Judges. None of the company get drunk that I see—leave the table at one A. M.

3. Cold and pleasant.

4. Attend meeting all day; Mr. Hill and Dr. Bancroft. Spend the evening at Dr. Bancroft's with the Judges.

5. Make my paper, read law and attend court.

6. Court rises. Get ready for Cattle Show.

7. Cattle Show day. Gov. Lincoln, president of the Agricultural Society. William Lincoln, Esq., delivers a very good address; every one is pleased with it. I am one of the Managers of the Ball in the evening. It has been usual always to give a Ball "Cattle Show night"; more splendid formerly than now. Pay three dollars each for it. Hon. H. G. Otis, Mayor of Boston, Hon. Edward Everett are present, Gen. H. S. Dearborn, &c. Mr. Buckingham is here too, editor of the *Boston Courier*. Have a pleasant time. The day has been very pleasant and everything has gone off well. The Agricultural Society dine at Banister's. I dine at Dr. Bancroft's.

8. Read papers and law.

9. Pleasant and warm. Write a very long letter (being 40 pages) to John Farmer, Esq., of Concord, N. H. He is about publishing his *New England Register*. My letter is on the subject of my ancestors. He is to return it when he has done with it.

10. Pleasant. Information comes to town that Gov. Enoch Lincoln of Maine is dangerously ill at Augusta, and this is confirmed at evening mail by a letter from Genl Coney, who writes that the case of Mr. L. appears hopeless.

11. Cloudy. William Lincoln starts for Augusta in the mail stage. I attend meeting all day. Dr. Bancroft—Mr. Hill. I dine at Gov. Lincoln's. Rains at night.

12. Letters are received bearing the melancholly information of the death of Enoch Lincoln, Governor of the

State of Maine, on Thursday the 8th inst. at one quarter past ten P. M. Born in this town Dec. 28, 1788, elected Gov. 1826, reëlected twice without opposition; was to have been married on the first of Jan. See *Nation. Ægis* for Oct. 14 & 21, for further particulars. His Excellency Levi Lincoln leaves town at noon for Augusta. The funeral is on Thursday next.

13. Very pleasant. Make an *Ægis;* read law.

14. Very pleasant. Assist Isaiah Thomas, LL. D., President of the A. A. S. in making an account of books given to the Society within the year.

15. Very pleasant. Assist Mr. Thomas.

16. Very pleasant. Assist Mr. Thomas.

17. Very pleasant. Assist Mr. Thomas.

18. Cloudy. Mr. Noyes of Brookfield preaches; in afternoon I hear Rev. John Nelson at South Meeting-house.[1]

19. Cloudy, rain in evening. Write for my paper. Attend a meeting of American Antiquarian Society.

20. Carry a subscription paper to Isaiah Thomas to raise funds for publishing a Catalogue of Library of A. A. S. and he gives one hundred dollars.[2]

21. Go to Boston in the mail stage which leaves at 12, noon. Reach Boston at 6; go to the Tremont Theatre; hear Cooper.

22. Put up at the new Tremont House. It opens this day. Go to theatre; hear C.

23. Anniversary of the landing of Columbus. Annual meeting of American Antiquarian Society; I am Librarian & make my report. Dine with His Hon. Lieut. Gov. Winthrop. Go to theatre again.

---

[1] Rev. John Nelson, D.D. of First Congregational Church, Leicester, Mass., for nearly sixty-years. [2] The catalogue was published in 1837.

24. 5 last days all beautiful. Return to W.

25. Don't go to meeting.

26. Very pleasant. This is called Indian Summer.

27. Write for my paper.

28. Study law. Very pleasant, warm.

29. Mild as before. Study law.

30. Cloudy; a storm coming.

31. Rains all day and through the night.

November, 1829.

1. Rains; cold northeaster; wind blows violently. I attend meeting; Mr. Hill, Dr. Bancroft. I dine at Gov. Lincoln's. The new piazza is completed.

2. Rains most of the day. Have sick headache. Study law and write for my paper.

3. Rainy with a strong northeast wind. Make up my paper. There are many failures.

4. A gross and malignant libel is published this morning upon me in the *Worcester County Republican.* Jubal Harrington is the author. I apply to Hon. John Davis for advice, and direct him to do for me as may be proper; Emory Washburn, Esq., is joined with him. I am informed that Pliny Merrick, Esq., County Attorney, advised Harrington! Hon. John Davis delivers an address before the Worcester County Lyceum; very good.[1]

5. Pleasant. This evening a meeting of the Odd Fellows. The restoration of the library of the society is the subject of the meeting. These are my friends: Col. John W. Lincoln, Emory Washburn, William M. Towne, Henry K. Newcomb, George T. Rice, Henry Paine and

[1] Afterwards known as the Worcester Lyceum, which had courses of lectures nearly every winter till 1856, when it was merged in the Young Men's Library Association.

James Green, whose kindness and friendship I must not forget. And these are my enemies: Col. Pliny Merrick, Isaac Davis, Jubal Harrington, Otis C. Wheeler, William N. Green, and two or three others, their hostility and attempt to confirm the libel in the *Worcester Republican* of yesterday, I, in part, forgive but can never forget.

6. There have been more failures within the last 3 weeks in this town than have been ever known in the same time before. They are mostly farmers; they have averaged almost one a day!! Sorry day for them & for me!

7. A northeast storm; rains all day. William Lincoln returns at night from Maine, where he has been during the last four weeks. He left town Oct. 11, on the news of the sickness of Gov. Enoch Lincoln, his brother. I request him to unite himself to Maj. Davis and Mr. Washburn in my behalf to look after the author of the libel mentioned yesterday.

8. Tempestuous. Attend meeting. Rev. Mr. [Calvin] Lincoln of Fitchburg preaches.[1]

9. Pleasant. Read *New England Register*, by John Farmer of Concord, N. H.; full of mistakes, yet a good book.

10. Rains. Much excitement about the libel. I have a letter sent to Jubal Harrington, asking him whether I am the person alluded to in his paper of Nov. 4. Make my paper.

11. Very cold. Read law. In evening play whist at Maj. Davis'. The ground freezes for the first time.

12. Study law. Fraternity of Odd Fellows meet in the evening and continue their session until near 11 o'clock. The libel referred to on the 4th is the subject. Twenty vote for me and 8 against me; two of the 8 are

[1] Rev. Calvin Lincoln, ordained pastor of First Congregational Society (Unitarian) in Fitchburg, June 30, 1824.

from out of town. The meeting is adjourned to Saturday evening.

13. Great excitement about the libel and the authors of it begin to repent & propose terms; are very humble. They promise a full & satisfactory reparation; I promise to accept it.

14. It snows in the morning & by 8 o'clock it is two inches deep. This is the first appearance of snow this season. An apology for the *Republican* is shown me by Col. Merrick, in the handwriting of Isaac Davis, with which I am satisfied. A meeting is called in the evening, and a vote passes giving the books to the Lyceum and thus fully justifying my conduct. Otis C. Wheeler makes a written apology and I forgive him; but the others—Isaac Davis—Pliny Merrick. The Society of Odd Fellows is dissolved, and a supper proposed to be had during Court week. I obtain a complete triumph over them.

When the Odd Fellows' Society was first organized (1825), a vote was passed that at its dissolution the library should be given to the American Antiquarian Society. During the last 8 or 10 months no meetings of the Society have been called and no officers elected. The constitution of it requires that the officers shall be chosen quarterly. From this state of things, my friend Wm Lincoln & myself took the books and deposited them in A. A. S., according to the vote. We were the more induced to this course from the fact that the books have been improperly kept, and it is believed that many of them have been lost. Soon after their removal, we notified several of the Society of it and concluded that when the members should require their return, the request should be complied with if properly made. Nothing was said to us about it for 5 or 6 weeks and no request ever made to have them returned. On Wednesday, Nov. 4th, Jubal Harrington, editor of the *Worcester County Republican*, under the editorial head of

that paper, advertised the Library as *Stolen*, and offered a reward for the thief, and referred to my report as librarian of the A. A. Society for information. This notice was a most malignant libel, for it could not but be understood that I was the person pointed at as the thief—for the detection of whom a reward was offered. On seeing this libel, I went immediately to some of the members & offered to restore the books, thinking that that would be sufficient. But nothing was done until the next night when a meeting of the Society was called and the subject of the library was gravely brought upon the carpet. Pliny Merrick, County Attorney, was the leader of the malignant spirits, who attempted to get a committee appointed to wait on the American Antiquarian Society and demand the books, thereby justifying the published libel. This being the case, and my friends finding that they were in the minority and that my character was at stake, sent a messenger to my office to appraise me of their determination. I went before the Society and made a full and complete disclosure of every fact connected with the subject under consideration. This, with some very appropriate remarks from my friend, induced to an adjournment of the meeting for one week, and at the same assurances were given that the books should be returned.

In the meantime, my friend William Lincoln returned from Maine, and when informed of what had been done, joined with my friends and appeared at the next meeting and offered resolutions expressive of their sense of indignation at the libel and a justification of the removal of the books. This meeting was adjourned to Saturday evening, Nov. 14, when the society was dissolved by a large vote and the books given to the Lyceum.

When the libel was first published, I applied to John Davis & Emory Washburn to call on Jubal Harrington for an explanation, which he answered by saying that he did

not intend that it should allude to me, & that the article was furnished by two gentlemen whose names he could not then give up.

15. Warm & pleasant; snow all disappears. Attend meeting all day. Rev. Dr. Bancroft & Mr. Hill.

16. Write for my paper. Samuel Allen, Jr., fails and is said to owe forty thousand dollars. Dr. Bancroft (now 74) says that there never has been such a failure in town before. He has lived here above forty years.

17. Rainy. Attend a party in the evening at Mr. George T. Rice's.

18. Rainy. The *Republican* contains the apology mentioned on Saturday. Study law and read Farmer's *New England Register*. A very good book, but full of mistakes; still I like the book.

19. Study law and read newspapers.

20. The antimasonic excitement which has prevailed so generally in New York begins to be felt in the adjoining towns. Public sentiment is wholly against it.

21. Am requested to deliver a lecture before the Lyceum.

22. Attend meeting all day; Dr. Bancroft and Mr. Hill.

23. This is the last day of service for Dec. Court of Common Pleas. It rains hard all day & becomes very muddy.

24. Make my newspaper and look up a subject for my lecture.

25. Have the sick headache all day.

26. Thanksgiving day. Dine at Gov. Lincoln's with Mr. Hill, Mr. Washburn and Newcomb. Spend the after-

noon at Dr. Bancroft's frolicking, and the evening at Gov. Lincoln's. In 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, I eat my Thanksgiving dinners with my friend William Lincoln at his mother's. The two last years I have had it at Gov. Lincoln's, and have had my Thanksgiving supper at Gov. Lincoln's seven years in succession. In the night the snow falls about 4 inches & the day has been rainy.

27. Very pleasant.

28. Mr. Davis goes to Washington & I return to the hotel to board; pay Mrs. D. $40.00.

29. Do not go to church.

30. Make paper.

December, 1829.

1. Snow disappears.

2. In the evening I deliver a lecture before the Worcester Lyceum; subject of it being the Steam Engine; delivered in the Town Hall.

3. Study law and prepare for court; read newspapers. Warm for season.

4. Examine school at north part of town. This is pronounced the coldest day that has been in the season.

5. Warm. Study law and attend a reference—R. Mills vs. J. P. & D. Kettell's.

6. Sunday. Attend meeting all day. Dine at J[ohn] Davis' and take tea there.

7. Get ready for court; enter twelve actions. Hon. Judge Strong presides.

8. An antimasonic meeting is held at the Court House for choosing Delegates to the State Convention at Boston on the last Wednesday of this month. Pliny Merrick,

Esq., of this town, attends the meeting, makes a speech, renounces masonry and represents the institution as corrupt in its principles and dangerous to government. He has been High Priest of the Chapter in this town.

9. Attend court all day.

10. Attend court all day. Pleasant.

11. Attend court and in evening examine old court files with my friend Jo. Willard of Lancaster.

12. Write to Hon. John Davis; look over newspapers.

13. Do not go to meeting. Dine at Hon. John Davis' and take tea there.

14. Hon. Judge Cummins takes the place of Judge Strong and the court commences a second week's session. Make my paper; abuse Col. Merrick in it and he stops his subscription.

15. Attend court. Visit Isaiah Thomas, Esq., daily; he is sick with a cancer. Col. Merrick's conduct is viewed with disgust by the public.

16. Attend court; report criminal cases for my paper.

17. Attend court. Warm for the season.

18. Attend court.

19. Attend court; it adjourns to Monday.

20. Warm and pleasant. Attend meeting all day. Mr. Hill. Dine and sup with William Lincoln at Hon. J. Davis'.

21. Write to Maj. Davis at Washington. Attend court. Have a trial and get my case.

22. Landing of the fathers at Plymouth. Very pleasant and warm. Hon. W^{m}. Sullivan of Boston makes the Anniversary Address at Plymouth. We celebrate the day here in Worcester, and have a very great time. Have a

supper at Mr. Bannister's tavern.[1] William Lincoln delivers an oration and Emory Washburn a poem. Nearly an hundred sit down to the supper. Col. John W. Lincoln presides. His Excellency the Governor and Hon. Judge Cummins are present; Rev. Dr. Bancroft and Rev. Mr. Hill also. The whole goes off very pleasantly. Ought not this day to be more noticed in New England. It should be made a grand holyday. I meet with the Rev. Joseph Emerson of Weathersfield, Conn. I find him an excellent antiquary and he gives me some historical tracts of which he is the author. I dine with Isaac Goodwin,[2] Esq., and eat succotash in honor of the Pilgrims. He is a native of Plymouth; his wife also.

23. Attend court. It is warm & muddy.

24. Make my paper and attend court.

25. Christmas. Very warm & pleasant. Attend meeting; Rev. Mr. Hill preaches. Am invited to Hon. A[bijah] Bigelow's; do not attend. Attend court, & in evening go to a party at Mr. Sheriff Willard's. Members of the Bar attend. Court adjourns.

26. Warm, and very bad travelling.

27. Attend meeting all day; Rev. Mr. Hill and Dr. Bancroft. I dine and sup with Mr. Lincoln and Mrs. Davis.

28. Very warm and pleasant. Prepare my paper. Visit Mrs. Davis and play whist in the evening.

29. Warm. Make up my paper, and get ready to visit Templeton.

30. Set off for Templeton. Going very bad. Warm

---

[1] Samuel Banister was landlord of the Central Hotel in 1829, which stood on the present site of the Bay State House.

[2] Isaac Goodwin came to Worcester from Sterling in 1826. He was a member of the American Antiquarian Society and delivered the address at the opening of the first Antiquarian Hall, in August, 1820.

and pleasant. Ground not frozen. Find Lowell Burrage of Templeton ploughing. Reach home about two P. M.

31. Warm and pleasant. Hunt all day with Henry Newton & Edward Loud; find nothing. Spend the evening playing whist with father and brother Jonathan and some friends. Usher in the New Year with glad faces and merry hearts, and after wishing that the end of the New Year may again find us thus happy, retire to rest.

January, 1830.

1. A very beautiful day. I am at Templeton, and spend the whole day in hunting. In the evening, the neighbors call at my father's and the time is spent in talking about former days and those who are now dead. Play whist.

2. Pleasant as before and warm. I read Gill Blas in the morning, and then take gun and dog, in company with brother Jonathan, and we go a hunting. Just at sunset we find a red squirrel upon the top of a very high dead pine and we fire at him seven times before we bring him down; adjudge to be twelve rods high and nothing in sight but his tail and ears! Neighbors come in at evening and we spent the time in pleasant conversation, W^{m}. Brown & Henry Newton.

3. Again very pleasant. Stay at home and read Gill Blas. Neighbors come in at evening and we talk about the excitement against Masonry.

4. Rise early, the day being pleasant & go a hunting all day. Have Asa Hosmer with me, who is a hunter by profession having done nothing else for several years. He informs me that during the last fall he caught eight hundred and thirty dozens of pigeons, and the story is confirmed by his father. We hunt foxes all day and have no luck. Some of the neighbors come in at night

& we talk about old times and how Templeton looked formerly.

5. Very pleasant, tho' it rained during Sunday night, which rendered the travelling very bad. At eleven, take the stage and return to Worcester. Have Isaac Bassett for a companion. There was a small boy in the stage whom we leave at Holden, believing him to be runaway; his name was Skiff, ten years old. Reach Worcester at sunset.

6. Resign my place as Editor of the *Ægis*. Its duties interfere with my profession.

7. The prophesy of the author of this Almanack is wonderfully correct. He says, "may now look out for some snow," and true it is, for the weather has *looked like snow* every day, but no snow has fallen, and I presume that only an *expectation* was intended.[1]

8. Study law and make a specification for a patent for Asa White of Templeton, for a Post Office Stamp. He is a son of Abel White of Phillipston.

9. This is the coldest day thus far. Write a letter to Rev. William Goodale, American missionary at the Island of Malta, and send it with a number of the *North American Review*, by the Rev. Mr. Temple, missionary to that place. Mr. Goodale is a native of Templeton.

10. Rains all day very hard. Attend meeting and hear Rev. Mr. Thayer,[2] son of Rev. Dr. [Nathaniel] Thayer of Lancaster. Very well.

11. Attend court which sat all last week, it having been adjourned from 26th ult. to 5th inst.

12. Very cold. We have venison today for dinner and have six gentlemen to dine with me. Dr. Butler &

[1] Robert B. Thomas's *Farmer's Almanac*.

[2] Christopher T. Thayer, for a quarter of a century minister of the First Parish of Beverly.

T[hornton] A. Merrick invite other gentlemen and we have a very pleasant time of it indeed. We drank temperately, yet did not go away dry, nor suffer our friends to, either. In the evening attend a party at Geo. T. Rice's.

13. Cold. Snow squalls. The earth yet bare. Court of C. C. P. rises this day, having been in session for above four weeks. In the evening attend a meeting of the Lyceum. Rev. Mr. Going delivers a lecture on Domestic Economy, which is very well received by the society.[1]

14. Cloudy, and the frost gathers upon the trees. Austin Denny, Esq., agent of the Franklin Insurance Office, renews my policy of insurance. My Books are insured to the value of three hundred and fifty dollars. The policy, at Mr. Denny's request, is dated Jan. 2, 1830, —premium one dollar & ninety-three cents. Write a letter to Ed. of *Boston Mirror* in answer to enquiries de Col. Pliny Merrick. Read the Life of Dr. Franklin and visit the Lyceum with Mrs. Worthington & sister. Mrs. Elizabeth *Paine*, wife of Hon. Nathl Paine, dies in the afternoon of this day, aged 65.

15. The ice gathers plentifully on the trees and they exhibit a most beautiful appearance. I examine two schools, one in forenoon and one in afternoon.

16. Very rainy all day and icy. Attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Paine. The family omit wearing mourning apparel and this is the first instance I have known.

17. Attend meeting. Funeral sermon on the death of Mrs. Paine by Dr. Bancroft; afternoon a sermon on mourning apparel by Mr. Hill. Dine and sup with Wm. Lincoln at Maj. Davis'. Attend oratorio in the evening. Go with Miss Bartlett of Smithfield. Snows in evening. Great complaint has existed for a long time against the practice

[1] Rev. Jonathan Going, D.D., minister of the First Baptist Church in Worcester from 1815 to 1831.

of wearing expensive mourning apparel, occasioned by the death of friends or relatives. The first person who ventured to make an inroad upon fashion and discourage such an expensive and embarrassing custom was the Hon. Nathaniel Paine, the Judge of Probate for the County of Worcester. The aged rarely take lead in the work of innovating upon long established usages. Judge Paine, however, must enjoy the fame of having been first to set an example in this particular. He did it on an occasion when no one, who was acquainted with his estimable and excellent lady, could impute to it a wrong motive. It appeared very odd and singular to see the family the next day, which was Sunday, attending Church without any appearance of mourning. They wore their usual dress and the example was well thought of by all excepting a few elderly women who regarded the change as pagan and heathenish and would by no means consent to its adoption. The Rev. Mr. Hill preached on the subject on Sunday afternoon and he made a most furious attack upon the fashion of mourning. Rev. Mr. Going preached to his people on the same subject. I understand that a society was formed at Newburyport immediately after the Revolution to do away with the practice of wearing mourning. It had a constitution which the members of the association subscribed to, and a strong effort was made to increase the members and extend the influence of the society. Commerce, however, about that time was managed so successfully and the trade of Newburyport was so prosperous that the members of the society diminished instead of being increased. Money became plenty and the purchase of mourning apparel was not felt as a burden. Some of the members of the association lived up to the constitution through life, and Joshua Coffin informs me that there are those yet living who still adhere to the practice.

18. Pleasant and cold. Study law.

19. Pleasant and cold. Send two hundred dollars to Col. Lee, by Jonathan Cutting, Jr., from Wm. T. Lesure of Grafton, and eighty-eight dollars to A. Turner by same from E. H. Trowbridge. Jacob Wales, Esq., of Winchendon, is witness.

20. Cold. Joshua Coffin, Esq., of Newbury, calls on me. A most diligent antiquary. Talk with him about old times. He offers to make out a catalogue of the library of A. A. S. The venerable president declines engaging him. Settle with Griffin & Morril. Annual meeting of Morning Star Lodge. Have a full meeting. Otis Corbett made master.

21. Cold. Study law.

22. Very cold. Examine a school. In the evening call at Ichabod Washburn's.

23. Very cold indeed. Study law.

24. Attend meeting. Rev. Mr. Allen of Northboro preaches. Dine and sup with Mrs. J. Davis.

25. Cold. Study law. Snows and some sleighing.

26. Coldest day thus far. Jo. Davis of T. calls.

27. Col. Lee of T. calls. Cold. Dr. Butler lectures.

28. Ordination of Rev. Mr. [John S. C.] Abbott over the Calvinistic Society in this town was on this day, being Thursday. The day was exceedingly pleasant and the collection of people unusually large. The performances were all of a high character and the more acceptable because of the absence of all uncharitableness to other denominations. The sermon by the Rev. Mr. [Joel] Hawes of Hartford (a native of Brookfield in this County) was well received. I have never attended an ordination where the services were more acceptable. Mr. Abbott is a native of Brunswick, Me., and is very much beloved by the people under his charge. I think he will be much respected by the other

parishes. His appearance thus far is altogether in his favor. There was an oratorio in the evening at the South Meeting House composed of the singers from the different parishes in the town, under the direction of Mr. Emory Perry, which was numerously attended.[1] I was present and enjoyed it very much. The house was very full.

29. Cold.

30. Coldest day for two years. 10 below zero.

31. Cold. Dine & sup with Mr. Davis.

February, 1830.

1. The weather moderates and at nine in the evening, it commences snowing and continues until today noon. The snow is now about ten inches deep and is in quantity greater than all that has fallen before put together. Study law all day.

2. Cloudy; not cold. Good sleighing. Invite Miss Elizabeth Green to ride with me to Wesson's in Westboro. Accompanied by Emory Washburn, Esq., with Miss Giles from Fitchburg, and Henry K. Newcomb with Miss Helen Bigelow of Petersham, daughter of Hon. Lewis Bigelow. Leave Worcester at 4 P. M. and return between nine and ten. Have an exceedingly fine time.

3. Pleasant. Fine sleighing. Study law all day. In the evening get a double sleigh and ride to Leicester with A. D. Foster, Esq., and his wife, Miss Giles, Miss Bigelow and Washburn, all in one sleigh. They sing, going and returning, which sounds very prettily. Have some hot coffee and return at half past nine. The ride is very pleasant. On my return, find my friend Doctor Elisha Bartlett at the hotel. We spend much of the night together. He resides at Lowell & is now on his way to visit one of his townsmen taken sick in New York City.

[1] Emory Perry was for many years a noted music and singing teacher at Worcester.

4. Warmer and looks like a storm. The sleighing is perfect. Many parties of pleasure are formed to enjoy it.

5. Very pleasant, and very cold. A sleigh ride is got up to go to Westboro. Mr. Newcomb induces me to attend. Ride with him and Mary and Catherine Robinson in a 4-horse sleigh. Leave Worcester at 3 and return at 10. Between 20 & 30 in the party. Most all married people. Mulled wine was prepared for the ladies and flip for the gentlemen, but by *mistake* the flip is carried to the ladies and they do not find their error until our flip is mostly gone, when they pronounce it very unpleasant stuff!! I find that I have been very dissipated this week, and form a resolution to be more sober.

6. Thermometer this morning at 8 o'clock stands 10° below zero. It is very cold all day, and is said to be as cold as it was last Saturday. The Debating Club, composed of law students generally, hold a public debate. Oliver Harrington's store at New Worcester is burnt. Alarm given about 10 at night. Thermometer 10° below zero. I attend the fire. Get very wet. Freeze my ears and both cheeks. Work the engine with difficulty. Return at 2 o'clock. Intensely cold. Many freeze themselves.

7. Thermometer 10° below zero at 8 o'clock, A. M. Attend meeting in afternoon; Dr. Bancroft. Dine with Mrs. Davis & Lincoln. Washburn is there.

8. Snows all the forenoon and cloudy most of day. Study law. Mr. Worcester, formerly instructor of Latin School, calls on me to see records of the School Committee. I show them and he makes copies of parts of them. He called on me on Thursday last for same purpose and spent an hour in the examination. I fear that he has no good object in view. I am told that he is about making a book of the committee because they removed him.

9. Warmer and pleasant. In evening attend a geographical lecture from Mr. Evans.

10. Thaws rapidly all day and rains in the night. In the evening settle with William Lincoln, Esq. Adjust the concerns of our partnership which was formed in 1825 in the editor and proprietorship of the *Worcester Magazine and Historical Journal.* We lose our labor and much money besides. *I believe in the doctrine of total depravity. I am a lover of mankind generally*, but I have *little respect for them individually.*

11. It is warm in the morning having rained during the night. Grows colder.

12. Very cold. Study law all day, and in the evening attend Mr. Evans' lecture on geography. Go with Miss Elizabeth Green.

13. Study law all day. The debating club hold a public meeting this evening.

14. Attend meeting at Old South forenoon and hear Mr. [J. S. C.] Abbott the successor of Mr. [Loammi I.] Hoadly. Like him very well. Hear Dr. Bancroft in afternoon at our own church. Have tea with Mrs. Davis.

15. Last day of service for March Court. There is very little suing; at least, I have very little to do, and I understand that others have very little. I do not attend Mr. Evans' lecture this evening.

16. Cloudy and prospect of rain all day. Write to Noah Webster, Esq., of New Haven, requesting him to give a copy of his dictionary to A. A. S.

17. Warm. Thaws much. Study law all day.

18. Warm. Examine school. In evening attend Mr. Evans' lecture with Lucretia Bancroft.

19. Warm, like March. Thaws rapidly. Examine school. Sleighing bad. Washburn goes to Boston to

help Joseph Willard, Esq., of Lancaster, get married. Attend Mr. Evans' lecture in evening with Lucretia Bancroft.

20. Warm & springlike. Purchase David Day's right in equity. Give $824.00 and my note for that sum!

21. Warm. Attend meeting in forenoon; Dr. Bancroft. Dine at Mrs. Davis' with William Lincoln. Spend the afternoon with him.

22. Washington's birthday. Ball in evening. I do not attend. It has been the invariable practice in this town for many years on the 22nd of February, the birthday of Washington, to have a public ball. I have been here seven years and a like observance of the day has not been omitted. During my residence here, I have, until now, at every ball with the exception of three, taken part as one of the managers. This year I did not attend. I am told by those who did that the occasion was very pleasant tho' the number was small, being only about twenty couples. The expense to each has always been three dollars. The music generally consists of two fiddles, a clarionet or bugle and base viol. The entertainer furnishes this under direction of the managers, and also carriages to collect & distribute the ladies. Two coaches are employed with a manager in each, who commence soon after sunset to carry the ladies to the hall, and it is a part of their duties to wait upon them home in the same way. The party retires about one o'clock, sometimes earlier and sometimes later.

23. Warm. Snow disappears very fast. Study law. Get a *new green coat* of W[illiam] & A[lbert] Brown. Agree fourteen & half dollars. I have been too extravagant. Resolve to be more economical.

24. Very pleasant. Dine at the Hon. Judge Paine's. Have a pleasant time. Make out a specification of a patent for Abner Foster of Phillipston for machine for mortising.

25. Warm again. Study law. Attend Evans' lecture with the ladies.

26. Warm; springlike. Attend lecture in evening with Miss E. Green & R. Curtis.

27. Cold; pleasant. Study law.

28. Attend meeting. Sup at Maj. Davis' and at ten return with Lincoln and Washburn and have a second supper. Receive Col. John W. Lincoln's present of a wife, which is a Dutch oyster woman—a toy. A very odd looking creature.

March, 1830.

1. Snows. Town meeting. The ground is perfectly bare and the street mostly dry. The largest number of votes cast today that ever have been before in this town. The old officers are left out and new ones elected. Pliny Merrick is left out wholly. His friends impute his failure to Masonic influence. It is no such thing. I decline a re-election to the place of school committeeman and find out that had I consented to be a candidate should not have been chosen! I am not *orthodox* and am denounced as a Pagan Unitarian!!

2. I enter five actions. Whole number entered is about 450. Judge Strong holds the court. It begins to snow in afternoon and in the morning the snow is six or 8 inches deep. Attend a lecture in evening.

3. Attend court all day, and in evening attend a caucus. Am made secretary and chairman of committee to address the people on the approaching election.

4. Warm, and snow disappears rapidly. Attend court all day; lecture in evening.

5. Warm. Street becomes settled. Attend court.

6. Write the address to the County Electors. Attend court. Court adjourns to Monday.

7. Attend meeting; Mr. Hill preaches. Dr. Bancroft has gone to Hartford to establish a Unitarian Church there.

8. Very cold. Judge Cummins holds the court this week. Attend court all day. Buy a pair of pantaloons of W. & A. Brown for four dollars. Attend lecture.

9. Very cold. Attend court.

10. This is the last day of the sitting of court. It is very cold. Town meeting. I decline being a candidate for re-election as school committeeman, & this was well for me, as I should not have been elected had I not declined. There is an orthodox party in town who murmur because the incumbents are all Unitarians. They are for having a change and they have succeeded in circulating such a report to their advantage. All the clergy are elected. *Antimasonry* had something to do with the business. I learn from various sources that one of the committee is indebted to his office on this score.

11. Study law, and in the evening attend lecture. It is a rainy day. I put in two dollars with eight others and raffle for a musick box. It is valued at eighteen dollars. I am lucky enough to get it.

12. Attend lecture in evening and study law all day.

13. Rainy day. Study law all day.

14. Attend meeting, and dine with G. T. Rice at his house. Dr. Bancroft in fore, & Mr. Hill in afternoon. Sup with Mrs. Davis. See at hotel Mr. [Ichabod] Emmons, member of House of Representatives from Hinsdale. A queer genius. I am informed by several of the members of the House of Representatives that Emmons has afforded much amusement at Boston during the present session. He has a very strong prejudice against the prac-

tice of making long speeches, so prevalent in our day. I am told that when he finds a member engaged in a speech of any length, he leaves his own seat and walks round behind the speaker and whispers in his ear, "you had better not say any more; you have said enough; you have cost the state already several thousand dollars; you had better hold your dam'd tongue and set down." It is his constant habit to hold such brave discourse to those who address the House. He has a good mind naturally but is wholly uncultivated. He has an amusing and original wit, and is made much of with a certain class. He has unbounded impudence and says what he pleases to any and every body. He told Governor Lincoln that his salary was too large, and that if he was willing to throw off the odd hundreds and accept of three thousand dollars a year, he would consent to his continuance in office, "But," says he, "there are many men in the state who would be glad to be Governor for $3,000 a year and they would make as good Governors as you. Three thousand is too much, and, faith you must throw off the odd hundreds or we will throw you off!" He is very large and corpulent, and has a harsh, unpleasant voice. He has an intelligent face, and a good shaped head. Anecdotes, almost without number, are related of him, and many of them highly amusing. Hon. Mr. [William B.] Calhoun of Springfield represents him to me as an honest man possessed of more than ordinary share of mind, but injured by having been made too much of. Mr. Calhoun is Speaker of the House.

15. Cold. Study law all day.

16. It becomes cloudy and appears like rain. Study law.

17 Rains all day. I spend the day at the Court house writing. The wind blows during the night with very great fury.

18. I attend the lecture in the evening with Miss James of Barre and afterwards go to Mr. Charles Allen's, where I play checkers.

19. Very pleasant and beautiful and seems like spring. The street becomes dry. Attend the lecture in the evening.

20. Very fine & pleasant. It is discovered that the American Antiquarian Hall has been forcibly broken open and articles stolen. I devote my whole time to the business and find that the perpetrators of the offence are three boys, the eldest of whom is about thirteen. They break a window and go in & open a door on the backside of the building, which they leave open and everybody that pleases go in. I recover all the stolen property and bring the little evil doers to justice. It was broken open on Thursday.

21. Attend meeting in forenoon; Rev. Mr. Hill. Dine at Gov. Lincoln's.

23. Make my complaint for trespass against the boys and one of them is sent to jail, there to remain until I am satisfied.

24. I am requested by Gov. Lincoln to procure some one to go in pursuit of a runaway, Joseph Willet, a Canadian Frenchman. Joseph Lovell engages to catch him and overtakes him this side of Concord, N. H., when he obtains from him about $400, in silver. He left town leaving debts to that amount.

25. Attend a party at Mr. Charles Allen's in the evening.

26. The snow falls to the depth of one foot in the night and day, and blows a tempest. At night attend the last lecture of Mr. Evans, and attend a party at Abijah Bigelow's.

27. Study law. The going is very bad.

28. Cold and sleighing. Attend meeting. Rev. Mr. Hill has been settled three years.

29. Pleasant. Going very bad. Snow thaws rapidly. Study law. William Kinnicutt marries Mrs. [James] Brazer.

30. Very pleasant. Write for papers. In the evening attend a party at Col. Isaac Davis', the anniversary of his marriage. Yet he has no children.

31. Warm & snow wholly disappears. Send Abner Foster's papers to Washington for a patent, and enclose thirty dollars.

April, 1830.

1. Very pleasant. Study law.

2. Very pleasant. In the evening attend a party at Miss Elizabeth Green's.

3. Very pleasant, and the walking becomes very good. Robins and bluebirds appear. Read *North American Review.*

4. Very pleasant. Attend meeting in forenoon. Dine at Maj. Davis' and do not go to meeting in the afternoon.

5. Very pleasant. Town meeting. The Jackson party are very busy and troublesome. They are discomfited.

6. The going has become perfect and the birds sing merrily. Visit the Athenæum and Antiquarian Hall with Miss James of Barre.

7. Rainy. Study law and read *N. A. Review.* Am afflicted with sore boils. News reaches town of the murder of Mr. White of Salem, and the Gov. is called upon to issue a proclamation offering a reward for the assassin. Mrs. Sever and Misses Blake come in town.

8. Fast Day. Rainy. Gov. Lincoln goes to Salem in consequence of the murder. Dine and sup at Maj. Davis' and do not attend meeting.

9. Pleasant. Study law and enclose thirty dollars & send it by mail to Washington, being for a patent for Charles P. Goodrich of Rutland. Call in evening on Miss James.

10. Study law. Rainy.

11. Dine at home, having watched last with Daniel Upham, who is dangerously sick of a rheumatic fever; Washburn watches with me. Take tea at the Hon. Judge Paine's.

12. Rainy. Study law.

13. Rainy. S. J. Court sits, holden by Judge Parker.[1] Miss Caroline Thomas, granddaughter of Isaiah Thomas, is married to Mr. Crocker of Taunton.

14. Pleasant. Attend court. Take medicine.

15. Pleasant. Attend court. Anniversary of the schools.

16. Pleasant. Attend court. In the evening visit Geo. T. Rice; anniversary of his wedding. He has no children yet.

17. Pleasant. Attend court and read Halyburton's "History of Nova Scotia," and ride to Millbury with Miss James, and dine with Charles Allen, Esq.

18. Pleasant. Attend meeting; Rev. Mr. [Peter] Osgood of Sterling preaches very well. Dine with William Lincoln, Esq., and spend afternoon with him.

19. The warmest day thus far; I sit in my office without fire and with my windows up till nine in evening.

---

[1] Chief Justice Isaac Parker.

20. Very pleasant and warm. In the evening attend a party at Mr. Lincoln's, and everybody complains of the heat, tho' there are no fires.

21. Attend court. So warm that the windows of the court house are opened all day.

22. Attend court. Very warm. In the evening attend a meeting of the debating club holden at Banister's tavern, where an appropriate and well-written address was delivered by T. Kinnicutt, Esq.; and, after supper, a poem, prepared for the occasion by Wm. Lincoln, Esq. The Gov., the Chief Justice and members of the bar, with the Rev. Dr. Bancroft and Rev. Mr. Hill, attend and take supper. The meeting is pleasant, and none indulge to excess.

23. Warm, but at noon clouds up and becomes cooler.

24. Pleasant. Finish Halyburton's "History of Nova Scotia." Am thankful he has made so interesting a book, but am disappointed; it should have been better; it is wanting in system and awkwardly written.

25. Do not attend meeting. Dine with Judge Paine, and spend the evening with Judge Parker and Hon. Sam[l] Hoar of Concord. Talk about phrenology. Mr. Hoar is made a convert to the phrenological doctrine from having read Coombe on the "Constitution of Man." I have paid some attention to the subject and am disposed to embrace to a limited extent.

26. Rains all day. Attend court. Upon the recommendation of Mr. Hoar, read Coombe on the "Constitution of Man." Like it much.

27. Pleasant. Attend court. In the evening receive a letter from my father requesting me to visit to do business for him.

28. Pleasant. Go to Templeton with horse and chaise.

Mrs. Wellington, wife of Rev. Charles Wellington of Templeton, is buried today; an excellent lady and in high esteem in the town; her funeral is very numerously attended. Spent evening with my father; neighbors call in.

29. Hunt in forenoon. Afternoon carry father to Winchendon Springs; return, & in evening visit J. Davis & play whist.

30. Return to Worcester. Very fine day. Go by way of Barre; call on Miss James and carry her to Dana. Take tea at her father's & have a charming time of it . . . . . and reach Worcester at 10 in evening. Make up my mind to remove to Barre.

May, 1830.

1. Saturday. Pleasant. Resolve to leave Worcester and establish myself in business in Barre. There are too many lawyers here either to be profitable or reputable—there are above twenty. My earnings here are worth five hundred a year, and it costs that sum to live, and the business of the profession is daily growing less. Many go out a maying, and more to see the girls.

2. Sunday. Attend meeting. Dine at Gov. Lincoln's and take tea at Judge Paine's. Am invited to take a part in the ceremony of marriage of William Pratt, Esq., of Shrewsbury, to Miss Elizabeth Sikes of Worcester. Decline the appointment on account of removal.

3. Monday. Attend court, which is yet in session. Rains all day. Am invited to go to Barre, and have the promise of enough to live upon.

4. May training, and rains all day; and soldiers appear bad enough.

5. Wednesday. Go to Barre to make arrangements for my intended remove thither. Reach there at 10 A. M.

Received politely; take tea with the family of E. James. Can find no place for an office.

6. Thursday. Dine at E. James, Esq.; make a fruitless search for an office, and Brother Seth Lee darkens the prospect by the prediction of my starvation. Call on Mr. Wadsworth and return to Worcester, carrying with me his son, Charles Wadsworth, student at law in the office of Davis & Allen. Reach Worcester at 8 o'clock in evening.

7. Friday. My friends are amazed at my determination, but most approve it. Make settlements with people.

8. Saturday. Attend court. Prepare for my removal.

9. Sunday. Do not attend meeting. Dine with Wm. M. Towne, Esq., and take tea with Judge Paine.

10. Monday. Attend court and prosecute arrangements for my departure.

11. Tuesday. Pleasant. Take leave of the people.

12. Wednesday. Take stage for Barre. Have lived in Worcester seven years on the 19th of June next coming, and they have all been years of great happiness. Reach Barre at 5 o'clock, and commence boarding with Archibald Black, Esq., at nine shillings per week. Take tea at E. James, Esq. This is the day of my removal from Worcester to Barre. There are now three lawyers in the place—Eleazer James, Esq., Hon. Nathaniel Houghton and Seth Lee, Esq.

13. Thursday. A very rainy, cold day, and I am almost disheartened at the prospect before me. I can procure no place for an office, and no one is willing to help me.

14. Very cold and rainy, and no office can be found. Am informed that Lewis Bigelow of Petersham has made arrangements to remove to this place with the view of opening an office here.

15. Pleasant, but cold. Make a contract with Mr. Hathaway to build me an office for $25 rent, first year; and $20 per annum afterwards; to be completed June 1. Charles Allen & wife come in town.

16. Pleasant. Attend meeting all day & stare at the people and they at me. Take tea at Mr. James' and pass the evening there.

17. Monday. Mr. Allen returns to Worcester and Mr. James goes to Boston. Rains all day. I read Angel's treatise on the "Law of Limitation."

18. Cold. Ride on horseback with Miss James.

19. Wednesday. Read Angel and receive several letters from Worcester and answer them.

20. Thursday. Cold. Read Angel.

21. Pleasant. Ride on horseback with Miss James, & go a hunting with Mr. Ezra Jones.

22. The weather is so cold as to ruin fruit and many kinds of vegetables; people sit by the fire in the middle of the day.

23. The ground freezes during the night and great destruction is made with fruit and grain and almost every kind of vegetable. Attend meeting all day; Rev. Mr. [Alpheus] Harding preaches, of New Salem. Attend a Justice Court.

24. Monday. Read Davis' "Justice." Cold.

25. Tuesday. Read same and make marginal notes. Ride out with Miss J.

26. Wednesday. Election Day. Eat cake. See the people play ball and attend a horse race. Walk in evening to Deacon Holden's with Miss James and Miss Thompson.

27. Thursday. Read Davis' "Justice" and Jefferson's works.

28. Friday. Read Davis' "Justice" & Jefferson's works. The weather is yet cold.

29. Rains all day. Read Jefferson's works.

30. Rains all day. Attend meeting all day; Rev. Mr. Wellington of Templeton preaches. It is very warm.

31. Cold and very pleasant. Attend the raising of Ezekiel Williams' barn, being the largest in town.

June, 1830.

1. Tuesday. Rains all day. Attend to the finishing my office.

2. Pleasant. Go to Westminster for Abel Rice on professional business. Get back at 8 and go in & see a dancing party at the public house. In the morning get my things into my new office and—

3. Thursday—put them up and study law, and read the story of "Paul and Virginia."

4. Pleasant and cold. Receive a great quantity of cake from W$^{m}_{m}$ Pratt, Esq., of Shrewsbury, who was married to Miss Elizabeth Sikes on 25th May. Take tea at Mr. Ezra Jones' and ride on horseback with Miss James to Petersham. In the evening serenade a Mr. Rice, who was married yesterday. This is customary here to pay a salute to those embark^{g} in matrimony. He gets up and entertains the company.

5. Study law all day. It is cold.

6. Rains all day. Attend meeting and hear Mr. [James] Thompson. He preaches better than any of his neighbors. Call on him in evening.

7. This is the last day of service for June court. I make no writs. Little business anywhere, & of that have little & expect little.

8. Rainy, and hails in the afternoon. The orthodox clergy congregate at Mr. Storrs' meeting house this day, and preach from 2.0 P. M. to 6 in the evening! Read law and a "Year in Spain"; a very interesting volume of travels by a young American. It is a clever book. In the evening hear Rev. Parsons Cook of Ware preach a sermon on "Intemperance." It is a most intemperate production & is one hour & half in length; well written & delⁿ.

9. Cool and pleasant. Alexander Hamilton calls on me. Spend the afternoon at Mr. James' and hear Mary's musick. Miss Ellen Bigelow of Petersham and Miss Martha Wilson are there. Take tea there.

10. Rains plentifully during the whole forenoon; in afternoon showers. Study law all day.

11. Very pleasant. Read Dr. Channing's Election Sermon. Very fine. Ride with Rev. Mr. Thompson to Clark's factory. Last night the aurora borealis exhibited very remarkable phenomena. About nine o'clock in the evening the "northern lights" began to shine with unusual brightness. Bright streams of light would start from the northern horizon & rush up almost to the zenith and then instantly disappear; these coruscations rapidly succeeded each other and had also the appearance of travelling to the south west. Immediately after the streams of light appeared brightest, a very bright belt or band, like a rainbow, came up out of the northeast and extended itself to the opposite horizon. It appeared at an elevation of about 45° and moved rapidly to the south west. It resembled very much the appearance of a like phenomenon in Sept. of 1826. Many people here are greatly alarmed and think it the forerunner of some terrible calamity. It was light enough to be able to distinguish the hour by the watch, and continued so for near half an hour. The streamers were so thick and

bright as to resemble a shower of fire. The scene is very splendid.

12. Rainy. Study law.

13. Rainy and warm. Attend meeting. Rev. Mr. [John M.] Merrick of Hardwick preaches. Like him. In the evening walk down to the Hon. Nathl. Jones'.

14. Pleasant. Study law. Ride on horseback with Miss J. Take tea at Mr. Thompson's.

15. Very pleasant, and warmest day. Study law.

16. Warm. Ride to Templeton with Rev. Mr. Thompson. Association meet. Mr. [Ezekiel L.] Bascom of Ashby preaches. Dine at Mr. Wellington's and take tea at Mr. Walker's. Showers in afternoon. Return at evening.

17. Anniversary of Battle of Bunker Hill. Very warm. Study law. Get boots footed and pay Jonas Smith three dollars for same. Ride on horseback in evening with Miss James. This day a public dinner is given Hon. John Davis of Worcester for his speech in Congress.

18. Study law all day.

19. Rainy. Study law. Am invited to deliver an oration on July 3rd in this town. Consent. Last night I went to serenade Mr. Harwood, who has been recently married. Have a pleasant time.

20. Rains. Attend meeting. Hear Rev. Mr. Thompson.

21. Rains all day. Go to Worcester in stage. Reach there at ten o'clock. Dine with Hon. Judge Paine. Am invited to spend the week at Hon. John Davis'.

22. Pleasant. Attend court. Visit the people & find old friends. Have a pleasant time. Take tea with Charles Allen, Esq.

23. Attend court. Dine with Charles Allen, Esq. Settle with my old clients.

24. Pleasant. Go to Barre. Take tea at Mr. James'.

25. Pleasant. Ride on horseback with Miss James.

26. Engage in writing an oration for the coming anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

27. Warm. Attend meeting. Rev. Mr. [Thomas Russell] Sullivan of Keene preaches. Take tea with him in the evening at Mr. James's.

28. Writing an oration, and a dull time I have of it, having been directed by the Committee of Arrangements not to mention Jackson or anti-Jacksonism, Adams, Clay, or Calhoun, masonry or anti-masonry, orthodoxy or heresy, nor anything touching politics, religion or domestic life.

29. Finish my oration which is fifty minutes long.

30. Very warm.

July, 1830.

1. Pleasant. Study law, and employ myself in committing my speech to memory.

2. My friend Otis C. Wheeler from Worcester arrives in town. Misses Walker from Templeton and Rebecca Wellington. Spend the evening at Mr. Thompson's.

3. Cloudy and intensely warm. Rains a little in the morning and about 4 o'clock rains again. Deliver my speech, it being Saturday. The meeting-house is crowded, and about 200 sit down at the table, which is spread under a bower. Everything goes off well & happily. Nothing transpires to mar the festivities of the day. In the evening take tea at Mr. Thompson's.

4. Very pleasant. Attend meeting in forenoon. Mr. Thompson preaches. Mr. Wheeler returns to Worcester.

5. In the afternoon the ladies give a public tea party in the same bower which was used on Saturday. One hundred and thirty partake and about the same number of gentlemen. Many excellent toasts were given. Musick follows each toast and the whole goes off very pleasantly. I have never seen so many pretty faces together before. The ladies contributed as each one felt disposed. Some brought cake, some pies, some cherries, others furniture for the table, and all, good feelings and cheerful faces and merry hearts. Seth Lee, Esq., delivers a speech in the evening on temperance in the brick meeting-house and has fifteen hearers.

6. It is very pleasant. In the eve walk up to Mr. Jenkins's with Miss James, and Malissa Walker of Templeton and Miss Thompson.

7. Miss James leaves town for the Springs and Miss Louisa Thompson for New York city.

8. Rains all day. Furnish an account of the celebration of the 3d & 5th for the Worcester papers, and read the "Letters of Lord Littleton."

9. Very warm and pleasant. Procure Mr. Jones' horse and ride to Templeton on horseback. Reach there at 4 o'clock. Find family all well.

10. Go fishing with father and Mr. E. Bruce. Go in a boat and return at noon, having caught about an hundred, being perch, pickerel, and bream. In the afternoon go a hunting, but do not have much success.

11. Pleasant. Take a long walk with Jonathan and examine places of resort in our youth and call up many reminiscences.

12. Cloudy all day. Hunt for pigeons. The woods

are thick with them, but they are in the tops of pines and so beyond the reach of shot. Take tea with Capt. Joseph Davis.

13. Leave for Barre. Rains all day. Dine with Col. Artemas Lee in his new house with his new wife. Everything snug and favorable. Reach Barre at 4 o'clock, very well wet.

14. Pleasant and warm. Read the "Letters of Lord Littleton" and study law.

15. Warm and pleasant. Read law and the *North American Review.* This is the first number under the new Editor, Hon. Alexander H. Everett. His predecessor was Rev. Jared Sparks.

16. The warmest day of the season thus far. Finish *N. A. Review.*

17. Very warm. Study law.

18. Very warm. No meeting. Mr. Thompson preaches at Athol. Do not attend any meeting. I am informed that the Rev. Mr. Storrs of the Orthodox society, preaches a very pointed sermon, rebuking all classes of society for their sins.

19. Very warm. Much excitement prevails on account of the abusive sermon of Mr. Storrs.

20. Intolerably warm. Read the first vol. of "Tom. Jones" and am exceedingly entertained. Invited to tea at Mr. Thompson's.

21. Very warm. Read second vol. of "Tom. Jones." Col. Crane of the army visits town. His wife was of this town, Miss Charlotte Ranger.

22. Very warm. This is the eighth successive day of extremely warm weather. There has been no rain in all that time and the earth has become parched with the heat. The thermometer has been as high as 88° each day and

rarely ever rises above that point. Seth Gates, laborer, this day dies of the heat.

23. Very warm, tho' a pleasant breeze blows all day. Bradford Sumner, Esq., of Boston comes in town to attend a Reference. Isaac Goodwin & wife arrived in town last night from the Springs and are now on their return home to Worcester. T[imothy] W. Bancroft, Deputy Sheriff, also calls on me.

24. Quite comfortable weather.

25. Very warm. Attend meeting & Rev. Mr. Thompson. In the afternoon several showers come up and it becomes cooler. Hon. Isaac Parker, Chief Justice of the Commonwealth, dies this day at his residence in Boston, aged 62, of apoplexy.

26. Rains all day.

27. Rainy. I go hunting with Ezra Jones & kill nothing worth bringing home. I subscribe for the *Jurisprudent* and send the price ($3.) to Boston, by Mr. Charles Lee.

28. Cloudy with some rain.

29. Pleasant. Read law & *Christian Examiner*.

30. Pleasant. Study law.

31. Pleasant. Have a court before N. Houghton, Esq., and take tea at Rev. Mr. Thompson's.

August, 1830.

1. Warm. Attend meeting all day. Rev. Mr. Thompson preaches. There is great excitement in town among the orthodox de breaches of the Sabbath. Many are threatened with "breaches of the Sabbath" prosecutions.

2. Very pleasant. I work for Rev. Mr. Thompson in getting in his hay. Kill a skunk and get perfumed.

3. Pleasant. Study law. Read the history of Saco and Biddeford by Geo. Folsom, Esq., and am well entertained with it.

4. Pleasant. Work for Mr. Thompson and take tea at his house with Rev. Jesse Chickering now preaching at Oakham.

5. Pleasant. Study law and read newspapers. Rev. James W. Thompson, son of Rev. Mr. Thompson of this town, arrives. He is settled at Natick.

6. Study law and read Abbot's "History of Andover." Am called on by Rev. Mr. Merrick of Hardwick.

7. Have a court before Lyman Sibley, Esq. Read law and Jefferson's works, and in the afternoon take tea at Seth Holden's with the parson's family. My friend William Lincoln, Esq., of Worcester calls on me in the evening. Talk with him till one o'clock.

8. Very warm. Attend meeting and Mr. Lincoln with me. Rev. James W. Thompson, Jr., of Natick preaches and very acceptably. Mr. Lincoln returns.

9. Cool. Study law. Afternoon ride to Hardwick with Ezra Jones and roll ninepins with Col. Billings, who informs me he catches from forty to fifty foxes each winter, and that he had one hound with which he had taken above four hundred.

10. Study law. Mary James returns from her journey to the Springs, whither she has been with Charles Allen, Esq., and his wife. Mrs. Young also arrives in town from Boston.

11. Pleasant. Dine at Mr. James's. Study law. Charles Wadsworth, Esq., calls on me. He has concluded to remove from Natick and establish himself in Lowell.

12. George IV. died on 26th June & William IV. is proclaimed. I give Wadsworth letters of introduction to

Dr. Bartlett and John P. Robinson, Esq., of Lowell. He returns to Worcester. Rev. Alexander Young of Boston comes in town.

13. Pay Mr. Arch. Black my first quarter's board. It is eighteen dollars. Ride out on horseback with Rev. Mr. Young and Rev. James W. Thompson. Miss Seraphina Gates arrives in town ex Montreal. Spend evening at Rev. Mr. Thompson's.

14. Study law and read Jefferson's works. Walk with Rev. Mr. Young.

15. Very warm & in afternoon rains. Dine with Mr. Ezra Jones in company with his brother-in-law, Mr. Bancroft of Montreal. Take tea there also.

16. This is the last day of service and business is very dull.

17. Probate Court. Spend much of the day with Judge Paine. Walk out with him, and spend the evening with him.

18. Pleasant. Unitarian association meet here today. Rev. Mr. Hill from Worcester is present and preaches. Informs me that he has been to Princeton & engaged himself to Miss Clark, niece of Rev. Mr. Clark of that place. Am invited to dine with the venerable clergy. There are present Rev. Mr. [Luther] Wilson of Petersham, Mr. Wellington of Templeton, Mr. Noyes of Brookfield, Mr. Jones of Hubbardston, Mr. Chickering of Oakham, Mr. Bascom of Ashby, Mr. [John M.] Merrick of Hardwick, Mr. Young of Boston & Mr. Thompson of Natick. Take tea at Rev. Mr. Thompson's.

19. Mr. Young & Mr. Thompson leave town. Study law. Walk in evening with Miss James & Miss Houghton.

20. Study law.

21. Have a court before Seth Lee, Esq. Sam. F.

Dickenson, Esq., of Amherst, appears against me. In the afternoon I walk to Templeton. Take tea at Lovell Walker's, Esq. Walk to my father's in evening.

22. Spend the day with my father. My brother Jonathan is presented this morning by his wife with a fine boy. He has six daughters living, & this is his first boy. A very heavy shower falls in the eve^{g}.

23. I hunt pigeons all day.

24. Hunt all day, and take tea with Capt. Jos. Davis.

25. Mr. Ezra Jones of Barre comes after me. We spend the forenoon in hunting and the afternoon in fishing. Jonathan goes with us. We take about one hundred and fifty perch in three hours, and return to Barre.

26. A very cold day, with a great wind.

27. Study law. A copious rain in the night.

28. I go to Hubbardston to attend a justice court, and have others to attend at Barre.

29. Rev. Jesse Chickering of Oakham preaches; now a candidate at Oakham. I dine at Mr. James'.

30. Go to Worcester to attend court. Have a pleasant [time] with my friends. I am invited to pass the week at Hon. John Davis' with my friend William Lincoln, Esq.

31. Attend court, &c.

September, 1830.

1. I attend court. Attend a party in the evening.

2. Attend court. Visit friends.

3. Attend court. Take tea at C. Allen's, Esq.

4. Return to Barre. The week has been most pleasantly passed. Only 270 actions entered in court, the smallest number known for several years.

5. Attend meeting and dine with the family of Eleazer James, Esq. Learn that Charles Wadsworth has determined to establish himself as a lawyer in Barre. He went first to Natick and then to Lowell, and has now come to this town, his native place.

6. Rains all day. Study law.

7. Wadsworth calls on me, and states his determination to remain in town. I offer to sell to him and we quickly come to an agreement. He gives me three hundred dollars, pays my rent from 1st of June, takes all my furniture at cost and pays me my costs on my justice business that is unfinished, and engages to pay over to me all the money he shall receive for his services in his profession during the first year beyond the sum of $550. A written agreement is entered into and placed in the hands of William Robinson, Dep. Sheriff, who is to examine Wadsworth's books and ascertain the amount that may be my due.

8. Rains all day. Wadsworth takes possession of the office and enters upon business.

9. Settle up my business and spend the day in hunting with Mr. Black.

10. Go to Worcester, and in the afternoon to Sutton to see Jonas L. Sibley, who proposed to me to become his partner. We settle the terms, to wit: an equal division of the office business, I to pay no rent, and in making deeds, contracts and the like, each to take the fees to himself.

11. Stay with William Lincoln, Esq., at Hon. John Davis'. Ride to Templeton with Daniel Henshaw, Esq., and reach my father's at 4 in the afternoon.

13. Hunt pigeons, and fire at many and kill very few.

14. Hunting all day and have pretty good luck.

15. Hunt as before, and am reprimanded by Mr. Geo. W. Bryant for killing what he calls his pigeons. They are on my father's land and far from his bed.

16. I am informed Mr. Asa Hosmer, Jr., has caught above a thousand dozen during the present summer. Mr. Bryant and John Hancock have caught half as many more. They take them in nets and find a market for them in Boston. They sell at from 25 cts. to a dollar per dozen.

17. Centennial celebration in Boston. I go to Barre and carry Miss Malissa Walker. Dine at Mr. James'; take tea there, and spend the night at Mr. Black's.

18. Dine at Mr. James' and return to Templeton in the afternoon and take tea at Mr. Walker's. Reach home in the evening.

19. Attend meeting all day, and dine with Col. Artemas Lee, and sup with Capt. Joseph Davis.

20. Spent the day in hunting and fishing.

21. Regimental muster at Templeton. I attend. Dine at Col. Lee's. See many foolish things to laugh at, and nothing more laughable than the dress parade and flummery of the officers and soldiers. Return home in the afternoon satisfied.

22. Spent the day in hunting and fishing & have tolerable luck.

I spend the remainder of the month with my father in riding about and in hunting, fishing and visiting.

October, 1830.

1. Pleasant weather.

2. Father carries me to Hubbardston, when he returns and I go to Worcester in the stage. Put up with William Lincoln, Esq., who is boarding with Hon. John Davis.

3. Attend meeting at Worcester and in the evening call on His Ex. Gov. Lincoln. Meet the Hon. Sam. Hoar of Concord there and J. H. Ashmun, Esq., Professor of Law in Har. University.

4. Spend the day in visiting friends.

5. Attend court, being the law term. Hon. Lemuel Shaw, the new Chief Justice, is present for the first time. His appearance is good and is so far popular with the bar. Dine with the Hon. Judge Paine.

6. Today I am admitted a Counsillor to practice at this court. Return to Templeton in the afternoon with the Hon. Lovell Walker and take supper at his house, and reach home at 11 in the evening.

7. The weather has been perfectly fair, without any rain, since the 9th of September; hardly a cloud has appeared in the sky any day; today it is cloudy and appears like rain. I visit Uncle Cooper Sawyer, with my father, who is dangerously sick.

8. Cloudy.

9. Rains in the afternoon.

10. I do not attend meeting. Remain at home and read *North American Review*. Cooper Sawyer dies this day. He was born at Sterling, Nov. 14, 1768, making him sixty-two years of age.

11. Rainy. Remain at home.

12. Attend the funeral of Uncle Cooper Sawyer and prepare to go a journey.

13. Cloudy, and at night rains. I set off in company with my father. We pass thro' Winchendon, Royalston, Fitzwilliam, Troy, Swansey, Keene, and in Surrey stay all night.

14. Cloudy, and at noon begins to rain. We pass to-

day out of Surrey into Walpole, thro' Westminster, Rockingham, by Saxton village, through Grafton, Windham, Londonderry to Landgrove, on the top of the Green Mountains, where we remain all night.

15. Rainy in forenoon, but fair in afternoon. We leave Landgrove and pass thro' Peru, Winhall, Manchester, Dorset, Rupert, Powlet to Granville, where we remain all night.

16. Pleasant. Leaving Granville, we enter Whitehall, at the south end of Lake Champlain, thence we pass south into Fort Ann, where I am taken for a minister, and we put up for the night.

17. Very pleasant. We pass from Fort Ann to Queensbury, in which town are Glen's Falls, which we visit, & pass thence through Sandy Hill, which is in Kingsbury, to Fort Edward, and over the Hudson to Moreau, thro' Northumberland and Wilton to Saratoga Springs, and put up at the Columbian Hall.

18. From the Springs we pass thro' Malta, by way of Dunning Street to Half Moon, thro' Mechanicville to Werford by the Cohoes Falls on the Mohawk, through Watervliet to Albany. In the afternoon it rains and here we remain all night.

19. We take the steamboat "Albany," at 6 in the morning, reach the City of New York a little before 7 in the evening. We have a pleasant ride. We attend the Park Theatre in the evening.

20. We spend the day in visiting places of interest and curiosity in the city, & in the evening go to the theatre.

21. We leave New York at 6 A. M., in the steamboat "Thistle," for Philadelphia, Land at New Brunswick and take stage to Trenton, by Princeton. Reach Philadelphia at 6 in the evening, & attend Chestnut Street Theatre.

22. Pleasant. Spend the day in visiting different parts of the city, and in the evening attend the Arch Street Theatre.

23. At 7 A. M. we leave for New York, and take the steamboat "Philadelphia" and land at Bordentown, and pass by stage thence to Washington, and thence by steamboat to New York, and in the evening attend the theatre.

24. Leave New York at 8 A. M. in the steamboat "Albany," and reach Albany at 9 in the evening.

25. Leave Albany and pass through Greenbush, Schodac, Nassau, New Lebanon Springs into Hancock, where we remain during the night.

26. We leave Hancock, and pass through Lanesboro, Cheshire, Savoy, height of the Green Mountains, thence into Plainfield, and through Hawley and Buckland to Shelburne Falls & put up.

27. We pass through Shelburne, Greenfield, Montague, Erving, Grant, Orange, Athol, Royalston to Templeton. Our expenses have been about forty dollars for each.

28. Learn that Levi Bruce died on the 14th, the day after we left.

29, 30 & 31, I spend in preparing to remove to Sutton.

November, 1830.

1. I get my things in readiness to leave town tomorrow.

2. Take the stage for Worcester. Miss Elizabeth Walker goes with me. Have a pleasant ride. She is going to make a visit to Mr. [Alfred Dwight] Foster's in Worcester. I take tea there with her.

I take dinner and tea with my friend W$^{m}_{m}$ Lincoln, at Maj. Davis', and spend the day in visiting my friends.

4. I dine at the Hon. Judge Paine's,[1] and take tea at Maj. Davis', and pay the Mutual Fire Insurance Company one dollar for my father on account of alterations made in one of his houses that has been insured.

5. Col. Sam. Ward carries me to Sutton, where I am to remain. I dine with Mr. Sibley and remain there over night.

6. Beginning of a storm. Enter the office with Mr. Sibley and spend the day in looking over old pamphlets and the like.

7. Rainy. Attend meeting. Hear the Rev. Mr. [Osgood] Herrick, who is now a candidate for settlement at Millbury to succeed the unlucky and disappointed Rev. Mr. [Joseph] Goffe, who for his manifold sins, and anti-masonry among the rest, has been ejected from his pastoral charge.

8. Rainy. Study law and arrange papers.

9. Rainy. Am thus [far] well contented. Spend the day in arranging papers.

10. Rainy. Study law.

11. Rainy. Commence boarding at noon with Mrs. March. I give two dollars per week, including washing. Dr. [Artemas] Bullard brings us 8½ feet of wood @ $3 per cord.

12. Rains all day. Commence reading life of Lord Byron by Thom. Moore.

13. The rain fell in torrents during the night and rained most of the day.

14. It rains all day, and I do not attend meeting. Read life of Byron. It is a very pleasant book. No one can read it & not think pretty well of him. He has fine wit,

[1] Judge Nathaniel Paine lived at the northwest corner of Main and Pleasant Streets. The house is now on the west side of Salem Street.

as appears from letters and journals. No one could have doubted this, however, who had read his Don Juan, & English Bards, &c. This will do away the stain thrown for a season over the poet's fame by the iniquitous publication of Leigh Hunt. I thought otherwise tho' when I read that fellow's book. It is an ingenious but most malignant libel.

15. It rains yet! and, d—— me, I believe it [will] never stop raining. I ride down to Millbury with Mr. Sibley. I purchase me a pair of shoes & get measured for boots. I get two reams of paper from Gen[l] Burbank's paper factory, one of letter and the other foolscap; $3.00 for the foolscap and $2.75 for the letter. This is partnership stock.

16. Study law and read Lord Byron's life. I am more and more pleased with this book. Moore is about as selfish in making it as Boswell was in writing the life of Johnson. But I like a minute biography of a famous man as everybody does the minute geography of a famous city or battle ground.

17. The sun shines! the first time too since I have been an inhabitant of Sutton. Jonas A. Hovey, nephew of Mr. Sibley, is this day married to a Miss Waters of Millbury; glad tisn't I.

18. I study law all day. Mr. Sibley leaves town with the view of going to Woodstock in Vermont.

19. Study law and read life of Byron.

20. Make writs all day. Mr. Sibley returns from Worcester, postponing his journey to Windsor for a couple of weeks.

21. Very pleasant. I go to meeting in forenoon. Hear Rev. Mr. [John] Maltby for the first time; am very well pleased with him. He is orthodox or Calvinistic.

22. This is the last day of service for December court.

23. Rains all day. I finish reading first volume of Moore's life of Byron and have had great pleasure in reading it. It is full of lively and pleasing anecdotes of the distinguished men of the times in which he lived. Among the poets are Wordsworth, Campbell, Scott, Hogg, Southey, Shelly, Leigh Hunt, besides a whole troop of statesmen, divines and prose writers.

24. Spend the evening at Capt. Israel Putnam's and play whist with Dr. [Ebenezer] Peirce, Le Baron Putnam and his sister Mary.

25. Study law all [day]. It rains copiously and the wind blows like a tornado.

26. Study law.

27. Study law.

28. Pleasant. Spend the day at Mr. Sibley's and at the office in as Christianlike way as I could without going to meeting.

29. Quarterly meeting of Olive Branch Lodge. Mr. Sibley delivers an address.

30. It snows most of the day. In the evening I eat poached eggs with Mr. Sibley, Dr. [David S. C. H.] Smith, Mr. Putnam and Mr. Sherman.

December, 1830.

1. I study law.

2. Thanksgiving Day. Very pleasant. I ride to Worcester & have Mr. Sibley's horse and sulkey; attending at Dr. Bancroft's church. Dine with George T. Rice and for first time see his boy, which he calls after himself. Take tea with Hon. Judge Paine and in the evening call on Mr. Washburn and his new wife, who are boarding with A. D.

Foster, Esq.,[1] and go with Miss E. Walker of Templeton to hear Mr. Foster deliver a lecture on the proper method to read history, before the Worcester Lyceum; & W. Lincoln reads an interesting memoir of the life of old Gen[l]. Gookin of Indian memory, it being a part of his intended history of Worcester. Attend a party at Gov. Lincoln's and have, according to long usage, a supper.

3. Cloudy and warm, and I return to Sutton.

4. Cold and pleasant. Have a trial before Mr. Justice Tenney and prevail.

5. Pleasant. Attend meeting in afternoon and hear Rev. Mr. Maltby.

6. Dec. Court at Worcester. It begins to snow at ten in the morning and continues until two at night and falls nearly a foot in depth and is very much drifted. We are unable to start for Worcester and so remain at home, and in the evening eat a very great quantity of poached eggs and out of a vessel not to be named.

7. Cold. I go to Worcester with Mr. Sibley. The snow has fallen about eight inches. The going is very bad. At Millbury we leave our wagon and take a sleigh. Reach Worcester about one.

8. Three hundred actions only are entered. I am invited to pass the week with Mr. Wm. Lincoln. In the evening I call on Mrs. Washburn, who receives company tonight for the first time.

9. Attend court all day; and in the evening play at chess with Mrs. Doctor [John] Green, and beat her and the Doctor, her husband.

10. Attend court; and in the evening go to a party at

[1] Alfred Dwight Foster's house was on the east side of Main Street, at the corner of what is now Foster Street. It was afterwards known for several years as the American Temperance House.

Isaac Davis', Esq., to see his wife's sister, Miss Estabrook of Royalston. Dance after the piano.

11. Spend the day in company with Mr. Lincoln.

12. Do not attend meeting. Read Rev. Dr. Harris' history of Dorchester.

13. Attend court. Spend the evening at Sam[l]. Jennison's in playing whist and backgammon. Dine at Judge Paine's.

14. Attend court, which is holden this week by Judge Strong. Last week it was holden by Judge Cummins.

15. It rains all day and the snow mostly disappears. An interesting trial is had today between D[r]. Azor R. Phelps, Plff., and D[r]. William Workman, Deft., both of Shrewsbury.[1] It is a case of slander. Jury do not agree.

16. Cold. I return to Sutton, taking Mr. Sibley's horse and gig, and stop at J. A. Hovey & Co.'s store in Millbury and purchase the materials for eight shirts. While at Worcester I pay twenty-seven dollars for a share of the stock in the Worcester County Athenæum.

17. Coldest day thus far. Thermometer at 9 A. M. stands 23°. I spend the forenoon in reading Boswell's life of Johnson, and in the afternoon I walk to a place called Purgatory, which is in the south part of Sutton and remarkable for caverns in a great ledge of rocks. In eve play whist at Mr. P.'s.

18. Continue to read Boswell with which I am first disgusted, then mad, and then pleased. Mr. Sibley comes from Worcester where he has been attending court.

19. Cloudy, and in afternoon & night snows. Read Boswell in forenoon, and afternoon attend meeting and hear Rev. Mr. Maltby. In the evening walk up to the Street to hear Rev. Lyman Maynard of Oxford preach.

[1] Dr. Workman removed to Worcester in 1835 and died there in 1885.

He is the son of Harvey Maynard of Templeton, and is about my age. We used to go to school together, and he was our standard fiddler at all the junkets. He is now very much respected as a preacher of the doctrine of Universal Salvation. We do not hear him. We spend the evening in the tavern and drink, smoke, eat a supper of poached eggs and coffee, and hire a four-horse stage to bring us home. This was a bad way to spend Sunday night and I am satisfied it was a great error in me to do so. L. B. Putnam, E. Putnam, E. Clark, Esq., & Mr. Sumner Cole were with me, or rather I was with them. We get back at 11 o'clock.

20. Cold. Mr. Sibley returns to Worcester to attend court, which is still in session.

21. I read Boswell all day, & spend the evening in learning Mr. Sibley's girl to play backgammon.

22. Coldest day thus far. Ther. 10° above zero at nine A. M. & same at 9 P. M. This is the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. I drink a glass of wine to their glorious memory, and this is all the notice I take of the day. A poem, an oration, supper and trimmings are had at Worcester and I am invited but cannot attend.

23. Ther. as yesterday. I read the *American Quarterly Review*. Ride to Simeon Phelps' in this town in a sleigh. Very cold. Have a load of wood of Freeman Freeland at $3 per cord; 8 ft. & 2 inches in the load.

24. Warmer. Finish *American Quarterly Review* and read Boswell's Johnson.

25. Christmas. The wind blows furiously from the south and rains hard. Snow all goes off. Read Boswell.

26. Very pleasant & mild all day & appears like spring. Spend the day at Mr. Sibley's. Nathan Arnold,

Jr., is this day drowned, an only child, in his father's mill pond. Mr. Sibley came from Worcester last night, where he had been attending court.

27. Warm and rains all day. Thermometer at 45° & has been so since 24th.

28. Warm and rainy. Study law.

29. Warm and pleasant. Reuben Sibley cuts up our wood and has $1.17 for it.

30. Cloudy and warm. In evening go with Edward Putnam to Wilkinsonville where we play whist at Maj. Harback's and have a grand supper. The evening is passed very pleasantly; about twenty gentlemen were present.

31. Warm and foggy. Mr. Sibley goes to Vermont. I go to Worcester to see about docket and to Millbury to see about trustee case. The travelling is very bad. Rev. Alonzo Hill was married to Miss Clark of Princeton on 29th. The wind blows most violently all the afternoon and evening with great quantity of rain, and in the night there is very heavy thunder with much sharp lightning and thus departs in a rage the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty.

NOTES.

Cold Days.

Saturday, 30th of January, was a very cold day. The thermometer fell 10° below zero and it was adjudged by many to have been the coldest day this or the two preceding years. There was only a little snow on the ground, not enough to make sleighing. The wind was strong from the west. I have not heard that any lives have been lost.

Saturday, 6th of Feb., was as cold as the 30th, see *Massachusetts Spy* of Feb. 10, for particulars.

Fashions.

Square toed boots & shoes were first worn in 1828 & 9, and in 1830 they have become in general use, and what is quite amusing is that even the sedate and sober yeomanry undertake to say that the fashion is a good one and that they have adopted it from convenience and economy, when in truth they do it from sheer pride. But another fashion is now about to be introduced and the square toed one is to give place to picked toes. I have seen several of the pioneers of fashion with boots having toes very pointed and they look fierce enough.

Aurora Borealis of Dec. 11, 1830.

The whole northern sky was most brilliantly lighted up. Streams of light from the whole northern horizon came up and pierced their way even to the zenith. These were constantly changing, and, at intervals, of one or two minutes, *clouds* of light, appearing like the light of a fire through a mist, pass rapidly upward; and then a broad belt of great splendor & beauty in the form of a rainbow came up. At times I thought I could hear it, making a noise similar to that of passing the hand quickly over a piece of silk cloth. I never have seen any appearances of the kind half so bright and magnificent. Rev. Mr. Going of Worcester was with me and he is of opinion that he has never seen them so splendid. The sky was perfectly clear and the weather rather cold.

Cheese.

Harding P. Woods, a trader in Barre, sold in Boston market, in one year one hundred and ninety-six thousand pounds of cheese, nearly all of which was manufactured by Barre farmers.

STATISTICS OF BARRE, 1830.—PALM LEAF HATS.

There are two stores here which procure large numbers of these hats braided by females. H. P. Woods & Co. and Charles Lee & Co. are the two mercantile houses doing the largest amount of business, and I am informed that the number of hats sold by each firm in the year now past, which have been manufactured on their account, is upwards of one hundred thousand! One palm leaf is sufficient for a hat. These are brought from one of the West India islands and are sold here to the braiders at eight cents a leaf. The cheaper sort of hats are braided for twenty cents each. The principal market for them is New York, whence they are carried south.

Dr. DAVID S. C. H. SMITH, of Sutton, was born at Cornish, N. H., on June 27, 1795. He never was graduated at any college. He entered at Hanover in 1810 and left in his sophomore year. He studied his profession with his father. He practised first about a year and a half in the State of Indiana at a place on the river below Cincinnati. Before this, which was about 1818, he had travelled much over the northern part of the United States. He spent one summer at Kingston in Upper Canada, and resided in the family of Thomas Scott, Commissary of the army stationed at that place, and brother of the celebrated Sir Walter Scott. He was there with Dr. Whitloe, of London, a distinguished botanist. In his travels he became acquainted with Frederick Pursh, the author of a treatise on Botany, who was by birth a Prussian. Dr. Smith informs me that he died in Montreal in 1815. He was about 35 at his death, and was exceedingly intemperate. He was a man of distinguished talents and had visited Montreal with the view of connecting himself to the Northern fur expedition under Lord Selkirk.

The name of the town where Dr. Smith began practice

in Indiana was Lawrenceburg, about 12 miles below the city of Cincinnati, and the name of the village was Hardensburg. He was there from the spring of 1818 to the fall of 1819, when he returned, and, in 1820, established himself in Sutton. While in Indiana he devoted himself to the study of natural history & brought a very considerable collection of plants back to New England with him.

January, 1831.

1. Pleasant. Read "Life of Johnson" by Boswell.

2. Do not attend meeting. Read "Life of Johnson."

3. Cold. Go to Worcester to attend putting questions to trustees. Remain there over night.

4. Rains all day. Settle Carter Eliot's estate in Probate Office. Dine with Judge Paine and return in afternoon, and in evening attend a ball at Tourtelott's, in the west part of Sutton.[1] Dance till 2 o'clock. Have a pleasant time; see and dance with many pretty girls; there are above thirty couples present. My bill is $2.25. Get home about 3 o'clock.

5. Rains all day. Read *North American Review*, and in the evening play whist at Capt. Putnam's.

6. Pleasant. Read *N. A. Review.*

7. Finish *N. A. Review.* Mr. Sibley returns from Vermont. The aurora borealis appears in early part of evening. The whole northern sky, as high as the zenith, is splendidly illuminated. It has the appearance of a fire through a mist and is of a uniform brightness, and continues so for an hour, when it suddenly becomes unusually dark; a bright belt of light comes up from the northeast and extends itself at the elevation of 45° in the southern horizon to the southeast, and appears like a river of fire.

[1] This hotel is still standing. (1900).

8. Pleasant. Study law.

9. Snows all night and most of the day. There is no meeting, Mr. Maltby[1] having gone to Connecticut to visit his mother, who is dangerously sick. I spent the day in the office.

10. Cold. Read law, and in the evening attend a party at Mr. Benjamin Woodbury's; where [there are] many of both sexes. Play whist and do not get home until 4 o'clock! Have pleasant time.

11. Read the records of Sutton & "Life of Dr. Johnson."

12. Very cold. Thermometer at sundown at 5°. Ride to Grafton to Col. Cyrus Leland's, and procure the records of the Hassanamisco Indians. Mr. Leland is the trustee of the Indians. Carry with me Susan & Joanna Sibley. The sleighing is very fine. Return at 5 P. M., and spend the evening at Mr. Chase's playing whist.

13. Spend the day in reading the Hassanamisco records. This is the coldest day thus far; thermometer at 5° all day.

14. Cold, and the sleighing good. Read law all day.

15. It begins to snow and continues all day. The wind blows with extreme violence and is withal very cold. Mr. Sibley starts for Boston to take his seat in the Legislature, he being a member from Sutton. Le Baron Putnam carries him to Millbury.

16. Snows and blows furiously. The roads are blocked up and there is no meeting. Ox teams are driven out to break a road for the funeral of Andrew Woodbury, who died on Friday, æt. 23; son of Capt. John Woodbury. Spend the day at the office.

---

[1] Rev. John Maltby was settled in Spencer in 1826 and remained there till June, 1834. He died at Worcester, 15 May, 1860.

17. Pleasant. Snow has fallen at 6 or 8 inches, and is unusually drifted.

The weather to the end of the month was exceedingly cold, the thermometer standing about 10° above zero nearly all the time. The coldest day was Friday, 22nd, when most of the thermometers sunk to 4 & 5 degrees below zero. The snow is judged to be 18 inches deep on a level and is very badly drifted.

On Thursday, 27, I went to Worcester, and returned on Friday.

On Saturday, Mr. Sibley returned from Boston.

Sunday I attended meeting and hear Mr. Maltby. The day is cold.

31. Cold.

During the month I have read Le Sage's amusing work, entitled "Devil upon Two Sticks." It is replete with the most severe and cutting satire upon the people of Spain. Beside this, I have read "Roderick Random," Moore's "Amatory Customs," Moore's "Lalla Rookh," Gay's poems and life, besides many other miscellaneous writings, all of which has been accomplished while I have been waiting for my meals. I do not mean by this, however, to complain that I have had to wait improperly.

The newspaper which I read most constantly is the *Boston Courier*, edited by Joseph T. Buckingham. I rely upon this more than upon any other paper. It is managed with liberality, candor, & a respectable regard (compared with others) to truth.

February, 1831.

1. Study law. In the afternoon ride to Douglass with Dr. Pierce, and return at evening. It begins to snow about ten in the evening and continues all night and—

2.—until about ten in the morning, when it is thought it has fallen to the depth of fifteen inches. The depth of snow now on the earth is at least thirty inches on a level. It is much drifted, and the roads are impassable. In the evening I play whist at Capt. Putnam's.

3. The people are busy in breaking out roads which have been blocked up with snow. Mr. Sibley returned to resume his seat in the legislature on Monday; and, on account of the snow, did not reach Boston until Wednesday evening. Spend the evening at 'Squire Clark's playing whist.

4. The snow fell last night near six inches deep, and then rained and settled the snow very much. In the afternoon it becomes cold and the snow freezes.

5. It is cold. Study law.

6. Cold. Do not attend meeting. Copy the records of the Hassanamisco in Grafton.

7. Pleasant; warmer. Play whist in the evening at Mr. Russell's.

8. Warmer, and very pleasant. Borrow Le Baron Putnam's horse and sleigh & carry Mr. Sibley's girls and two of Mrs. March's to Worcester; return at dark. In forenoon there is a trial before Mr. Justice Tenney against Davis Lombard for wood stealing, upon the complaint of Dea. James McClellan. He is convicted.

9. Pleasant and colder. Thermometer at 10°, and in morning, at 7 above zero. Copy Hassanamisco records for my history of Sutton.

10. Pleasant and cold. In the evening play whist at Mr. Clark's. Maj. Tenney and Le Baron Putnam are there. Copy records of Hassanamisco and study law.

11. Pleasant. Copy records all day, & in evening attend an oratorio at Millbury (old town). Carry Mrs. J.

L. Sibley and Mary Ann Sibley. The meeting house is very crowded. The singing is pronounced fine by judges, but in my opinion was most diabolical. I have no ear for music and cannot, therefore, speak professionally; but the sounds to me were execrable, and the whole performances seemed rather to have been a trial at making up mouths and faces than singing. Miss Longley, daughter of the late Dr. Longley of Millbury, was the most eminent among the ladies, both for voice and beauty of person.

12. Great eclipse of the sun. The forenoon was very pleasant and warm. The snow thawed the front side of the office, and the atmosphere was not uncomfortably cold. The sun was obscured by clouds, and the eclipse appeared only at intervals. The eclipse commenced 49 minutes after 11 A. M., and continued until between one and two. The darkness not so great as expected. Had I not been apprised that such an event as the eclipse was to have taken place I should not have noticed it. No stars were to be seen, as was anticipated. Expectation was greatly raised by the magnified accounts of editors and almanac makers. The whole disc of the sun was covered except a small circle of the upper left-hand side or edge.

13. Cold. Attend meeting in forenoon. Hear Mr. Maltby. He is too orthodox to be pleasant, tho' personally I think well of him.

14. Very pleasant. Play whist in evening at Nehemiah Chase's with Maj. Tenney and Capt. Sim. Woodbury.

15. Pleasant. Copy Hassanamisco records.

16. It begins to rain at 8 in the morning and continues till 8 in evening. The snow has melted away very fast, and yet there remains a great burden upon the ground. The sleighing since the ninth of January has been perfectly good. The school was examined here yesterday, which I attended. It has been kept by Mr. Amos W. Stockwell of

this town, now a sophomore in Amherst College. He has been my fellow boarder at Mrs. March's.

The sleighing becomes bad. The drifts are yet deep and the going is almost impassable. I study law and miscellany until the end of the month. On the 26th, Dr. Pierce carries me to Worcester and leaves me. I remain there until Monday afternoon, when I return. While there, I appoint Wm Lincoln my agent to settle and adjust my affairs with David Day & Timothy Johnson, and deliver him my receipts, notes, &c., for that end. I dine & sup with Mr. Lincoln on Sunday at Maj. Newton's. There is great excitement in Worcester about the arrest of the High Sheriff, Calvin Willard, Esq., upon the complaint of old Eliakim Davis of Fitchburg.

He [Eliakim Davis] was born in Rutland, March 28, 1760. His father was Jesse Davis, who was also born in Rutland in 1739, who was the son of Daniel Davis, born in Bedford, near Boston, and one of the first settlers of Rutland. Eliakim's mother was a daughter of Daniel Estabrook of Rutland, and sister of Jedidiah Estabrook, who is the father of Dr. George Estabrook, formerly a practising physician in Holden, and now of Rutland. Eliakim has been famous for between twenty and thirty years for his undauntable love of litigation. Perhaps no man ever lived who had manifested throughout so great a fondness for contention. He has been imprisoned again & again for perjury, maintenance and defaming the names of honest citizens, and yet no sooner is he set at liberty than he gets into some scrape for which he is severely punished. He has squandered a good estate in quarrelling with his neighbors and, notwithstanding his poverty, still succeeds in getting funds to carry on his suits. He left Rutland in 1820, or thereabouts, and moved to Fitchburg, where he married a respectable widow lady, with a small real estate, and, from his litigious temper, has become a

terror to all the people of the town. His love of the law seems to have become a passion, and every other feeling is made subservient to it. I do not think he would steal or cheat, and I believe he is temperate in his habits. A perfect history of him may be found on the records of Court for the County of Worcester, where he has regularly appeared at every term for near or quite thirty years. In all civil suits he appears as plaintiff, but in criminal matters he is generally on the defensive. He always has about a dozen suits that are to be brought, and if any attorney consents to say anything to him beyond asking after his health, he will give an exact detail of all his cases and, perhaps, produce his papers, all of which must be read, and then comes a request to engage as his counsel; and if he cannot persuade you to it peacefully, he will resort to threats and tender money for a writ or warrant.

On Friday, 25, I dined and supped at Capt. Israel Putnam's with a large company.

March, 1831.

1. Warm and pleasant. No sleighing. During this week I am busily engaged in transcribing in the Sutton Town Books the minutes of records of meetings held since 1827. These minutes were put down by J. L. Sibley, Esq., and never placed in the clerk's book. He has been town clerk for some time, and did not record his minutes in the proper volume of records on account of his handwriting, which to strangers is difficult to be read. From a weakness in his right hand, occasioned by sickness, he cannot hold a pen, and therefore writes with his left hand. I have transcribed enough into the town records to cover over forty pages.

The weather during the week has been pleasant and warm; but the travelling has been unusually bad. On Saturday I went to Uxbridge on horseback to attend a

justice court before the Hon. Benjamin Adams, between Luke Prentis, Esq., and Sim. Fuller. I rode down there with Dr. Smith of this town, and we concluded that we could not pass off the summer more pleasantly than to get each of us a horse and ride about the country laughing at ridiculous objects. In our ride down there we saw, for the first time this spring, a bluebird and robin, & on my return home saw the bird called kill-dill (so called from its voice), or the gull.

6. There is no meeting, Mr. Maltby having gone to Conn. to visit his father, who lies dangerously ill. He lives at Northford. It is but a short time since his mother died.

7. This is March meeting day. Before the centre meeting-house was torn down in 1828-9, it had always been customary for the town to hold its meetings in it. When the new one was erected, a basement story was built for the accommodation of the inhabitants, with the expectation, however, of receiving certain rent. This disappointed the town, and became a bone of strife for a long time. The meetings were held by vote, alternately at the Street and Wilkinsonville, and a refusal to pay rent to the Congregational Society. The charge for rent was put at $40 a year, and was by many believed to be small as could be expected. The difficulty was cured in the course of the summer of 1831 and an arrangement effected by which all the town meetings in future are to be held in the basement story of the first Congregational meeting-house in Sutton.

9. Mr. Mills, our deputy sheriff, carries me to Worcester. The going is very bad. We enter two actions.

10. I attend court all day. Judge Cummins is present. Very little has been done by our profession during the vacation, much less than has been done for several years.

I pass the evening with Mr. Henry Shaw of Lanesboro, who is the leading member of our House of Representatives. His great strength lies in his powers in debate and his biting wit and sarcasm. He is now one of the candidates for governor at the approaching election. He is personally hostile to Gov. Lincoln and omits no opportunity to lash him. Mr. Lincoln once sent him a justice's commission and Mr. Shaw enclosed it in a letter and returned it, saying that he did not consider himself as fit to discharge the duties of a magistrate. He told me this himself. He has good conversation powers, and amuses by his good sense and wit. His father was a physician in Castleton, Vermont, from whom he inherited a large estate.

11. I attend court all day. Take tea at Hon. Judge Paine's, and in the evening hear Doctor Oliver Fiske deliver a lecture before the Lyceum on the subject of "Agriculture." Play whist in the evening at C. Allen's.

12. Meet Mr. Chester Harding the painter, and have a conversation on phrenology. He is a full believer and convert to the doctrine, and has taken the dimensions of all the most distinguished heads in the country, such as the members of the Supreme Court of the U. S., Daniel Webster's, &c. The largest head is that of Judge Marshall, & the next is that of Mr. Webster. Mr. Harding now resides at Springfield. I come home with Mr. Mills to Sutton. I received my justice's commission.

13. No meeting, Mr. Maltby not having returned from Northford.

14. I spend the day in reading town records.

15. I go a hunting with Le Baron Putnam and kill a mink.

16. I go to Worcester to attend court. Stop in Millbury to see Rev. Mr. [Joseph] Goffe and procure from him

his old papers relating to the Waters family. Reach Worcester at noon.

17. Attend court. In the evening attend a meeting of Lyceum. William Lincoln delivers a lecture, giving an account of Arnold's expedition to Quebec.

18. Attend court, and in evening play whist at Sam. Jennison's; have good [time].[1]

19. Return to Sutton. It snows very fast, and by noon is 5 inches deep; it then begins to rain.

20. Mr. Maltby preaches. I don't attend church.

21. Warm, and snow disappears. Ensign John Woodbury presents me a box of old papers, which contains above one hundred old deeds, most of which belonged to the Dwight family of Dedham, the oldest of which is dated in 1646.

22. I make an abstract of the Dwight deeds.

23. Continue making an abstract.

24. Prepare to go to Boston with William Lincoln, Esq., of Worcester. He goes by way of Concord—

25—and I go directly from Sutton to Boston, and reach there about 7 o'clock A. M.

The following facts were taken from the *Boston Evening Post* for 1741 & 2, being a volume of that newspaper:—

John Burleigh, Esq., removed from the office of a justice of the peace for the county of Essex, for receiving and passing the Land Bank or Manufactory Bills, Jan. 12, 1741.

Feb. 2, 1741. An order is passed in Council prohibiting the passing or receiving Manufactory Bills.

---

[1] Samuel Jennison was librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, from 1814 to 1825, and for twenty-eight years its treasurer.

April 6, 1741. Isaac Little, Esq., for the county of Plymouth, and John Metcalf, Esq., for the county of Suffolk, were removed from their offices for receiving and passing Manufactory Bills.

April 13, 1741. Last Thursday, by order of the governor and council, Samuel White, Esq., one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Suffolk, and Samuel Dudley, Esq., one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Worcester, were removed from their respective offices for receiving and passing the notes commonly called Manufactory Bills, and persisting therein.

April 27, 1741. Col. Estes Hatch (Capt. Adams and Capt. Watts of Chelsea), and 7 or 8 lieutenants and one ensign, were dismissed from their offices for being concerned in the Land Bank.

May 18, 1741. Zabdiel Boylston of Brooklyn offers for sale 940 acres of land situated in Sutton.

June 1, 1741. Gov. Belcher is greatly incensed with the House of Representatives for their favorable opinion of the Land Bank, and the assembly is prorogued.

1741. Jonas Bond was a representative from Watertown and Elisha Putnam from Sutton.

July 13, 1741. See the act of Parliament for abolishing the Land Bank.

July 27, 1741. See advertisement about Sam. Adams and his connection with manufactory bills, and following paper.

Nov. 9, 1741. Dr. Gardner of Boston operates upon Joseph Baker, a lad of six years, for stone in the bladder, in "latteral way," and the child gets well.

Nov. 9, 1741. Elisha Putnam, a representative from Sutton, with many others, was fined 5/ per diem for breach of duty in being absent from the house.

Jan. 18, 1742. Andrew Eliot chosen colleague in the new North Church, Boston; and in the same paper see Rev. Mr. Wigglesworth's notion about the doctrine of the "Imputation of Adam's first sin upon his posterity," and that doctrine is not distinctly avowed in any of the writings of John Calvin.

March 1, 1742. Samuel Greenwood, Esq., of Boston, dies, aged 52; and, in the next paper, Isaac Greenwood writes a letter about the comet which at that time was visible in the heavens, and which created some alarm.

April 26, 1742. The students of Yale College all leave that institution on account of religious confusion and quarrelling.

May 3, 1742, & July 5. The Rev. Mr. Rogers of Ipswich, Mr. Daniel Rogers & Mr. Bewell, candidates for the ministry, visit Newbury and take possession of Rev. Mr. Lowell's meeting-house while he was out of town, and go to preaching, to the great confusion of the people.

July 5, 1742. Rev. James Davenport of Stoughton, Long Island, visits Boston and preaches daily on the Common for several days. His hearers make great confusion, being very much affected with his discourses. The Boston clergymen judge it meet not to invite them into their desks.

July 26, 1742. Letters about Rev. Gilbert Tennent, Whitfield and Davenport.

Aug. 23, 1742. The above Davenport was committed to jail, a bill having been found by the grand jury against him at Boston, for disturbing the peace and reviling Boston ministers. He refused to give bail upon the capias and was accordingly committed. The jury, upon his trial, found him guilty and, in their verdict, returned, "*non compos mentis*," at the time of his scandalizing the clergy.

He was remanded to prison and was discharged the next day, and he again went to preaching.

He had been banished by the authority of Connecticut Colony for outrages of a similar character.

Thatcher, a fellow preacher, was styled his armour bearer. Sept. 27, 1742.

Sept. 13, 1742. Ezekiel Hunt of Ipswich was committed to jail on suspicion of having murdered his wife.

Nov. 22, 1742. Dies David Jeffries, Esq., aged 85; father of Hon. John Jeffries of Boston.

Daniel Denny's family of Leicester is badly scalded. There are 4 children; one dies thereof.

Sept. 30, 1736. There is yet surviving Mr. Daniel Stoddard, in Hingham, in his 103 year.—*News Letter.*

Sept. 30, 1736. *News Letter.*

We have advice by letters from Newfound Land that William Keene, Esq., formerly of this town, but who has for many years since been a merchant there, was last spring appointed judge of the Court of Vice-admiralty there; and that he has lately condemned a London ship, newly arrived from Lisbon, and a sloop from Maryland, seized by the man of war upon that station.

April, 1831.

1. At the Tremont House in Boston with William Lincoln of Worcester, where I have been since the 25 of March. We have spent our time in copying old papers relating to Worcester and Sutton, which we found in the garret of the State House.

2. We spend the day in walking about the town, examining the odd-looking *tips* and dandies who appear in the middle of the day in the principal streets for exhibition. They are indeed worthy of being gazed at. In the after-

noon we ride over to Cambridge & examine the college library; revisit our old haunts, attend prayers in the chapel, and return to Boston at 6 P. M. At 10 in the evening we start for Worcester in the mail stage and reach there at 5 A. M.,—

3.—and have an amusing ride, from the company of an Irishman and a woman who tried to pass for his wife. I put on the Irish brogue, and succeeded in making my fellow passenger believe me a countryman. I agreed with him, and more than once offered to help him whip the rest of the passengers, who treated him rather unceremoniously. This gave him great courage, and he talked loud and stormy. At length I unluckily spoke without brogue, and he had no sooner discovered the imposture than he swore he would lick me, and my friend Lincoln held his hands to keep me from a pounding. I take tea with E. Washburn, Esq., who has begun housekeeping.

4. Isaiah Thomas, LL.D., of Worcester, at the age of 82 years, dies at 7 o'clock this morning.[1]

5. I return to Sutton. I hire a horse and chaise of Congdon for this purpose.

6. Arrange papers, and spend the day in puttering.

7. Fast day. I do not attend meeting.

8. I start this morning for Queechy river in Vermont, in company with Le Baron Putnam. I go as agent of the Millbury Bank to adjust the affairs of the Queechy Manufacturing Company, the property of which was conveyed to the bank by Putnam. There are now opposing claim-

[1] Dr. Thomas's remains were laid in a granite tomb which he had erected in 1817 in the Mechanic Street Burial Ground. Isaac Goodwin of the Worcester Bar delivered an address on his life and public services. In 1878 the tomb was removed to the Rural Cemetery at Worcester (the old burial ground having been discontinued), and on the 24th of June of that year his remains were reinterred with impressive ceremonies by the city government and the Antiquarian and Masonic Societies. The Hon. Stephen Salisbury, President of the Antiquarian Society, delivered an address on that occasion.

ants to the property, and I go to have them settled. We go in an open gig and reach Windsor on the Sunday evening, the 10th; and we reach Worcester, on our return, Tuesday the 19th, and on Wednesday the 20th I return to Sutton. I give my receipt to the bank of twenty-five dollars for cash to pay expenses. I carry thirty-eight dollars with me—thirteen dollars of my own and twenty-five dollars as above—and, on my return, find that the expenses have been twenty-six dollars and fifty cents, which sum is to be charged to the bank in addition to my services.

(The following account of the visit to Queechy is taken from the end of the diary for 1831.)

Friday, April 8, 1831.

So I set out in company with Le Baron Putnam of Sutton to go to Queechy river in the town of Hartford, in the State of Vermont. I go as the Agent of the Millbury Bank. The business on which I am sent is to adjust and arrange difficulties existing between the Bank and John Downer, Esq., of Hartford. The Queechy Manufacturing Company having failed in 1828 and being largely indebted to Mr. Putnam conveyed the whole of the Company property to him. Putnam assigned his deed to the Bank, and Downer now comes forward with a previous title to the same estate, claiming it as his. A compromise between him and the Bank having been proposed, the Bank delegates me as its Agent to go and conclude an agreement. I receive of the Bank twenty-five Dollars to defray expenses, for which I give my receipt. We go in a gig and when we reach Worcester it begins to rain accompanied with a strong wind. We pass through Holden into Rutland and to Hubbardston, and there remain over night. The wind increases in violence and blows a tempest the whole night.

The house shook and trembled so much that I was unable to sleep and the landlord did not go to bed at all.

Saturday, 9.

It grew cold fast, and when we reached Templeton we had partly concluded to remain there until the wind should abate its fury. I called at my father's and found him in usual health, tho' he had been shortly before confined to his room of a fever. From Templeton we passed through Winchindon, and a corner of Royalston to Fitzwilliam where we took dinner at Foster's. The wind blew as fiercely here as at any other time in the day, accompanied with squawls of snow. Here I gave Mr. Putnam five dollars to discharge our expenses, he to account for it to the Bank on our return. The road was very bad and many places we could [not] pass in our carriage without getting out. We pass into Troy and Swansey and so to Keene, the snow having fallen to the depth of near two inches. We do not stop in Keene, but ride on to Holbrook's in Surrey, where we put up for the night; and we conclude that we have never travelled in so tedious and uncomfortable a day. Mr. Holbrook says that he has been in Surrey about twenty years and that he was born in the town of Bellingham in Massachusetts and is cousin to Sylvanus Holbrook, the manufacturer of Northbridge.

Sunday, April 10, 1831.

The weather is milder and quite pleasant compared with what it was yesterday. I find a man by the name of Briggs who stayed at Holbrook's over night who says that he belongs to Ludlow. His father was from the town of Berkley. I enquire of him if he is acquainted with any person by the name of Baldwin and he says there is a family of that name living in Cavendish. I asked him what he knew of them, and all the information he could

give of them was that one a few weeks before had been arrested for stealing a horse! I suppressed further enquiry and did not let him know my name. The town of Ludlow was partly settled by emigrants from Templeton. A family by the name of Patch went there, if my memory be correct, and one also by the name of Fletcher. Tho' of this I am not certain.

We take our breakfast at Holbrook's and proceed on our journey. We pass out of Surrey into Alstead and so into a corner of Walpole through Drewsville. Here we saw a Lawyer's office which had been sadly mangled and mutilated by having a cannon, charged with brick-bats, chain links, broken iron and earthen fired through it. It was placed before the door and a slow match let it off, sending its miscellaneous contents completely through the tenement. The Lawyer had done something that gave offence to a couple of miscreants who took this course to revenge the injury. He was out of the office at the time so that no injury was done except to the building. The authors of the mischief are now in jail waiting for trial. From Walpole we passed into a corner of Langdon and so into Charlestown, having found the travelling the whole way exceedingly bad. From Charlestown we passed into Claramont. I walked along leaving Mr. Putnam to overtake me at the ferry, two miles from the Street, the Cheshire bridge having been swept away by the freshet two weeks ago. I was carried across in a small boat and had just begun enquiry into the history of a man by the name of Whipple emigrated to this place (Springfield) from Sutton, when Mr. Putnam came down to the Ferry and said that he could not cross, his horse being unaccustomed to such trials. And being unable to prevail on him to make an experiment, I was compelled to enter into contract with Mr. Charon to be retransported, which cost me twelve & half cents. I got into the gig and we proceeded on our journey through very muddy roads into Cornish

and thence over the bridge into Windsor. We put up at Pettis' public house.

Monday, 11.

We find that Thomas Emerson, Esq., the person connected with Mr. Downer, is absent on a visit at Norwich, 20 miles north of Windsor, and will not return until Wednesday noon, and the weather being cold and tempestuous, we conclude to remain at Windsor until his return. I get me a Gazetteer of Vermont, and in the course of the day read most of it. I visit the State's Prison, where are 124 convicts, and examine the prison register to see if there are any prisoners from Worcester County. I do not find any. The prison is now undergoing great changes. Solitary cells are in course of building, when the plan and arrangement will be similar to that which exists at Charlestown, Mass. I go into the grave-yard and copy off many epitaphs. I find some Sutton people buried here, among whom is Abner Forbes. He came from Sutton to Windsor while he was quite young, with Mr. Jonathan Hall, with whom he lived. He was educated for commercial life and *succeed* in acquiring an ample fortune. He was Major-General and finally a judge of the County Court and, I believe, a member of the State Senate. He had a brother Jotham, also born in Sutton, who settled in Windsor, was a physician and acted as surgeon in the war of 1812-13. He died in Ohio. There were two other brothers, Libbeus and Absolom, who settled as farmers in the neighborhood of Windsor. There are many stones erected in memory of a family by the name of Sterne. This family came from Worcester, being originally from Oxford. Many of them have been highly respectable. Deacon Nathan Coolige, who is now living at Windsor, informs me that he once lived in Worcester and is a native of Watertown. S. Shuttlesworth, Esq., a classmate of Judge Bangs, formerly a minister and now a lawyer,

informs me that he once preached for some time in Worcester. He is very old and very poor. Thomas Leland, Esq., attorney at law, is a native of Grafton, and is cousin to Col. Cyrus Leland at the New England Village. Cornish in New Hampshire was settled by emigrants from Sutton. The burying-ground is in sight from Windsor Street. In the afternoon I visit that and find a great deal to interest me. The first monument that met my eye was that of the Rev. James Wellman, the first minister of the north parish of Sutton, now Millbury. Beside him lay the bodies of the Chases, the Putnams, Marbles, Morses, &c., all Sutton names and natives of that town. I copied above fifty epitaphs, being nearly all that were to be found in the yard. The oldest of the Chase family was the Hon. Samuel Chase, who was born in 1707 at Littleton and went to Sutton before 1730 & remained there until 1763 or 4 and then went with a part of his family to Cornish. He died at the age of 93, having been a judge, senator, and sustained a variety of honors, and with profit and respectability. He has left a great number of descendants, among whom is the Hon. Dudley Chase of Randolph, now a senator in Congress from Vermont.

Tuesday, April 12.

It is cold. I call on Harvey Chase, Esq., a lawyer of Cornish, having his office near the Windsor Bridge, who is the youngest son of Moses Chase, who was the youngest brother of the Hon. Samuel Chase above named. I informed him of my intention to collect materials for a history of the town of Sutton, and he politely offered to furnish me an account of the Sutton families who came to Cornish. He invited me to take tea at his house, which I accepted, and I there met Dr. Phelps of Windsor, who assisted in surveying for the Blackstone Canal; and Parson [George] Leonard, an Episcopalian clergyman, now officiating as rector in Cornish, at the church a little distance

below Windsor Bridge. He was a classmate of Sam. M. Burnside, Esq., of Worcester, and is one of the ugliest-looking men I ever saw, yet withal a most honest countenance. I found him very pleasant and intelligent. He is a native of Norton. Dr. Phelps is a native of Windsor and, I understand, is a young gentleman of good promise. In the afternoon I see the Rev. Mr. Horton, who was [of] the class after me at Cambridge, who is now rector of an Episcopalian Church in Windsor. I also see the Rev. Mr. Barlow, now a Unitarian minister, settled in Lynn and a native of Windsor, on a visit to this place to attend the marriage ceremony of his sister, who today became the wife of Esq. Fletcher, a young lawyer from Chester, Vt. I believe he is a descendant of the Dr. Fletcher who went from Templeton, and who was a brother of Dea. Joel Fletcher of Templeton, who died in 1824, at the age of 84. He is cousin of Richard Fletcher, Esq., now an eminent lawyer in Boston. In the evening, I am introduced to Jabez Sargent, Esq., who was formerly a lawyer in Chester, but now a Jackson postmaster of Windsor. His father was the Rev. Samuel Sargent, once minister of Woburn, who was the son of Jabez Sargent of Worcester. Chester was originally settled by emigrants from Worcester. Adonijah Whitney of Chester was born in Templeton. Many enquiries are made in relation to Dr. Smith of Sutton, he being a connexion of the Chase family. His father, Dr. Nathan Smith, married a daughter of Genl. Jonathan Chase, who was a son of old Samuel Chase before-named. On the decease of his first wife in 1793, he married for a second, her sister. Dr. Nathan Smith formerly practiced in Cornish.

Wednesday, April 13.

The day is pleasant and warm. I ride out with Mr. Pettis, who shows me the residences of the principal men of the place, and among the rest, the house where the famed

John Henry, the Spy in the last war, resided. It is on the east side of the road nearly a mile north from the Street. Mr. Pettis' ancestors came from Amherst, Mass. Mr. Emerson returns at noon and I see him in relation to my errand. After much talk, conclude that I must go to Hartford and examine the Registry of Deeds and ascertain the condition and situation of the titles to the estate. And get Mr. Downer to meet us at Windsor. In the evening I am invited to play whist with Mr. Pettis and his brother. I have a pleasant time. Lose 3 games at a quarter each and then go to bed. Today I saw the famous living skeleton, whose singular leanness has been the subject of public curiosity for many months. His name is Calvin Edson; he resides at Randolp[h], Vt., where he has a wife and four children. Until he was about thirty years old, he had as much meat on his bones as anybody. He looks somewhat, as, it might be expected, a person would look, who should have a consumptive complaint that should not stop where it kills ordinary consumptive persons. He was born close by Stafford mineral springs in Connecticut. He is now forty-three years old. He is rather short and has a simple looking head. He coughs a good deal and has a hollow, sepulchral sounding voice, tho' it does not fatigue him greatly to talk. He has just returned from Europe, having been absent about a year exhibiting himself as a curiosity. He seems to have no shame, but rather feels a pride in showing his legs and arms. He spent the last winter in Paris and amused us much in relating his odd experiences while there. He was carried, it seems, into one of the publick hospitals for examination before the doctors of medicine. He says he was placed on a table and a celebrated doctor began to jabber at him, at which all the rest laughed. He could not understand a word of his speech, yet it was very pleasant to those who heard it. Some one, at length, asked him in English if he had any strength, upon which, he said, he got off from the table and select-

ing one of the most muscular and athletic Frenchmen in the hall, took him by the collar with one hand, and, with trip and a twich, cast him head long under the benches. This performance was received with great applause, and he was actually, while in Paris, regarded as a bully! While in London, he says that the people there told him that they should never venture to fight us Americans any more, for it would be impossible to knock up such trotters as his.

* * * * * *

He walked about without the assistance of any one, and ate as heartily as tho' in ordinary health. He weighs about sixty-three pounds, and might, I should judge when his flesh was on, have weighed from one hundred & forty to fifty pounds. He had rode in the stages to this place from New York, where he landed on his return from Europe, and did not appear to be suffering greatly from fatigue. He was present in the same house with me for nearly two hours, and during most of that time he was entertaining the crowd with his London and Paris experiences.

I do not know when I have seen a more humiliating or unpleasant object. It is difficult to realize that he is a human being, and although neat and cleanly in his person, there is something in his appearance even disgusting. It affected me to so great a degree that when sitting at the dinner table with him, I could not eat my dinner, and I found that others were affected in a similar manner.

His mind, I understand, has not been injured by his strange infirmity of body. He has great vanity accompanied with foolishness. And any one might presume him to possess this character from the fact that he is willing to show himself round the country for 25 cents.

Thursday, April 14.

The morning is warm and pleasant. I set out in company with Mr. Putnam this morning in his gig to go to Queechy village, in the town of Hartford. We pass out of Windsor into Hartland and so on to Queechy River.

The country hereabout is exceedingly beautiful. I have never seen any place before that looked so inviting for a permanent residence. The hills are large swells, unbroken by cliffs or ledges and susceptible of cultivation to the very pinnacles. Tho' many of them are yet partially covered with banks of snow, yet the valleys begin to look green and immemse flocks of sheep and cattle are already turned away from the barns to find their subsistence upon the tender herbage. The roads are mostly settled and are safely passable with the exception of the clay-pits which are numerous & difficult to be got over. These are produced by the frost penetrating the earth deeply and when it comes out, the surface becomes dry first and thus leaves the parts underneath loose and almost in a liquid state. If a carriage wheel once gets through into the soft, it can rarely be got out except by the help of levers or unloading. These places make the roads difficult and even dangerous for travellers. The holes are deep & it is difficult, especially for a stranger, to ascertain where they are. Horses and stages frequently get into them and escape with difficulty. Besides the roads, I know of no serious objection to the country as very eligible for a residence. The scenery is every where picturesque and beautiful. The land is fertile and the climate as healthy perhaps as any part of New England. The people are hospitable, intelligent and industrious, and live as happily as any community I have ever seen.

We reach Queechy village about noon and, after dinner, we go to the office of the Registrar of Deeds, who is the Town Clerk, for the purpose of making such examinations there relative to the titles to the estate of the Queechy Company as might be necessary in our negociation with Emerson and Downer. I spend the afternoon in the Town Clerk's office and walk back to the village, distant about two miles. On my return back, I find a grave-yard near the bank of Queechy River, situated about fifty feet above

its bed, commanding a fine view of the surrounding highlands and the beautiful valley below. I had no sooner passed the fence enclosing it than I found the following inscription upon one of the monuments there erected:

REBECCA
Consort of
Willis Hall
departed this life
March 13. 1814.
Aged 78 years.

She was the wife of Mr. Willis Hall of Sutton. He was the son of Willis Hall, Esq., who was the President of the *Chaise* [Shays] Convention held at Worcester, 1786. He was an adjutant during most of the Revolutionary war, and went from Sutton to this part of the world about 1790. His brother Jacob Hall came here about the same time. Jacob lives in Hartford, in the 83rd year of his age. Jonathan, another brother, now lives in the west part of Windsor, and is a highly respectable citizen. They had a brother Nathaniel, who was a minister and settled and died at Granville, N. Y., and an obituary notice may be found of him in the *Recorder* for about 1820 or 1. These are grandchildren of old Percival Hall, who was a first settler of Sutton and who came from Medford. Near the beforementioned monument is another, as follows:

ESTHER,
wife of
Jacob Hall
died Feb. 20.
1814 aged 45
years.

The names which were most abundant in the yard were Daman, Udal, Abbot, Jones and Marsh. The following are a few of the epitaphs copied verbatim:

"JOSEPH MARSH ESQ.
was born Jan. 12, 1726, old style,
at
Lebanon Connecticutt &
died, Feb. 9. 1811, aged 85 years."

"In Memory of Mrs.
MARCY, widow to Ensign
Joseph Marsh who
died June 1. 1786
In his 85th year"

"DOROTHY MARSH, wife of Joseph
Marsh Esq. was born April the
9th 1732, at Norwich, Connecticutt
and died 14. April 1810
Aged 78 years."

"To the Memory of
DANIEL MARSH ESQ.
who died
Dec. 11. 1829
Aged 69."

"DOROTHY wife of
Capt. Abel Marsh
was born 1. Oct. 1736
at Stoneington.
Connecticutt.
& died Sept. 7.
1813
Aged 77 years."

"In memory of MR. ROSWELL
son to the
Honourable JOSEPH
MARSH of Hartford,
& MRS. DOROTHY his
wife, died 30 June
1784, in her 22nd Year."

"In memory of
LEVI DEMMAN
who departed this life
March 24. 1797
In the 40th Year of his age."

Joseph Marsh, first named, was for several years Lieut. Gov. of Vermont. He distinguished himself in the quarrel with New York.

In the evening I go with Mr. Putnam to a Mrs. Foster's, a widow lady, sister of James Walcott of Southbridge, manufacturer. Her father was formerly a physician in Charlton or Southbridge. Her husband was a goldsmith,

and moved to this place purely from fondness of its rich natural scenery. She was once distinguished for her poetry and occasionally furnished pieces for the Worcester papers. She is now about 50. Her daughter is very pretty and entertained us very pleasantly by singing a great variety of songs. Her brother sang with her. She has been accostomed to good society & is now soon to become the wife of a retired merchant from Boston, living in this place.

There are many persons in this town by the name of Udal. They came from Lebanon, in Connecticut, or somewhere in that vicinity. One of that name was clearing his land near Queechy village on the memorable 17th June, 1775, and distinctly heard the discharge of artillery at the Battle of Bunker's Hill. The truth of this story is well authenticated. The distance from Boston, as the roads are travelled, is one hundred and nineteen miles. I have been told that the canon were distinctly heard at Templeton on the same day. There were many men in the battle from that town, and when the discharge of artillery was heard, the women and children gathered together in the several neighborhoods to afford each other such comfort and hope as they could, inasmuch as there was scarce a family in the place which had not sent one of its members to Cambridge. I have this from my father and others who were then young, and who retain a distinct reccollection of the melancholly condition of our revolutionary mothers on that day.

Friday, April 15.

Warm and pleasant. I leave Mr. Putnam at Queechy, and I take passage in the stage to Woodstock, distant about six miles. The road is on the south bank of Queechy river, and passes through a most delightful country. I reach Woodstock about ten in the forenoon. This is a pleasant village. It is situated in a delightful valley surrounded with the most romantic scenery. There are valuable water

privileges near the village occupied by various kinds of machinery. I saw a sign with the name of Hutchinson upon it, and concluding that the owner might be a descendant of the Rev. Aaron Hutchinson, formerly of Grafton, I enquired of an elderly man, whom I met in the street, what he knew in relation to Mr. Hutchinson's family. He gave me the following account: Rev. Aaron Hutchinson, who was formerly a settled minister in Grafton, Mass., died in Pomfret, Vt., in Oct., 1800. He had several sons. The eldest was Aaron, who for some time taught a school in Worcester, afterward became a minister and finally left the desk for the bar and has for many years practised with eminent success as a lawyer in the town of Lebanon, N. H., where he now resides, and is about seventy years old. The next brother is Titus, who is now the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Vermont. He was educated to the Bar and has, I believe, always resided at Woodstock. The next brother was Samuel William, who was a farmer, and moved some years ago to the state of Ohio. The next is Alexander. He has always lived at Woodstock, is a merchant and has been Post Master of the place for near twenty years. He has been recently *reformed* and a successor appointed. He is rich and is a bachellor. The person who gave me the above information made such short answers to my enquiries that I was more brief with him than I otherwise should have been had he treated me more civilly. I enquired afterwards who he was, and learned that he was the above named Alexander Hutchinson himself. He is about sixty years old and, I am told, at intervals is very polite and at other times is a little otherwise. I conclude he saw something in my face or manners that did not suit him, and I readily forgive his apparent bluntness, for I have been placed in similar situations.

This town was settled mainly from Middleboro in Mass., Pomfret, Conn., & some few families from Worcester. The grave-yard has very few monuments in it that afford

interest to a Worcester County traveller. I found the following:

"ELIZABETH MOWER
born
at Worcester, Mass.
Feb. 3. A. D. 1785:
died
at Woodstock
April 19. 1814.
Aged 29 years."

"Sacred
To the memory of
HENRY MOWER
Born at Worcester, Mass.
March 13, 1777
Died March 14, 1808."

"SAMUEL CHANDLER
Born
at Worcester, Mass.
Feb. 25. 1757.
died
In this Town Oct. 26. 1813.
Æt. 56."

He was brother to the wife of the Revd. Dr. Aaron Bancroft of Worcester. Dr. Bancroft was one of his executors. He made a grand will, and disposed of his whole estate, which was estimated as very large, to his friends. He was a bachellor at the time of his death. His property, however, was barely sufficient to pay his "just debts and defray funeral charges." He was a merchant.[1]

After examining the grave-yard, I went into the Clerk's office of the County of Windsor to get some papers relating to Queechy. Benjamin Swan, Esq., is the Clerk. He was born in Worcester. His father was William Swan, who was a native of Boston and moved from there to Marlboro' to get away from the Small Pox and thence to Worcester, where he died in 1774, aged 59. Benjamin

[1] Samuel Chandler was town treasurer of Worcester in 1795, and a director in the Worcester Bank in 1804. He lived at the foot of what is now Pearl Street, and at one time had a farm on the east side of the town, including what is now known as Chandler Hill.

was a clerk in Mr. Salisbury's store and came to Woodstock in 1791, and went into business with Saml. Chandler as a merchant. He is now Treasurer of the State of Vermont, to which office he has been elected almost without opposition thirty-one years successively. He has been clerk of all the Courts for the County of Windsor for above twenty years and makes a more beautiful record than any man I have ever seen. He enjoys a high reputation for honesty and probity, and is very much respected.

There are many persons in Woodstock by the name of Warren. They came to this place from Leicester. Those of the name of Bryant, are from Templeton. Robert Barker, the keeper of the public house, is from Billerica or Reding. He is an amusing body and leaves nothing out of the way which may help make his customers comfortable. The name of Dana came from Pomfret, Connecticut. I saw a tombstone in the shop of a lapidary, unfinished, intended for a Mrs. —— Dana, who was a daughter of Gen. Israel Putnam of Wolf's Den memory. Old Parson Dana, the first minister of Barre, was a native of Pomfret, and one of his sons is now Cashier of the Bank at Keene.

Saturday, April 16.

It rains all day. I take the stage this morning to return to Windsor. I go through Hartland and reach Windsor about ten A. M. We here meet Messrs. Emerson & Downer and conclude our negociations, and get ready to return to Sutton. I should have mentioned while in Woodstock that there is a Sutton man there by the name of Pierce. His name is David Pierce. He is a lawyer. His father was David Pierce, son of Ebenezer Pierce, born at Sutton, Aug. 12, 1760. He moved from Sutton in the early part of his life and settled in the town of Barnard, Vt., near Woodstock, where he died Sept. 12, 1816. David, Jun., has a brother who is now a practising

physician in Weathersfield, Vt. David, Senr, was a Deacon. Three of his brothers were also Deacons, and all born in Sutton. The oldest was Ebenezer, born June 9, 1745. He settled in Hensdale, Mass., and died in Marietta, Ohio. One of his sons, Enoch, is now a physician in Lanesboro, in good practice. John, another brother & Deacon, born April 20, 1754, now resides in Millbury. Aaron, another Deacon, also lives in Millbury, who was born April 16, 1762. Jonathan moved to Southboro and died there.

I revisited the Windsor grave-yard and remained there long enough to get wet to the skin, and abandoned copying inscriptions. The Jonathan Hall before named, being the one who brought up Gen. Forbes, was a brother of Willis Hall, who died at Hartford, near Queechy village. He was born at Sutton, Oct. 21, 1757. Willis Hall was born May 29, 1747, and Jacob Hall, another brother, was born Feb. 2, 1748/9. Jacob is now living in Hartford. The Rev. Nathaniel, the minister, settled at Granville, N. Y., was born April 9, 1764. He had a son who graduated at Yale College and afterwards studied law and is now settled somewhere in the state of New York. Josiah Hall, born Oct. 5, 1759, and also son of Willis, now resides in Sutton.

There is a grandson, now living in Windsor, of the Rev. Dr. David Hall of Sutton. By occupation he is a cooper.

Sunday, April 17, 1831.

It rains incessantly until noon. It fell in torrents during the night. We start for home this morning. We pass down on the Vermont side through Weathersfield and Springfield and there cross over the ferry into Charlestown. Just above the ferry in Springfield resides a person by the name of Whipple, who is a native of Sutton. The river had risen above twelve feet. It is now very high and the current quite rapid. I could not stop at Charlestown to

look at the grave-yard, and we passed on [to] Bellows Falls and crossed there into Rockingham, where we remained over night. The falls present a very grand spectacle. The waters are much above the common level, and rush down the channel with tremendous violence. I cannot find anything of interest in the burying-ground. It is too new. The most common name is Burt, which, I believe, is of Connecticut origin.

Monday, April 18, 1831.

Pleasant. We cross the bridge into Walpole and pass up Cold river and so to the Surrey Turnpike. We pass through Surrey to Keene. Daniel Day, who keeps the public house a mile or two out of the street, is the son of John Day, who was born in Sutton, Jan. 12, 1749. This John Day, the father of Daniel, was a native of Wrentham, and was one of the early settlers of Sutton. He had a brother by the name of Daniel who came to Sutton about the same time. This Daniel had a son, Daniel, Jun., who was in the Army at Roxbury and Cambridge in 1775 and was distinguished as a good marksman. He owned a large Pennsylvania rifle and a Brittish officer coming within reach, tho' adjudged to be half a mile distant, he levelled his piece and shot him dead. He was wounded in the battle at the White Plains by a musket shot. The ball entered his wrist and went beneath the skin almost to the elbow joint. The ball was not taken out and he, failing to keep out of the water, took a violent cold and died of the lockjaw. A soldier from Sutton, who knew him, happening to call at the house where he died an hour previous, recognised him, and with true soldier feeling dug his grave and had his body as decently interred as circumstances would permit. He was buried by the roadside at Horseneck and Capt. Josiah Hall, now living in Sutton, says he could point out the place of the grave. Daniel Day, Jr., was born Nov. 16, 1755. His mother had three children

at one birth; their names were Moses, Aaron and Miriam.

I call on Hon. Levi Chamberlain, Attorney at Law, in Fitzwilliam, and remain with him an hour or two. He was born in Worcester and is brother to Gen. Thomas Chamberlain[1] of that town. He studied law in the office of Gov. Lincoln, and enjoys a high reputation as a lawyer and is greatly esteemed as a citizen. He is a bachelor. Another brother of his, John C. Chamberlain, is eminent as a lawyer, and resides somewhere in New Hampshire. I call on Mr. Joel Hayden, who formerly lived near my father's in Templeton. His parents died when he was young, and he went to live, until he became nearly of age, with an uncle in the town of Oakham. I think his father was from Sutton. Dr. Patridge, now in practice here, was born in Templeton. His father was Deacon Patridge of Templeton, who came from Walpole, in the county of Norfolk. Dr. Patridge first commenced practice in Princeton, where he remained for a season, and aftewards went into partnership with Dr. Charles W. Wilder of Templeton. This connexion was, after a few months, broken off, and he finally established himself in Fitzwilliam. Dr. Wilder was born in Leominster and began practice in that place. He went to Templeton in 1819 and took the place of Dr. Josiah Howe, who retired to private life. Dr. Wilder sold out his estate and right to practice in Templeton to Dr. [J. W. D.] Osgood in 1828, and returned to Leominster and after a year or so removed to Fitchburg and is now in partnership with a physician in that town. Dr. Osgood is the son of the Rev. Mr. [Jonathan] Osgood, who was formerly the minister of Gardner. He was the only physician as well as minister of that place for a great number of years. He made himself very useful and acquired an estate worth at his decease about forty thousand dollars. He learned

[1] Gen. Thomas Chamberlain was for seventeen years Crier of the Courts of Worcester County.

the trade of a tanner and worked at it until he was 21, and, I believe, after; and was as apprentice in the same shop with Mr. Benjamin Read of Templeton, who died in the winter of 1821-2 and left an estate of about sixty thousand dollars. Dr. Ebenezer Wright of Fitzwilliam, who died a few years ago, was, I believe, a native of Templeton. He was brother of Moses Wright, who died in 1828, I think, of Templeton. His father was from Westford in the county of Middlesex.

19. In the evening I attend a party at Emory Washburn's, Esq., in Worcester. This is his first party since he began keeping house. There are more people present than can conveniently be accommodated. My toes are trod upon, and I am suffocated with heat. The party, however, goes off very well. The Supreme Court is now sitting, and holden by Judge Putnam.

20. I attend court in the forenoon and return to Sutton in Mr. Sibley's carriage. Reach home about one P. M.

21. Spend the day in arranging papers in the office.

22. Study law. Make up my Vermont journal. Mr. Sibley returns from Worcester.

23. I write letters to W. Lincoln, Esq., and make out a rule between myself and Timothy Johnson of Worcester, submitting our affairs to the judgment of William Lincoln and Isaac Davis, Esquires.

24. Spend the day in getting ready to go to Boston to meet Judge Emerson and Mr. Downer from Vermont.

25. I leave my trunk for the stage and set off on foot. Hon. Jonas Sibley, in company with Le Baron Putnam, Edward Clark and J. L. Freeman, all from Sutton, set out for Ohio. The stage overtakes me at Westboro. Dr Wm M. Benedict accompanies. He is the partner of Putnam. We reach Boston about 5 P. M., & put up at Doolittle's, Brattle St.

I go to the Tremont Theatre and hear Mr. [Junius Brutus] Booth in the character of Sertorious, in the play of that name.[1] The afterpiece was Wm. Thomson, and was received with great applause. It being Booth's benefit the house was well filled. Booth appears finely.

The whole community is greatly astounded at the resignation of the present cabinet of President Jackson. No apology is attempted even by the friends of Jackson himself.

I set out for Boston this morning to meet Mr. Downer and Emerson to conclude the arrangement proposed at Windsor, week before last, between them and Millbury Bank. Dr. William M. Benedict of Millbury accompanies me in the stage. He acts for himself and Le Baron Putnam, who are to be partners with Downer and Emerson at Queechy.

Dr. Benedict's father was born at Salem in West Chester County, N. Y. He was graduated at Princeton College, I believe, and settled as minister of Plainfield in Conn., where he died 1818 or thereabouts. He had a large family of children. One of the daughters married the Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Schenectaday College; another married Mr. Hunter of Philadelphia, an eminent lawyer of that city; another married a gentleman by the name of Brown (whose father was an Irishman), who now resides in the city of New York. He is very rich and belongs to a firm —Brown, Brothers & Company, who own extensive commercial establishments in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and one in Liverpool. The father and sons are jointly interested, there being one in each store. Dr. Benedict has one or two brothers, who are settled in the western Country. He married a daughter of Dr. Braman of Millbury.

Joshua W. Leland of Grafton informs me that his great

---

[1] "Sertorius; or the Roman Patriot," by David Paul Brown of Philadelphia.

grandfather, James Leland, was one of the nine families in Grafton before the purchase of the town of the Indians, in 1729. James lived on the spot now owned by Joshua W. and had five sons, all of whom he settled on parts of his estate, near to his own house. One of his sons, by the name of Phinehas succeeded to the family mansion, which, at his decease, came into the hands of his son Phinehas, and, on the death of Phinehas, fell into the possession of his son, the present Joshua W. Leland. The ancestor James Leland was from Sherburne, I think. The place where he settled, the same where Joshua W. now lives, was formerly in Sutton.

Thomas Harback, who now keeps the public house at Wilkinsonville, says that his grandfather was born in Alcester in England and came to this country when he was twenty-one, and settled in Newtown. He there married and in the early beginnings of Sutton, removed with a part of his family there. The name was formerly pronounced as tho' spelled Harbridge & in the early records of Sutton is written Har*bage*.

We reach Boston about 5 in the afternoon, and put up at Doolittle's in Brattle Street, where we have very shabby entertainment. We find Judge Emerson in the morning prostrate with the gout. He introduses me to his son-in-law, Mr. Morris, now a Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy. He is a native of Springfield in Vermont. His father is a wealthy farmer in that town, living in a beautiful place on the bank of the Connecticut. He is a nephew of Governeur Morris, of New York. The Lieut. married a daughter of Judge Emerson of Windsor and is now about 30 years old.

26. I travel about the city and call on several of my classmates. Dr. Thompson dines with me. He first settled at Kennebunk, Me., and there married his wife, a daughter of the physician of that place. He removed to Boston in

1830 & there began practice again. His parents live in Charlestown. Call on my classmates in college—Dr. Charles Choate, Dr. Martin Gay, Dr. Fred. A. Sumner, Dr. Thompson—and tell our experiences, & in the evening go to the theatre and hear "Zembuca," a Turkish story, and am well entertained.

27. Have information that Mr. Downer has concluded to break off his Queechy negotiations and we determine to return back. Spend most of the day in the State House, and find that John Wampus, the Indian who formerly owned the town of Sutton, owned a house and land in Boston, and was the same land now covered by St. Paul's Church.

28. Return to Sutton. It rains all day. Reach Sutton about 5 P. M. Expenses are ten dollars.

29. Attend to business of the office.

30. Attend to office business. Cannot go to meeting.

May, 1831.

1. Sunday.

2. Study the records of Sutton, and commence making a copy of the births from the first settlement, for my own use.

3. Very pleasant. Continue making my copy.

4. Am summoned to Worcester as a witness in the action of Rice & s vs. Sam. Whitney of Westminster. Seth Holden of Barre comes after me, and I ride with him to Worcester, & take tea at Maj. John Davis'.

5. Attend court and hear a famous slander case, between Dr. Azor R. Phelps and Dr. William Workman, both of Shrewsbury. This is the 3rd trial and the verdict is given for Dr. Workman, who is the deft. Dr. Phelps was born in Sutton, April 30, 1798. His father is Azor Phelps, formerly of this town, but now of Shrewsbury.

6. Very pleasant, and I walk back from Worcester to Sutton. Dine at Mr. Jabez Hull's of Millbury, and pass by the west side of Crooked Pond in my way home; and Mr. Stephen Stockwell gives me a large bundle of old papers relating to his ancestors, the substance of which may be found in my Itinerary.

7. Pleasant. I proceed in making my copy of the records.

8. Rains all day. I go to meeting in the forenoon, and hear the Rev. Mr. [Osgood] Herrick of Millbury.

9. Cold. I go on with my copy.

From the ninth to the 20th of the month I devote my whole time to collecting and gathering old papers and the like for a history of Sutton. The papers which I collect are mainly old letters, deeds and occasionally a deposition, and some of them are odd enough. I have begun one labor which I fear I shall not live long enough to accomplish; it is to procure a history of each family that has lived in town, and the births and deaths of each, and where they have all gone to. I have already procured most of the name of Sibley and also the name of Chase. I am greatly indebted to Deacon Jonathan Leland of Sutton for assistance and also to the Hon. Jonas [L.] Sibley.

21. I take Le Baron Putnam's horse and Maj. Tenney's sulky and start for Windsor to attend the Circuit Court of U. S. for Vermont to take charge of the case of Millbury Bank vs. John Downer. Hon. John Davis gives me a letter to Hon. Horace Everett of Windsor. I reach Templeton at sunset and stay with my father until Monday morning, when I take the stage and reach Keene about 6 P. M. The wife of Emory Washburn, Esq., is a passenger, being on her way to visit her parents at Walpole. Her father's name is Giles. I copy one-half of the epitaphs in Keene burying-ground, being those on the south side.

Spend the evening with the Hon. Levi Chamberlain. His father was Jacob Chamberlain, who was born in Newtown and settled in Worcester.

22. At 3 A. M. start in the stage for Windsor by way of Walpole and reach Windsor at one P. M. I am introduced to the Hon. Elijah Paine of Williamstown, District Judge of the Vt. Circuit Court of U. S. He was made Judge of this Court by the elder Adams. He is now past 75, venerable in his appearance, and a very pleasant old man and highly respectable as a Judge. The Court commenced its session on Saturday and rose this afternoon! I take tea and spend the evening with Hon. Horace Everett. I never have been in any garden so delightful and beautiful as his. I have seen those which were larger and cost more. It is, I am informed, altogether the best in Vermont. His buildings are built in good taste and advantageously situated near the bank of the river. I pass the evening very pleasantly with him and his family. His wife's name was Leverett, of Windsor. He settled in Windsor as a lawyer in 1795. He is now a member of Congress and at the head of his profession as a lawyer.

23. Copy epitaphs in the Windsor grave-yard and all those in the yard in the north part of Cornish, N. H., near Blow-me-down River. Call on Harvey Chase, Esq., of Cornish and spend the evening with Dr. Phelps of Windsor. Arrange Bank business with Judge Emerson. The action is continued to Oct. 3 next.

24. Set out on foot to go to Charlestown, N. H., & call on Solomon Wellman, son of the first minister of what is now Millbury, Mass., and obtain a large and valuable bundle of old papers belonging to the old minister. Visit the Catholic Church in Claramont with Dr. Phelps of Windsor, and copy all the epitaphs in the grave-yard there, and stay over night in the north part of Charlestown, at Metcalf's tavern.

25. Walk into the Street and copy one hundred & fifty epitaphs there before noon. When I reached Charlestown, which was about 6 in the morning, I met with Mr. Sumner, an attorney in that town, and father of my classmate, Dr. Frederick A. Sumner of Boston, who related the following story: "He had occasion to visit Claramont yesterday and when opposite the grave-yard, near the Catholic Church, two or three men came out of a house and enquired of him if heknew what man that was who was so busy in examining the grave-stones in the grave-yard. Upon his saying that he did not, they then told him that they had been watching him nearly all the forenoon and were satisfied that his object was to disinter and carry off a dead body, and they had determined not to let him escape without a full knowledge of his errand. The weather being exceedingly hot, the thermometer standing at 85, Mr. Sumner remonstrated with them upon the improbability of the truth of their suspicions, but they answered by saying that they knew more about him than he did, for he came there in company with Dr. Phelps of Windsor and pretended that he wanted to see Dr. Barber, the Priest of the Catholic Church; but that they believed such a story to be all a fudge and made up only to blind them."

I was the person whom they saw in the yard, and recollected, when Mr. Sumner told me the story, of seeing him pass and of seeing the men come and stop him. I did not know then that I was the subject of their conversation.

When Dr. Phelps & I enquired for the Priest, a person by the name of Asa Draper, whose father came from Spencer, came up and very politely offered to introduce us to the Doctor, but from something which was said he was led to believe that we knew him and so he soon left us, saying that he concluded we were Catholic Priests. I then undeceived him as to that & introduced Dr. Phelps to him as a physician from Windsor. He then took me for a Doctor and from the fact that a dead body had been stolen

from Windsor a few weeks before, he could not explain my being in the grave-yard except upon the ground that I was there in pursuit of a dead body!

Dr. Jarvis of Claramont married a sister of the above Asa Draper, who was born in Spencer. Dr. Jarvis is cousin to Consul Jarvis of Weathersfield, Vt.

27. Reach Keene & there spend the night.

28. Reach my father's in Templeton, and —

29. return to Sutton. My expenses are eighteen Dollars.

June, 1831.

1. From the first to the 21st of June I do nothing but collect materials for my history of Sutton. I visited most of the old families and they obligingly gave me all their old letters, deeds, wills and the like, and I have now filled a large chest with them, which are indispensable to a correct account of the town. I have also procured an account of several families with great minuteness; to wit, Stockwell, Sibley, Rice, Dike and Morse. I first procure a copy of births and then go to the most suitable person of the name and enquire out the life of each individual and write down the same as dictated from my informer. In this way I get much valuable information which otherwise might be lost. Many are now doctors, ministers or lawyers, of whom I should have known nothing had I not taken this course. I ascertain in this way, too, the new towns in other States which have been planted from Sutton and also the names of those who have attained to great age.

The task at times is very pleasant and entertaining, and then tedious and perplexing; for I am obliged to sit patient and hear the whole of the Revolutionary war fought over inch by inch, and occasionally intersperse such praises and admiration of patriotic suffering as shall lead prattling old

age into some untold danger. By this means I get much that otherwise would be lost.

I received a polite invitation from the Lodge of Masons at Leicester to deliver an address on the 24 inst.

21. Mr. Mills carries me to Worcester to attend court and Mr. Sibley meets me there on Thursday, having come there from Boston. I leave Worcester on Friday and go to Templeton in the stage. I remain with my father until Thursday, 7 July, when I return to Worcester. While at Templeton I fish and hunt daily, having purchased me an old gun of that class called "Queen Ann's," carrying ten balls to the pound, and having it new stocked, with a good lock, for which I paid six dollars. I procured it for hunting pigeons and it answered a good purpose. While at Templeton I copied all the epitaphs, being in all about 180, and all those in Athol, and Winchendon, and all in the yard by Royalston Factory. I collected a large number of cases of longevity in Templeton, having found above 160 who had attained the age of 80 and upwards & two who had passed 100. I spend the time very pleasantly in visiting old places and bringing up old events, and with them a thousand recollections of days of childhood. I went to Templeton with the view of visiting Quebeck in company with my father, but the weather being extremely hot with almost daily rains, we concluded to postpone our journey to some other day. I read, for the 4th time, "Gill Blas."

July, 1831.

7. I leave Templeton and go to Worcester in the stage, and in the evening find that I have lost my valise.

8. I stay with my friend William Lincoln, and in the morning ascertain that my valise which has been lost contained my satchel, in which are many valuable papers. One note against Charles & David Wadsworth of Barre of three hundred dollars, dated Sep. 7, 1830, payable to

me or order in one year with interest; one against Capt. Baily of Worcester, the stone cutter, of eighty-five dollars, dated some time in the summer, I think, of 1829; and two against Samuel Harrington of Worcester, one for seventy-five dollars and one for twenty-five dollars, dated about the same time; and one, I believe, of three dollars, dated in 1828; and all for lent money. One against N. & P. Danforth of Millbury for the sum of about thirty dollars, dated in June, 1830, I think. One against Varanus Walker of about twenty dollars, and one against Joseph Lovell of between six and seven dollars, and one against Joseph Daniels of ten dollars; one against Edward Clark of Sutton of 3 dols., one vs. Jonas [L.] Sibley 3 or 4 dols., besides many others which I cannot remember. Besides there were many accounts running to me and several executions. There were some articles of clothing in the valise and my shaving apparatus.

9. I spend the day in settling accounts with sundry individuals.

10. I do not attend meeting; remain all day with Mr. Lincoln.

11. Monday. I spend the forenoon in attending a reference between myself and Timothy Johnson as Administrator on the estate of Nahum Johnson, his son. The Referees are William Lincoln, Esq., & Isaac Davis, Esq. They make up their award and we sign it. Nahum Johnson was a creditor of David Day & Ebenezer Gates in the sum of about 170 dollars, and to secure the claim attached Day's Right in Equity to redeem a certain farm in W. His attachment was lost and to get his debt it became necessary to purchase in the estate. He was a stranger to the Sheriff and could get no one to be surety for the payment of the prior attachments. I became his surety, reluctantly, and he soon after died. I was compelled to pay the note to the Sheriff, of about 780 dollars, and Tim-

othy compelled me to hold the purchased estate from Feb., 1830, to this time, and I was subjected to great trouble in looking after rents and profits, and the subject matter referred was what I should be paid for my trouble in consequence of Johnson's not having relieved me as surety. The referees allow me twenty dollars! I impute no blame to Mr. Lincoln.

12. I remain in Worcester all day to see whether my lost valise will return with the Keene stage. The driver can hear nothing from it. I send a letter to Col. Townsley to aid me in finding it, and write a letter to Charles Wadsworth of Barre, notifying him that his note to me has been lost and direct him not to pay it. Spend the evening at Gov. Lincoln's.

13. I walk to Sutton by way of Grafton and copy 190 epitaphs in the Grafton grave-yard. I have never found any yard where so many instances of longevity occur. There are only two yards in town, one between the New England village and the meeting-house, and the other near Uxbridge or Upton in the south part of the town. The former contains between 3 & 4 hundred monuments, while the latter has but few. There is what is called the Indian burying-ground, where the Hassanamisco Indians were interred, in which there are no monuments. This is a little way south of the old Baptist meeting-house, on the new road from Worcester to Providence. I reach Sutton about 8 P. M.

14. I pay my quarter bill and settle all up to this day, July 14, 1831, being twenty-four dollars for board, &c., and five dollars and seventy-six cents for making shirts and hemming handkerchiefs.

15 to 23. I read the last numbers of the *North American Review* and *American Quarterly Review*, and the "Antiquities of the Jews," by Josephus. I read this last work that I may better understand the discoveries of

Champollion, the ingenious expounder of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, which are learnedly treated of in the *American Quarterly.* I prefer Josephus to the account given in the Scriptures. The language is better and events can be better remembered. His narrative everywhere abounds with good sense. On Saturday, 23, I walk to Worcester in the evening to make inquiry for my valise, lost on the 7. I stay at Worthington's [U. S. Hotel] over night. I walk generally from Sutton to Worcester in three hours, distance ten miles. I can learn nothing of my valise tho' the driver has been diligent in searching for it. I accordingly advertise it in the *Spy* paper, and at the same time furnish a notice of Benjamin Shattuck, who died at Little Rock, in the territory of Arkansas, 29 of May last.[1]

Hon. John Davis and William Lincoln are absent, having gone to Boston. I walk back to Sutton on Sunday, and reach home about 3 P. M.

25. I make the following wager with my partner, Jonas L. Sibley, Esq., to wit: I am to give him a good eight dollar hat if Andrew Jackson shall be reëlected President of the United States, and if he shall not be reëlected, he is to give me two good eight dollar hats, always provided that he, the said Jackson, shall be living at the time of election.

Jonas L. Sibley,
Attest: Sumner Cole. Chris. C. Baldwin.

[1] Note by Mr. Baldwin:—

Benjamin Shattuck, son of Dr. Benjamin Shattuck of Templeton, died at a place near Little Rock, in the territory of Arkansas, on the 29th of May, 1831, at the age of fifty-four. He was graduated at Harvard University 1797, and was a classmate and chum of Thomas O. Selfridge. On leaving College, he obtained the appointment of midshipman in President Adams' navy. He afterwards was captain in the mercantile service, and about 18 went to the Western country and, finally, settled upon a small plantation in Arkansas, where he died. He never studied any profession, tho' was always esteemed as a person of more than ordinary mental powers. He was exceedingly indolent in his habits, and passionately fond of fishing and hunting. He was very large and corpulent, with pride or vanity, and very much regarded and esteemed among his friends. He had made arrangements to visit Templeton in the course of the summer. He was the oldest brother of Dr. George Cheyne Shattuck, now an eminent physician in Boston. Dr. Josiah Howe of Templeton married his eldest sister. He never married.

[The notice of Mr. Shattuck was in the *Mass. Spy* of July 27, 1831.]

I spend all my time in collecting materials for my contemplated history of Sutton. I have now commenced collating the town records. I get over 5 years per day.

There is now in Sutton an attempt at an awakening or revival on the subject of Religion. Religious meetings are held almost daily. They are held at different parts of the town. On Sunday, 24, a prayer meeting was held at the meeting-house at sunrise. I understand that it was thinly attended, the number not exceeding twenty. This effort at an awakening was first announced about the beginning of May. I believe that it makes but slow progress. I impute this to the intelligence of the people, who seem to be many years in advance of the clergymen. Mr. Maltby, the present pastor, is full of zeal and is of the most rigid sect of the Calvinistic school. I heard him use this language in his prayer, or something of similar import: "The whole human race are odious in thy sight. Thou wantest power to punish them according to the enormity of their transgressions. Thou art surrounded with saints, and angels shouting praises and hosannas, whose enjoyments and pleasure multiply as the volumes of smoke ascend from the pit of torture and increase with the tortures and agonies of the damned spirits in hell." The above contains the sentiment of the preacher and, nearly as I can recollect, his language. I have no doubt that he is honest in his feelings and acts from the purest motives. He will not suffer the singers to meet for practice on Sunday, and his reason is that conscience will not suffer it. This is all the reason given. I go to hear him only about once in 6 or 8 Sundays. The people, I think, are very liberal in their religious opinions.

I have read during this month "Vermont State Papers," an exceedingly interesting collection of Revolutionary documents, arranged by William Slade, Jr. I have read also a small volume entitled "Moral Philosophy," [Physiology] by Robert Dale Owen.

August, 1831.

1. This is my *birthday*. I am not sensible that I grow old, but feel that as I advance in age days and years pass away more quickly than formerly.

2. I go fishing with Dr. D. S. C. H. Smith upon Singletary Pond. We take about an hundred and fifty fish, being mostly perch, bream and pout. They are caught as fast as the hook can be baited. They are prodigiously abundant. They are small, but taste very well when well cooked. I have been several times of late with Dr. Smith and have taken about a peck basket full each time. There are large pickerel in the pond, but are difficult to be caught from the great plenty of small fry which furnish them abundant food.

3. I continue transcribing the town records.

4. William Lincoln, Esq., and T[imothy] W. Bancroft call on me from Worcester. I give them a dinner at our *Sutton Tremont*, kept by Joseph Whiting, an old bachelor of 77, and they invite me to ride with them to Worcester. I go accordingly, and remain there until Saturday, when I return on foot. I call on many families in Worcester and spend my time very pleasantly. I get a snuff box for my father. It is a South Sea shell, with a silver top; very pretty. I give five dollars for it. Boyden & Fenno make it.

5. I spend the day in collating the town records, and this is now my principal business.

Very great efforts are now making in town to get up a religious excitement. Prayer meetings, enquiring meetings, conferences and the whole apparatus of fanatics and enthusiasts are held in different parts of the town daily.

12. Friday morning the bell rang at sunrise for a prayer meeting at the meeting-house. About twenty

attended. This continued till seven o'clock. The members of the Church then had what they call closet devotions, each having prayer in his own house from seven till ten. At half-past ten, public exercises were held in the meeting-house and lasted till noon. At two o'clock, exercises were resumed and continued most of the afternoon. A meeting was again held in the evening in the vestry of the church. The number attending appeared very small, and little interest apparently felt out of the circle of Church members.

13. Saturday, at sunrise, "was ushered in," as 4th of July folk say, with the "ringing of the bell" and public prayer until seven; and then, as if to insult the goodness of God, the day was observed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. Religious exercises were held forenoon and afternoon in the meeting-house, and with a prayer meeting in the evening at the centre school-house. The Baptist minister from the Street united with Mr. Maltby in carrying on the exercises of the day. The fast was appointed, I suppose, with the view of preparing for the four days' meeting which is to take place in this town next week. It could not have been for any other end. For the oldest inhabitants have never witness[ed] a season of more universal plenty of all the products of the earth, and it is a time of uncommon health; and the inhabitants of Sutton are as devout as their neighbors and, I believe, are as little addicted to vice, and I am fully confident that liberal sentiments on the subject of religion prevail here more generally than in either of the adjoining towns.

14. Bell rang at sunrise for public prayers and a great number of religious meetings were held in different parts of the town. I have not attended any of them. I do not believe in the doctrine they preach, and they call me such hard names when I do venture to hear their preaching that I think it improper to go near them.

15. Bell rang at sunrise, as usual, and meetings were held in the afternoon in the church and in the vestry in the evening. The thermometer stands today at eighty-six and is intolerably hot. Many are alarmed at the appearance of the sun. It is of such a pale whiteness that it can be looked upon as easily as the moon. What connection it can have with the religious transactions going on I cannot tell. It first appeared so on Saturday.

16. Bell rang at sunrise and the whole day is spent in preaching. This is the first of the meetings of the *Four Days*. The bell rang at nine A. M. for public prayers, and at ten it rang again for public exercises, when a sermon was preached and addresses from various clergymen. There were 12 ministers present. At half-past 1, prayers were again offered up, and 2, a sermon was preached and several addresses. At half-past 7, the bell rang for evening exercises.

17. Bell rang at sunrise for public prayers and at 8 for prayers again, and at ten exercises commenced as yesterday. The number of people present yesterday was inconsiderable; today it was much larger, and the afternoon was disposed of as yesterday.

18. Bell rang at sunrise and the same proceedings had as yesterday. The crowd was very great and a few women and children are made to weep.

19. The bell rang at sunrise, at 8, then at 9, at 10, at ½ past one, at 2 and at 7. There were above twenty clergymen present. They were from the adjoining towns, and the preaching was incessant from sunrise till 10 in the evening. These two last days the meeting was as full as it could be. Many old people say they have never seen so many persons collected in Sutton on any occasion.

20. Bell rang at sunrise for public prayers. The town looks like a day after muster. I have done nothing

for eight days but read Butler's "Reminiscences" and Hoyt's [Antiquarian] "Researches." I have attended no meetings.

21. Those who have been present at the evening and day meetings represent them as being of the most violent character; violent from the tone of the language of the preachers and the effect produced upon the younger part of the hearers. Their manner is to select one of the most fluent speakers and when he has produced an excitement upon his audience, he stops, and another calls upon all those "who wish to fall into the arms of Jesus" (I use their language) to stand up. When this demand is made and no one moves, the preacher admonishes them of the terrible consequence of being refractory, and tells them that "Christ is ready, the saints are ready and that God Almighty is the witness of their doings." This produces the desired effect, and many of the women and children are frightened upon their feet. As soon as they are thus risen from their seats, they are requested to accompany the members of the Church into the vestry, or an apartment separate from the public meeting, and they are further dealt with when there, in such manner as to secure them from falling from a state of hope.

This plan or method is repeated from time to time to produce the desired effect. It was, in the meeting referred to, done several times. As I was not present at any of the meetings, I cannot tell how often it was repeated. I dare not insert here the language, which, I am told of from good authority, the preachers made use of. But it was of the most bold and unauthorized stamp. It was very much like that employed at Camp-meetings by the Methodists and the whole proceedings were of a similar character.

The whole number "who have obtained a hope" is variously estimated from seventy to an hundred. These are generally women and children. Many of the age of

ten and twelve of both sexes are included in this number. And I cannot believe, from what I have heard of the meetings, that they have been operated upon in any other way than through their fears. Adults could hardly sit unmoved under the frightful denunciations of the preachers. And it is highly creditable to the children that they should be found weeping under such severe threats and reproaches, for to remain silent and unmoved would indicate insensibility at least.

Numerous religious meetings were held during the month.

23. George T. Rice, William Lincoln, Esq., and Henry K. Newcomb, of Worcester, came over in a carriage and carried me to Hopkinton Springs;[1] we arrived there about one in the afternoon and rolled nine pins until tea time. We met there William M. Towne, Esq., & Thornton A. Merrick, from Worcester, and we had an exceedingly merry time. At 6, we started for Worcester and had the bad luck to break one of the springs of our carriage, a short distance from Brigham's in Westboro. We stopped there to repair and a severe shower came up which determined us to remain all night. We ate fruit and drank wine till 11, when we retired.

24. We arrived in Worcester about 8 A. M. I dined with G. T. Rice, and then he carried me to Millbury where we found my partner, Mr. Sibley, in company with Jubal Harrington and James Estabrook of Worcester and we spent the afternoon in rolling 9 pins! This wound up the second day of dissipation. I have enjoyed every moment of the time. Five of us, Rice, Newcomb, Towne, Merrick and myself had boarded together in the hospitable house of Mrs. Blake (widow of the late Hon. Francis Blake), and our meeting brought to memory many very pleasant as well as ridiculous scenes in which we had been engaged.[2]

[1] The mineral spring in Hopkinton was at the time this Diary was written, a fashionable place of resort, a large hotel being located there.

[2] Mrs. Blake's house was on Maple Street, near the present location of the Classical High School building.

25. I spend the remainder of the week in collating the Town Record. I read the memoirs of Sam. Foote and Cicero's Letters to his son.

September, 1831.

1. I am at Worcester attending court. This is the 3rd day of a Four Day meeting, held in the old South Meeting house in Worcester. A Four Day meeting was held in Ward[1] last, and next week there is to be one in Millbury. This day assemble in State Convention the Jackson party to nominate a candidate for Gov. It is rather a miserable concern and is composed of such as want office and the disaffected of all parties. I dine at Hon. John Davis'.

2. I attend court. There are only one hundred and sixty-three new entries! A bad state of things for lawyers. Like everybody else, however, we hope for better times. I dine at Mr. Davis' and take tea at Dr. Bancroft's.

3. I dine at Charles Allen's, Esq.,[2] in company with his brother, the Rev. George Allen of Shrewsbury. After dinner, he brings me to Millbury and we spend the balance of the day in rolling nine pins. I beat him soundly—and reach Sutton at sun-down.

4. I attend meeting today at Rev. Mr. [D. Le Baron] Goodwin's Church at Wilkinsonville. This is Episcopalian. Mr. Goodwin is the present Rector. This is the first time I was ever in an Episcopal Church and I made a very sorry figure in getting along with the ceremonial part of devotion. The preaching was very well.

5. I carried Susan and Joanna Sibley, daughters of my partner, to Worcester and left them there to attend Mrs. Wells' school. They board at Col. Sam. Ward's.

6. I go a hunting and kill 9 grey woodpeckers.

---

[1] The name was changed to Auburn in 1837 because of confusion with Ware.
[2] Hon. Charles Allen resided at the corner of Main and Park Streets.

7. I go a hunting and kill 6 pigeons and spend the whole day in the business.

8. I go to Worcester for Capt. Simeon Woodbury to get some money from the old Bank to take up a note at the new Bank and one also at Millbury Bank. I get measured for a new coat at Brown's and for a vest, and settle with Thornton A. Merrick & pass receipts in full.

9. Augustus W. Roberts, Esq., only son of Amasa Roberts, Esq., of Millbury dies this day of a fit. He was graduated at Providence College and was born in Sutton, Aug. 28, 1799. His middle name was Wellington. He was formerly a partner with Franklin Dexter, Esq., in Boston, as an attorney. Mr. Sibley goes to Vermont.

10. I spend the day in reading Unitarian tracts sent me by the Rev. Mr. Alex. Young of Boston.

11. The wife of the Rev. David Holman of Douglas, commits suicide, by hanging herself, while the family are at meeting. Her maiden name was —— Adams from Northbridge. She hung herself on Friday 9th, I since learn, and while he was attending a 4 day meeting at Millbury.

12. I spend the whole week in collecting and arranging accounts of the early settlers of Sutton. Most of my information is from aged people of the third generation from the settlers who came into town between 1720 & thirty. I also complete the collection and transcription in alphabetical order of all the epitaphs in Sutton and Millbury.

15. This day dies the venerable Nathaniel Stockwell, in his 91st year. He was the son of Nathaniel, who was the son of John, who came from Ipswich in 1717 and settled in the Eight lots. I have obtained much information from him, and now that he is dead I think of much that I should have enquired about.

17. This day is observed by the Church in this place as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, but for [what] particular object I am unable to learn; but I conclude it to be to fit and prepare for a three days' meetings, which I am informed is to be held in this place next week.

18. I spend the day in reading publications of the American Unitarian Association and the *Missionary Herald.* I have, during the last year, read most of the leading orthodox periodicals. I do this that I may understand subjects in controversy between the two great contending religious parties, which now divide and, to a certain extent, distract the community. It is to be regretted very much that our foreign missionaries do so little for the cause of science and general information in relation to the various subjects of interest which present themselves where they are stationed. There are some exceptions, & I would mention those stationed in the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

19 & 20. I spend both days in collecting my materials for my account of Sutton.

21. I walk to Worcester, dine at Judge Paine's and take tea at Hon. J. Davis' and spend the evening at Governor Lincoln's talking about politics, and he reads me his letter to the Antimasonic Committee of Boston on the subject of Antimasonry.

22. I spend the day in the Antiquarian Library, reading the *Boston News Letter*, and return in the afternoon with Dr. Alexander L. B. Monroe to Sutton.

23. I should have mentioned that on Monday, 19, I went to Douglas to obtain information in relation to the family of Samuel Dudley, Esq., and I find that he died in May, 1775, aged one hundred and five years. He had twenty-one children. I read the life of the Rev. Samuel

John Mills, son of Rev. S. J. Mills of Torringford, Ct., who is brother of the late Rev. Edmund Mills of Sutton.

24. I read the *American Quarterly Review.*

25. I attend meeting in the forenoon and hear Mr. Maltby.

26. I spend the whole week in collecting accounts of the history of families.

28. Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D.D., of Franklin, was this day married to the widow Abigail Mills of Sutton. He was born May 1, 1745, at Hebron, Ct., and is now in his eighty-seventh year. His dress was antique enough, having on a cocked hat, silk satin breeches, with large silver knee & shoe buckles, silk vest, made after the fashion of olden time, with a kind of flap and cut off at the corners, and a single-breasted coat, with straight collar and large buttons. His appearance was very comely and imposing. His head is bald, completely so above the ears, and of the best shape. What hair is left upon his head is perfectly white. He is yet unbroken, and active as men ordinarily are at 75. Mrs. Mills was the widow of the Rev. Edmund Mills, formerly minister of Sutton. She was born at Mansfield, Ct., Oct. 14, 1764, and is sister of the Rev. Dr. Zephania[h] Swift Moore, former President of Williamstown College. She is an excellent old lady.

Dr. Alexander Le Baron Monroe, son of Dr. Stephen Monroe, this day left Sutton to establish himself as a doctor in Medway, Mass.

October, 1831.

1. Collecting family histories.

2. Attend meeting half the day.

3. Get ready for court.

4. Go to Worcester with Mr. Sibley. This day is celebrated there in commemoration of the close of one

hundred years from the incorporation of the county & organization of its courts. Hon. John Davis delivers the address, which was two hours and an half long. Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D.D., makes the first prayer. Rev. George Allen of Shrewsbury makes the last one. Rev. Mr. [Rodney A.] Miller reads from the Scriptures. The Boston Cadets are present and perform escort duties, and our little Historical Society is greatly honored.[1] The Cadets visit town to pay their respects to Gov. Lincoln. They breakfast with him this morning. Their dress is white broadcloth, trimmed with gold lace. Each uniform cost ninety dollars. One-half of the crown of their caps is black and the upper half red. The plume is placed in the centre of the top of the cap, made of beautiful white feathers and so large as almost to cover the top of the cap. The caps have no brim except in front and are of a most prodigious height, and in the shape of a bell, muzzle up. Their appearance is very splendid and magnificent. The band of musick accompanying them consists of twenty-four distinguished musicians. They perform delightfully. They play in the meeting-house before and after prayer, and Emery Perry, leader of the singing in Dr. Bancroft's Society and the most distinguished singing master in the county, sings the "Pilgrim Hymn," written by Mrs. Hemans. Adjutant-General William H. Sumner from Boston and three of the aids-de-camp of Gov. Lincoln, as also Major-Gen. Nathan Heard of Worcester, with his aids, Thomas Kinnicutt of Worcester and William Pratt, Esqs., of Shrewsbury; all in full uniform. They sit directly under the pulpit, facing the audience, and make a bold appearance. The aids of the Gov. are Col. Josiah Quincy, son of the President of Harvard College, Pliny Merrick and Emory Washburn, Esqs., of Worcester. Gov. Lincoln

[1] The Worcester County Historical Society, incorporated in 1831, for the purpose of "Preserving materials for a complete and minute history of Worcester County." Hon. John Davis was its first president.

is in a citizen's dress. The Judges of the S. J. Court are all present, who have adjourned their sitting to join in the festivities of the day. The Worcester Light Infantry and Rifle Corps assist the Cadets in the escort duties. The procession reformed on leaving the meeting-house: the band first, then the Cadets, then the Worcester companies, then his Excellency Gov. Lincoln with his aids, and Gen. Heard with his aids, the Adjutant-Gen[1], then the committee of arrangements, being eight of us; then the author of the address and the three ministers, then the judges and then the ignobile vulgus. In this way the procession returned to the tavern of Jones Estabrooks [Central Hotel] and went to dinner, and there we had a most glorious time. A grand entertainment is given in the evening by Gov. Lincoln.

5. Attend court, and in the evening, at a meeting of the Historical Society, am chosen to make a report of all the proceedings of [the] 4th, which report, with a bottle of wine and other appropriate articles, are to be enclosed in a tight and safe box, made for the purpose, and committed to the care of the Antiquarian Society, and there remain unopened until the end of one hundred years, when they are to be brought forth and examined.[1]

6. Attend court, and in the evening go to a party at Maj. Simeon Burt's, and wind up with a dance.

7. Attend court.

8. Return to Sutton on foot. I get an entire new suit of clothes—coat $20, pantaloons $7.75, and silk vest $3.75; have them of William & Albert Brown of Worcester, and resolve to be more economical for the future.

9. It rains almost incessantly for three days, & I read last number of *American Review* and compare the

[1] The bottle of wine is in the possession of the Antiquarian Society, but there is no record of the box having been deposited; neither Dr. Haven, the late librarian, or Mr. Barton, the present one, have been able to get any trace of it.

article there upon the subject of Indian biography with my account of Massasoit, the Wompanoag Sachem, which was published in the "Worcester County Magazine and Historical Journal," which was edited & published jointly by William Lincoln and myself in 1825 & 6. I read the "History of Lynn," by Alonzo Lewis, Esq., a copy of which he gives me. I like it. I receive a letter from Cady & Doolittle that my valise is in their tavern at Burlington, Vt., having been carried there from Worcester by mistake in July 7 last.

I devote my whole time until the 20 in collecting my materials for history of Sutton & then go to Boston. The cattle show at Worcester was on 20. I went to Boston to be present at the annual meeting of the American Antiquarian Society, which is to be on the 24th, the 23rd falling on Sunday. I copy a few epitaphs in Hopkinton and reach Boston about 3 P. M. I go to the theatre and the next day walk to Malden to examine the town records there, to find my ancestors. I find many of the name have been born and died there, but nothing certain appears that they were my ancestors. I copy all of the name of Baldwin from the record. I examined the Charlestown records for the same purpose but found nothing. Return to Boston and attend the theatre. I visit the next day the old burial-ground on Copp's Hill and copy about 60 of the epitaphs. Among the rest, I lookt particularly at the tomb of the Mathers. This family should have a monument as high and splendid as that which it is proposed to place upon Bunker's Hill. Sunday, which is the next day, I spend in reading and visiting burial-grounds. I could find no one to go to meeting with, and so I spend the day with as little sin as I could. William Lincoln, Esq., and Hon. John Davis come down from Worcester in the evening. We are all at the Tremont.

24. I am in Boston, at the Tremont, in company with

Hon. John Davis, William Lincoln, Isaac Goodwin, Samuel M. Burnside, Esqs., all of Worcester. This day is the annual meeting of the American Antiquarian Society, which is the occasion of our being in Boston. The Society met at the Exchange Coffee House.[1] The following gentlemen were present: Rev. Aaron Bancroft, His Excellency Levi Lincoln, His Hon. Lieut.-Gov. Thomas L. Winthrop, Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D., Rev. Charles Lowell, Rev. Thad-[d]eus M. Harris, Rev. Wm Jenks, Hon. Benjamin Russell, Hon. James C. Merrill, Hon. John Davis of Worcester, James Bowdoin, Esq., Joseph Willard, Esq., of Boston, William Lincoln, Isaac Goodwin, Samuel M. Burnside, Esq., Pliny Merrick, Esq., of Worcester, Hon. Edward D. Bangs, Mr. [Ebenezer T.] Andrews and Mr. —— of Boston. The meeting was very pleasant, and an entire revolution was proposed and carried into execution, tho' not without manifest opposition from Col. Merrick. At 5 the Society adjourned to 7, and in the interim partook of a magnificent dinner from His Honor Lieut.-Gov. Winthrop. Hon. Edward Everett and Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston were present, who were also present at the meeting. The meeting resumed its sitting after dinner, and at about 8 in the evening dissolved. I then went to the theatre and saw Miss Clara Fisher.[2] She is delightful! She looks well, acts well, and is, in truth, a most interesting lady. I never have seen any female, off or on the stage, whose appearance gave me so much pleasure. Gall and Spurzheim would swear her head was cast under the direction of a committee of taste chosen at the court of beauty. She is not, after all, so handsome; but she looks well, and has decidedly the best-shaped head that I have ever seen upon the shoulders of a female. She is rather short, tho' not too

[1] The Exchange Coffee House was in Congress Square.

[2] On the occasion of Mr. Baldwin's visit to the Tremont Theatre, Miss Fisher appeared as Rosalind, in "As You Like It," and as Kate O'Brien, in "Perfection, or The Maid of Munster." Clara Fisher (Maeder), died November 12, 1898, aged 87 yrs. 6 ms.

much so, and is just fat enough to look delicious. She looks as tho' she might be about 20, yet is about 26 or 7.

25. I called upon Joseph Willard in the morning and invited him in company with Isaac Goodwin to accompany me to visit the house occupied by Increase, Cotton and Sam. Mather to see if there might not be found some of his papers in the garret. I found the house which I supposed to be the one they occupied and I knocked at the door and a fat lady came out and upon my telling her that I came out of respect to the memory of the ancient occupants and wished to visit her garret to see the famous study and to search for old papers, she told me that had I made such a request the week before she should not have known what answer to have returned to my inquiry, but her husband only the day before while in the garret, dropped a piece of money which slipped through under the floor and when he raised a board to obtain it, he found the ceiling was completely filled with old papers which nobody could read; and added they can be of no use to you, for you cannot read a word of them!! I insisted upon going into the garret, but she refused outright, and persisted in it to the last. She finally agreed that her husband should gather up all the papers and I might have them in welcome, and again added, "But I tell you you can't read a bit of 'em." They were boxed up and sent to the office of Jo. Willard, Esq. I never have gone away from any house so reluctantly as I did from that. How much, how very much it is to be regretted that our Boston Antiquaries will not rescue such invaluable gems from destruction! Many old houses in the city are full of such treasures. They are perishing daily. The Rev. Dr. Harris of Dorchester told me that about thirty years ago, he went into this same garret and that at that time, there were many camels' loads of old papers. He brought away some few papers from the great mass that lay heaped together

there, and had never been there since! I intended to have visited the Hutchinson house, but other business, necessary to be transacted before leaving town, compelled me to postpone the pleasure to some future visit to the city.

26. William Lincoln, Esq., carries me to Worcester. We stop at the College Library and remain there till noon and then go over to Brighton and call on the Hon. Mr. [Jonathan] Winship, a distinguished gardener. He is a pleasant, hospitable old bachelor. We go thence and call on Mr. [John] Kenrick, another gardener. He is now 78 and is prodigiously corpulent. He lives in Newton. We go to Dedham to dinner and I copy a few epitaphs and go thence to Framingham and reach Worcester about 11 o'clock in the evening.

27. I remain in Worcester until Saturday morning, visiting and idling away my time. I am a candidate for Librarian of the Antiquarian Society and am anxious lest I be outwitted and another get the place. And my friends desire me to stay on that account that I may reconcile some of my opposers.

November, 1831.

1. I busied myself in transcribing the Diary of the Rev. David Hall of Sutton. Joseph Hall, his son, now 80, gave me the whole Diary.[1] It contains many facts interesting and of value in compiling the history of the Town. He was learned and highly popular as a preacher in his time. I found much fault with it at first, because it was not more particular, but I find on looking back into my own diary, I am very much in the same fault and even more so than he. I hope hereafter to cure myself of that difficulty.

December, 1831.

3. Settled this day with J. L. S. and adjusted all our copartnership concerns. He agreed to give me 300 Dolls.

[1] Now in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collection.

for my services beyond what I had rec^{d}, and paid me in two notes of 150 each. We amicably adjust all our business and separate without having any occasion to distrust each other. He pays all the copartnership debts and discharges from all and every liability connected with or growing out of the affairs of the office.

4. In the evening I returned to Worcester, bidding adieu to S. where I have lived a year in a pleasant and agreeable manner. This day was interred the remains of Mrs. Sarah Woodbury, who was the wife of Capt. Simeon W., son of Col. Jonathan W., son of Dea. Benjamin W. She was the d. of Caleb Chase and sister of Nehemiah Chase. I was carried to Worcester by Edmund John Mills, Deputy Sheriff, son of Rev. Edmund Mills, former minister of Sutton. I should mention here that the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, of the Church at Wilkinsonville, attended the funeral of Mrs. Woodbury, altho' she was a member of Rev. Mr. Maltby's Church. Mr. Woodbury had become dissatisfied with Mr. M. on account of the four days' meetings and of certain sentiments promulgated from the pulpit on the observance of the Sabbath. It began snowing in the afternoon and fell plentifully during the night. On our way to Worcester, we met Jenks Brown who had been to Woodstock in Vt. and had brought back my valise. All the papers were safe, nothing having been taken out save a few articles of dress.

5. I continue in the house all day, being sick of a cold, and read Hardie's "Account of the City of New York." It is rather a poor concern. Dine at Maj. Newton's.

6. I continue within doors and read newspapers.

7. I attend court, being first day of Dec. Term of C. C. P. and get ready to depart for Templeton to see my father. Mr. Sibley pays me 50 Dolls. which I endorse upon one of my notes. Got a new vest—woollen.

8. Leave at 6 A. M. for Templeton and reach there

about noon. The snow estimated to be 2 feet on a level and not much drifted. John Field, a mulatto, and native of Worcester, is a passenger. He practices ventriloquism and is now on his way to Vt. for that purpose. He has with him his fiddle and I persuade him to pull it from his bag and scrape away, which he does after much solicitation, and he fiddles all the way to Templeton greatly to my edification. Find my friends all well.

9. The weather from the 8 to Dec. 23 was every day extremely cold. All old men agree that they have [never] known such severe continued weather during Dec. The Thermometer was near 0 all the time, and the sleighing delightful. I rode out almost daily with my father. Sometimes to visit our neighbors and cousins and sometimes on business. Once we went to Royalston and at another time we went to Gardner, Ashburnham, Rindge, Fitzwilliam and through Winchendon home. I purchase me flannel for the first time and put it on thinking thereby to cure my cold, but to no purpose. On the 22, a memorable day, I put on much warm clothing and go a hunting with the view of creating a perspiration, which is effectual, all other remedies having failed.

While at Templeton and confined much of the time to the house by the severe cold with which I was afflicted, I employed myself in recording accounts of the early settlement of Templeton, as dictated to me by my father. He is now among the oldest of the natives of Templeton, being born in 1760. His opportunity for accurate information has been greater perhaps than anyone now living. My grandfather was a leading man in town, and there being but one mill, which all were of necessity obliged to visit, it

---

Note by Mr. Baldwin:—

Joseph Baldwin signed a petition to the Gen. Court with many other citizens of Hadley dated April 25, 1665. He writes his name very well, but Samuel Baldwin on the same occasion made his mark.

The subject of the petition, danger from Indian Incursions and a request to be protected. The petition is on file.

enabled him to become personally acquainted with all the inhabitants. I wrote down as he dictated and had the pleasure to find him oftentimes confirmed in his statements by Mr. Brice & Mr. Knowlton. My apology for committing it to writing is that at some future time it may be useful for a chronicler of the place.

24. I left T. for Worcester, whither I arrived about 4 P. M. by stage. While in Hubbardston, I found a son of Dr. Phelps, Senior, who told me that his mother was 80 years old the day preceding, making her born Dec. 23, 1751. She was born at Bristol, R. I. She was a sister of Dr. Stephen Monroe of Sutton. Her maiden' name was Deborah. Her father was a sea captain and died in Rutland. He was a petty judge in R. I. Timothy Monroe, a brother of Deborah, is now living in Princeton at the age of 88.

25. Sunday. I went to Boston in the stage. I stop at T[remont] H[ouse].

26. Call on friends, and purchase a Bell for my father for New School House, weighing 107½ pounds, and pay 30 cts. per pound. In the evening, I attend the Theatre, being the benefit of Master Burke. There is a full house. Burke as Dr. Ollapod. I am much entertained with Master Burke. He is now 12 years of age and is the most famous actor on any American stage. He is about the common size of a boy 12 years, trim built, with light hair and black eyes, and rather a pleasant looking lad. There is nothing in his phrenology that indicates such talents as he undoubtedly possesses. He is very pleasant as an actor and has none of those indescribable faults which so many have, such as attempting to change their voice or countenance and worst of all their gait without concealing the great agony they are put into in doing it. I went to see him 4 nights successively. I became tired

of him on the last night, and concluded him to be a boy after all.[1] There were good houses each night.

27. I visit my classmates Dr. Charles Choate, Dr. Frederick A. Sumner, Dr. Martin Gay, Ellis Gray Loring, Esq., and spend the whole day in their company. They are all well established in their professions, and, I am happy to learn, in respectable standing. I visited the north end of the city for the purpose of seeing some ancient buildings and the residences of some famous worthies, such as the Mathers, Gov. Hutchinson & Dr. Lothrop. My Mather papers, which I saw when I was there in Oct., have been taken away, and the person taking them has gone to New Orleans. I could not learn his name. What a pity! I could have made a good use of them. Why will people destroy such valuable papers? I must use greater diligence and see that others of a like nature are not suffered to perish. I went in the evening to see Master Burke. His musical attainments are much greater than his theatrical. He plays on the violin astonishingly. I have never seen the like before. I see Stephen Salisbury, Esq., today, the first time since his arrival from Europe. He left Worcester in Oct., 1829, and has made the whole tour of Europe. He appears to good advantage, not showing off such foolish and foppish airs as many of our young Americans do who have had the honor of a residence in Paris or London.

28. I visited the Boston Athenæum and had a sort of interview with the Librarian, Dr. Bass. He offers me a Catalogue of the Library for the Library of the A. A. S., and I propose to him to use his influence for the purpose

---

[1] Master Burke played for two weeks at Boston in the following plays: "Speed the Plough," "Merchant of Venice," "Man and Wife,'" Richard III.," Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet." "Heir at Law," "Poor Gentleman," "Paul Pry," "John Bull," "Douglas," "West Indian." He was also leader of the orchestra, and took as many as six parts in one farce. Several years after, he played the violin at concerts given by Jenny Lind.

of giving our Library their duplicate pamphlets. This is acceded to.[1] I propose to Mr. Boyden, keeper of the Tremont House, to give us his files of newspapers, which are very numerous. His reading-room is furnished with all the principal newspapers in the U. S., and great pains are taken to preserve all the numbers of each paper. They are very valuable.

I visited Joseph Willard, Esq., formerly of Lancaster and a member of the Worcester bar. He is now a lawyer in Boston and, I am told, succeeds very well. He is a good lawyer and, what is infinitely more creditable to him, he is a good antiquary. He wrote the history of Lancaster[2] and an account of the early lawyers in Wor. Co., which have made him favorably known. He is son of President W. of the university. I spent the evening at his house, where I saw his wife for the first time. I played whist, and my partner was an old maid who knew nothing about the game and caused me to be beat unduly. She had but two teeth in her head and contrived to talk all the time.

29. Thursday. I have a letter this morning from Dea. Leland of Sutton, saying that he wants the church records which are in my possession, & there being no way to get them to him but by going to Sutton I resolve to leave town tonight in the mail stage and get them to him on Saturday. I call on Sam. G. Drake, editor of the notes to "Church's Indian War," and find my friend Joshua Coffin there, and Lemuel Shattuck of Concord, author of the history of that town, now in the press. We sat down and had a merry time, talking all together about old things, and, I must confess, the conversation turned on the weak points of our ancestors. * * * Our meeting was very pleasant to me. Mr. Shattuck takes my manuscript copy of the Hassanamisco records, which is to be returned when

[1] Dr. Seth Bass, librarian from 1825 to 1846.
[2] Topographical and Historical Sketches of Lancaster.

he has done with it. I attend the theatre in the evening, and the only thing worthy of seeing is Master Burke's musical rehearsal, which is capital. He appears to great advantage with a fiddle. I take the mail stage at 10 in the evening, the play being just through, and go to Worcester. It snows very fast. The stage turns over at Newtown and we are all tipt into the snow—nobody hurt. There were 10 inside. I came top of them all and was no way injured. I must be thankful for such mercies. We reach Worcester at 5. When I went down on Sunday we were only four hours in going from Worcester to Boston, and I was told that the day previous they went in 3 hours and 30 minutes!

30. The season is intensely cold and the snow flies. I get a horse and sleigh and go to Sutton to see about the Chh records, and carry with me Susan and Joann Sibley, who are attending Mrs. Wells' school. I remain at Mr. Sibley's over night and return on Saturday in the afternoon.

31. While in Boston, I procured me a blank-book for my diary.

Otis C. Wheeler, Esq.

He died at St. Augustine on the 6th of Feb., 1831. He was born in Worcester; his father was Greenleaf Wheeler, brother to the Registrar of Probate. Otis was twenty-three when he died. He was the office boy, at first, of Hon. John Davis and, finally, studied law in his office and was admitted to practice in 1830, in March. He possesed respectable talents and would have succeeded as a practical lawyer. He had a great fondness for business and was prompt and accurate in dispatching it. He opened his office in Worcester, but his health soon failed him, and he spent a few weeks of the summer at Saratoga, where he went in company with Charles Allen, Esq., with his wife and her sister, Miss James of Barre. He derived no

benefit from his journey and, after his return, was advised to pass the winter in the South. This he resolved upon, and left in the fore part of winter.

We were always intimate together from our first acquaintance, in June, 1823. He was obliging to a fault, and, from this quality, with a warm and friendly disposition, he had many friends. His prospects, for a beginner, were flattering, and until May last he had enjoyed uniform health.

The first Provincial Congress of Massachusetts sat at Salem, Oct. 7, 1774, the legislature having agreed upon such an assemblage in the spring previous. On the 14th the Congress adjourned to Cambridge, and there continued their sittings until the 29th, when they adjourned to the 23rd of Nov., to meet at the same place. And on the 9th Dec. the Congress was dissolved, and to assemble again on the 1st of February, 1775. This body was made of new members.

The following are the names of those persons who were members of the first Provincial Congress from the County of Worcester:

Mr. Joshua Bigelow, Worcester; Mr. Timothy Bigelow, Worcester; Capt. Asa Whitcomb, Lancaster; Dr. William Dunmoore, Joseph Dorr, Esq., Mr. Edward Rawson, Jedediah Foster, Esq., Brookfield; Capt. Jonathan Baldwin, Brookfield; Capt. Phinehas Upham, Capt. Ebenezer Learned, Dr. Alexander Camel, Capt. Jonathan Tucker, Capt. Henry King, Sutton; Mr. Edward Putnam, Sutton; Col. Thomas Dennie, Leicester; Capt. Joseph Henshaw, Mr. Daniel Clapp, Mr. John Mason, Mr. Jonathan Bullard, Mr. John Clark, Capt. Stephen Maynard, Westboro; Dr. James Haws, Mr. Levi Brigham, Hon. Artemas Ward, Esq., Shrewsbury; Mr. Phinehas Hayward, Capt. George Campbell, Capt. Abijah Stearns, Capt. David Goodridge, Capt. Joseph Reed, Uxbridge; Mr. Joseph Wheeler,

Capt. Samuel Baker, Mr. Ephriam Fairbanks, Capt. Ephriam Doolittle, Capt. Jonathan Ward, Capt. Paul Mendal, Mr. Stephen Rice, Mr. Gershom Makepeace, Capt. Timothy Parker, Thomas Legate, Esq., Mr. Israel Nichols, Thomas Cheney, Esq., Mr. Abiel Sadler, Capt. Jonas Wood, Mr. John Child, Mr. Samuel Jennison, Capt. John Goulder, Mr. Henry Bond, Mr. Nathan Wood, Mr. Abner Holden, Mr. Jonathan Baldwin, Templeton; Mr. William Bigelow, Mr. Moses Gill, Capt. Benjamin Holden, Mr. Jonathan Taylor, Mr. Moses Hale, Mr. Samuel Baldwin.

Aquila Chase settled in Hampton in the year 1640 or thereabouts and in 1645 went to Newbury, in that part of it now called Newburyport, and is said to have been the first person who crossed the bar at Newburyport in a sloop. This is altogether probable, as our records say, "Aquila Chase is received as an Inhabitant and freeholder on condition that he do go to sea and do service in a boat for foure yeares." What is now Newburyport was not settled till 1645, the same year that Aquila Chase came from Hampton.

He married Anne, by whom he had eleven children, to wit:

1. Sarah, b. — & married Curmac Annis, 15 May, 1666.
2. Anne, b. July 6, 1647, & m. Tho. Barber, 27 Ap., 1671.
3. Priscilla, b. March 14, 1648/9, & m. Abel Merril, Feb. 10, 1670/1.
4. Mary, b. Feb. 3, 1650/1, & m. John Stevens, March 9, 1669/70.
5. Aquila, b. Sept. 26, 1652.
6. Thomas, b. —, 1654.
7. John, b. Nov. 2, 1655, & m. Elizabeth Bingly, 23 May, 1677.
8. Elizabeth, b. Sept. 13, 1657.
9. Ruth, born March 18, 1660, & d. 30 May, 1676.

10. Daniel, b. Dec. 9, 1661, & m. —— Kimbal, Aug. 25, 1683.

11. Moses, b. Dec. 24, 1663, & m. Anne Follansbee, Nov. 10, 1684.

Aquila Chase, Senr., died 27 Dec., 1670, aged 52. His wife Anne, after his death, married Daniel Mursiloway, 14 June, 1672.

Moses, the youngest child of Aquila Chase, married Anne Follansbee, 10 Nov., 1684, and had 7 children, viz.: Moses and Daniel, twins, were born 20 Sept., 1685. The first Moses died young. The 3rd child, Moses, born 20 Jany, 1688. The 4th was Samuel, born 13 May, 1690. The 5th was Elizabeth, born 25 Sept., 1693. The 6th was Stephen, born 29 Aug., 1696, and the 7th, Hannah, who was born 13th Sept., 1699. Daniel, one of the twins, married Sarah March, Jan. 2, 1706/7, and had a son Samuel, who was born 28 Sept., 1707, who moved to Lexington (Littleton), married Mary Dudley, and went with his father, Daniel Chase, to Sutton. Afterwards he moved with his brother Moses to Cornish, and with his (Samuel) sons, Samuel, Jun., Jonathan, and Solomon. The brothers of Samuel Chase were Moody, Joseph, Caleb and Moses. The genealogy stands thus:

1. Aquila Chase, b. Sept. 26, 1652, and died 1670.
2. Moses Chase, b. Dec. 26, 1663.
3. Daniel Chase, one of the twins, born 20 Sept., 1685.
4. Samuel Chase, b. 28 Sept., 1707, who moved from Littleton to Sutton with his father Daniel and afterwards went to Cornish.

Ebenezer Grosvenor and Lucy Cheney were married March 15, 1737, and had the following children, to wit:

1. Ebenezer, born March 6, 1738; died May 28, 1788.
2. Elizabeth, b. Dec. 19, 1740; died Dec. 28, 1792.
3. Oliver, b. May 19, 1743; died 1825.
4. Asa, b. April 6, 1745.

5. Lucy, b. July 25, 1747; died Jany 31, 1782.
6. Daniel, b. April 9, 1750.
7. Lemuel, b. Aug. 11, 1752.
8. Ezra, b. June 23, 1755; died July 8, 1827.
9. Chloe, b. Oct. 29, 1757.
10. Nathan, b. Dec. 17, 1764; died Feb. 22, 1814.

Rev. David Hall, D.D., of Sutton.

I find the following memorandum among the papers of the Rev. Dr. David Hall of Sutton, Mass.: Mr. John Hall came from Coventry in the north of England about 1630. He landed at Charlestown in Massachusetts Bay, New England, and afterwards married to a Larned and moved to Yarmouth, a town on the Cape, where he had by his wife twelve sons, of whom seven I have secured, viz.: John, Gershom, William, Joseph, Nathaniel, Elisha and Benjamin. The two youngest are yet alive, about 80 years of age. [This memorandum was dated Nov. 18, 1733.]

John, the eldest, married a Berse from Barnstable, and had three sons and many daughters; the sons were Joseph, John and Nathaniel. His sons are still alive and two of the daughters. Nathaniel moved to Livetown in Pennsylvania or Maryland. Joseph, the eldest son, settled on his father's inheritance in Yarmouth, and married Miss Hannah Miller, daughter of Mr. John Miller, first minister of the Gospel in Yarmouth, and had four sons, to wit: Joseph, Daniel, Josiah and David, and three daughters, viz.: Hannah, Priscilla & Margery. Upon the death of his wife, Hannah, which happened in Sept., 1710, he married Mary Morton, a widow lady from Plymouth, and by her had Mary, Peter, John & Bathsheba. David, the 4th son by the first wife, he had educated at Cambridge College. He was born Aug. 5, 1704, and ordained pastor of the Church of Sutton, Oct. 15, 1729. He married Elizabeth Prescott, daughter of Jonathan Prescott of Concord,

June 24, 1731, who bore him the following children, to wit: David, born May 8, 1732; Elizabeth, b. Feb. 17, 1733/4; Rebeccah, b. Sept. 1, 1736; Mary, b. Dec. 14, 1738; Hannah, b. Aug. 31, 1740; Sarah, b. Dec. 15, 1742; John, b. March 4, 1744/5; Benjamin, b. Feb. 27, 1745/6; Lucy, b. March 19, 1748/9; Joseph, b. Sept. 8, 1751; Jonathan, b. Jan. 20, 1754; Deborah, b. March 5, 1756.

Thomas Howard lived in Templeton, on the place now owned by George W. Bryant. The house was about 40 rods west of where it now stands. He came to Templeton between 1750 and 1760, from what is now called Milford in this State, where he was born. His father lived on Bear Hill. Thomas lived in Templeton several years and, I believe, died there. He had been a soldier in the French wars, and in the expedition against Canada, in the last years of the war, used to pass through Templeton, then called Narragansett No. 6. This circumstance was what probably led him there to make a settlement. He had several children, among whom were Stephen and Eleazur, who moved from Templeton to Grafton in Vermont. In the early history of Templeton they were famous as hunters. This family was distantly connected to the family of James Howard, who anciently lived in Mendon (that part now called Milford). He had ten sons and three daughters, all born between 1740 and 1760. He moved from Milford to Douglas, where he died in 1779. David, his son, went from Douglas, having lived some time in Sutton, to Andover in Vt. and there settled and died. He went there about 1790. Solomon, his brother, went before him, about 1780, and was one of the first settlers of the town. Their descendants are there now. Joseph, another brother, went to the same place in 1790, and is now (1831) living. Rev. Antipas Howard, another brother, a "free-will" Baptist, went there about the same

time and was a preacher there for about thirty years. He was killed by the fall of a tree, on a visit to a daughter, who lived at a place called Row. He was poor. Rev. Uriel Howard went to Andover first and afterward removed to the western part of New York and there died. Neither of them had a collegiate education, and, I believe, were nothing more than elders or exhorters. Elias Howard, another brother, was a Lieutenant in the battle of Trenton and died of the yellow fever at Morristown, New Jersey. He was in the war from the 19th of April, 1775, to the time of his death, which happened shortly after the fight at Trenton. He went from Douglas. Jonathan, another brother, settled in Upton and died there in 1814. He kept a tavern. Amaziah, another brother, lives in the city of New York, and also keeps a public house. James, the third son and also brother of the foregoing, now lives in Sutton and has been here for fifty years. He is now eighty-one, and resides in that part of the town called Quabbin, and he gave me the above account of the family. They were all born in Milford.

Ensign Jonathan Sibley, an early emigrant to Sutton, was born at Danvers or Salem, Sept. 11, 1718. His wife Hannah was born July 17, 1723. The following are the names of their children:

1. Jonathan was born Feb. 10, 1741, and at the age of 25 went and settled at Royalston, and was among the first beginners of that place. He died in 1810, aged 69. He had five daughters and one son, who died about 1816 or 18 without issue.

2. Reuben, born Feb. 20, 1743, died 1808. He lived in Sutton.

3. Huldah, born Sept. 13, 1745, married John Howard of Sutton, and moved to Oxford, where he died. One of his sons, Stephen, went and settled in Orange, and his mother is now there with him.

4. Paul, born April 26, 1748, married a Miss Putnam, and moved to Spencer and died there. His posterity are now living in that town, and one of his sons, Caleb, is rich.

5. Gideon Sibley, born Nov. 20, 1750, moved to Oxford. One of his sons went to Athol and is now there, a scythe maker.

6. Tarrant Sibley, born Sept 4, 1754, lived and died in this town, on the homestead, in 1825.

Reuben, before named, who died in 1808, had the following children, to wit:

1. Reuben, Jr., born Oct. 25, 1765, married Betsey Marble of Sutton and about 1798 moved to Jay in the State of Maine. In the late war he volunteered as a soldier from Jay and went to aid in the defence of Portland, where he sickened and died in 1813. His family returned to Sutton.

2. Phebe, died young.

3. Solomon, born Oct. 7, 1769, was graduated at Brown University, studied law with the Hon. Seth Hastings of Mendon and settled at Marietta in Ohio in the practice of his profession. He married a daughter of Col. Sprout of Providence, who, having lands at Marietta given to him by Government for his revolutionary services, removed to that place, and Mr. Sibley followed him there for the sake of his daughter. Col. Sprout was a surveyor. Mr. Sibley remained at Marietta for a short time and from there went to Detroit, where he has ever since resided. He is now one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Michigan and has been several times a delegate to Congress from that district. He has a son, Sprout Sibley, who was educated at the academy at West Point and is now in commission of a Lieutenancy in the Army of the United States.

4. Jonathan Sibley, born Feb. 4, 1772, died young, and also Martha, born Feb. 24, 1774.

6. Nathaniel Sibley, the youngest of the family, born 20 April, 1776. He married a Chase. His son Silvester

is now in the employment of Government as a surveyor. His place of residence is Detroit. His next son, Caleb Chase Sibley, was graduated at West Point in June, 1829, and is now a Lieutenant in the U. S. army and is stationed at Maccinaw. The next son, Nehemiah Chase Sibley, is now a member of Brown University. He has one other son, Reuben, living at home, Sutton.

Edward Turner of Templeton was born in Walpole, Mass., about 1740, and came and settled in Templeton between 1765 and '70. He was engaged in the Revolutionary War, was in the battle of Bunker Hill and died of the small-pox at Half Moon on Hudson river. He was the son of Edward Turner, who was also of Walpole and was, I am informed, a descendant of that John Turner who landed at Plimouth in the May Flower in 1620. The wife of Edward, Jr., married Hannah Fisher, who is now living in her eighty-eighth year. She lives with her son, Capt. Asa Turner, in the S. E. part of Templeton. Asa Turner married Elizabeth Baldwin, daughter of Jonathan Baldwin, Esquire, of Templeton, and had the following children: Silva, b. May 27, 1792; Dulcinea, b. Feb. 12, 1795; Avary, b. April 17, 1797; Asa, b. June 11, 1799; Abigail, b. Dec. 10, 1802; Jonathan, b. December 7, 1805; Hannah, b. Dec. 5, 1808; Edward, b. July 24, 1812.

March 15, 1832.

My father, Eden Baldwin of Templeton, Mass, came to Worcester on business and to carry me back with him on his return. I walk with him about the town and show him all the new things, and amongst other varieties invite him into the Hall of the American Antiquarian Society that he may see me in my new station.

March 17.

We start after dinner for Templeton by way of Leicester, and pass through Spencer and so into North Brookfield to

Ebenezer Nye's,[1] where we remain all night. He married an aunt of my mother by the name of Woods, and while there in the evening, she gave me this account of her ancestors.

Her father, who was Ensign David Woods, was born in Marlboro, Mass. He was the son of Dea. James Woods of that town.[2] David died April 2, 1804, in his eighty-seventh year at New Braintree; he was born in June. His brothers James and Jonathan died in New Braintree. Moses, Aaron and George were half brothers. Moses died on the paternal estate at Marlboro, and the others in New Braintree, where they with the others had migrated in early life.

The wife of David, above named, was Martha Wheeler, who was born in Shrewsbury, Aug. 15, 1726. Her father was Thomas Wheeler, who died in Shrewsbury at the age of 79. She died at North Brookfield at Mr. Nye's, May 21, 1819, in her ninety-third year. I saw her but once, and that was the Dec. before her death. She was much younger than her husband.

The following is a list of their children: Mary, born Nov. 10, 1745, O. S., & married Jonathan Force; Benjamin, b. Sept. 20, 1747, O. S.; Persis, b. June 25, 1749, O. S., & married Timothy Hancock; Samuel, b. May 1, 1751; David, b. Jan. 11, 1753; Martha, b. Dec. 29, 1754, & married Hezekiah Hancock; Hepsebah, b. June 7, 1757; Lucy, b. Jan. 28, 1761, & married Ebenezer Nye; Jonas,

---

[1] Note by Mr. Baldwin:—

Ebenezer Nye was born in Rochester, Mass. He is now seventy years old. He is the son of Ichabod Nye, also a native of Rochester, who was the son of Ichabod Nye who was born in Sandwich.

Jonathan Nye, Esq., of New Braintree, is the brother of Ebenezer and is now in his eighty-fifth year. Ichabod, another brother, is in Rochester, at the age of eighty-one.

[2] Note by Mr. Baldwin:—

In the *Boston Evening Post* for Nov. 7, 1763, is the following: "We hear from Marlboro that on the 4 of last month died there, in the ninety-fourth yr of his age, Mr. Thomas Hapgood, whose posterity was very numerous, viz.: 9 children, 92 grandchildren, 208 great-grandchildren, 4 great-great-grandchildren." He was grandfather to my great-grandmother, Martha Woods.

b. Feb. 18, 1763; Lois, b. Aug. 23, 1765, & married Major Wm. Fletcher; Asa, born Jan. 18, 1768; Artemas, b. Oct. 15, 1769.

The first of the above list, Mary, was my maternal grandmother. Her husband, Lieut. Jonathan Force, was the son of William Force of Wrentham, Mass., and was born in that town. He was a Lieut. in the French war. He died at New Braintree, Jan. 22, 1818, aged eighty-two. His wife died March 12, 1818, aged seventy-two. They were in humble life, but honest and trusty. My grandmother has often been represented to me as a most excellent woman, distinguished by her good sense, industry and virtue.

The wife of William Force of Wrentham, my great-grandmother, was, before marriage, Abigail Ware of Wrentham. Dea. Samuel Ware of New Braintree was her brother, whose son, Jesse Ware, compiled the history of Mary Jemison,[1] who was taken captive by the Indians.

The name of Force is probably the same as Voss or Vorse, tho' this is only conjecture. I have hardly ever met with the name. I have made diligent enquiry among the family, but have never found anything conclusive or satisfactory. There was a Peter Force, editor of the *National Journal* at Washington during the administration of J. Q. Adams and before, and I once saw the marriage of one of the name in Mendon, Mass.

The following are the names of the children of my grandfather Force: Mary, born at New Braintree, May 7, 1765; Jonathan, who died in infancy; Abigail, b. June 16, 1768—my mother; Jonathan, b. about 1770; Betsey, b. about 1772 & m. Abel Stockwell; David, b. about 1774, died young; William, who died young; William Wheelock, b. 1780; Martha, b. 1782 & m. Asa Dean; Sarah, b. 1784 & m. John Sawyer; Anna, b. 1786 & m.

---

[1] Note by Mr. Baldwin:—
I have never seen this book.

Peter Warren, Esq.; David, died young; Lucy, died young.

My grandfather Force had a brother William, who settled at Hoosack, N. Y. He was a farmer. Timothy, another brother, settled at Whitehall, then Skeensborough. He had no son, but several daughters, two of whom were settled and married in Mendon, Mass. David, another brother, died in the French war. There were several sisters. Bathshebah married Nicholas (?) Barton of Wrentham. Mary died an old maid. Betsey married Oliver Read of Pomfret, Con., by whom she had two children; when he died she returned to Wrentham and married —— Bugbee, and had a son who became a doctor in one of the towns near Wrentham. Oliver Read, Jr., now owns the button factory of Attleboro. Bathshebah, I have heard, had a son, Nathan Barton.

Mr. Nye was born in Rochester, Mass. He has two sons, Bonum and Ebenezer, both living in North Brookfield. Bonum is a surveyor and is now keeping school. He showed me his map of the Town of North Brookfield, which he had just completed by direction of the town in pursuance of a resolve of the Legislature.

March 18, 1832.

We set off for Templeton, and while passing through New Braintree my father shows me the place where my mother was born and where my grandfather lived and pursued his business as a blacksmith. It is about a quarter of a mile south-east from the meeting-house, on the west side of the road, upon the top of a small hill. I could trace many, many things about there which I have heard my mother fondly speak of, and the scene of many a story which she used to relate to me and my brothers and sisters when we were small. His shop used to stand a little south of the house, partly in the garden.

I should have mentioned yesterday that Gen. Rufus Putnam lived for many years in North Brookfield. He lived in the north-east part of the town and owned a saw-mill there. He was a millwright by occupation and was born in Sutton. His father's name was Elisha, who was born in Danvers, near Salem. Rufus had a sister, who married Daniel Mathews of New Braintree, of whom he learned his trade.

We stopt at Barre two or three hours. I called on the Rev. James Thompson. He has the greatest capacity of any clergyman that I am acquainted with in the county, the Rev. Dr. Bancroft, perhaps, excepted. He was born in Halifax in the Old Colony, graduated at Providence, 1799, and ordained at Barre Jany 11, 1804. His eldest son, James, was installed as the successor of the Rev. Mr. Coleman at Salem, March 7, now last [past]. He was settled first at Natick. He married Mary James of Barre, d. of Eleazer James, in the forepart of 1831. She is the youngest of the family. The predecessor of Mr. Thompson, Senior, was the Rev. Mr. [Josiah] Dana, who was a native of Pomfret or Woodstock in Con. One of his sons is now cashier of Keene Bank, N. H. Mr. Thompson's children are Louisa, James, Lydia, Lura and Alexander Young.

I called on Eleazer James, Esq., now in his seventy-eighth year and the oldest member of the Worcester County Bar. He was born in Hingham, near Boston, and graduated at Cambridge and studied law with the elder Gov. Lincoln of Worcester. His wife's father was Dr. —— Brooks of Barre, whose ancestor was of Acton, Mass. The children of Mr. James are Eliza, who married Charles Allen, Esq. (now an eminent Lawyer in Worcester, youngest son of the late Hon. Joseph Allen of Worcester), in the fall of 1823. The next daughter, Caroline, married the Rev. Alexander Young, now settled in Boston. His father was for many years one of the editors and proprietors of the *Palladium*. The next child was George,

who was graduated at Harvard University, 1821. He never studied any profession. Soon after leaving college he fell into a melancholy stupor and is now in the Insane Hospital at Charlestown, where he has been for several years. He was a young man of good parts, and while at Leicester Academy was much caressed, and regarded by the Preceptor, Mr. Josiah Clarke, now minister of Rutland, as a youth of good promise.

Charles Wadsworth, Esq., attorney, paid me ninety dollars, a part of a note of three hundred which he gave me in consideration of my agreeing not to practice law in Barre. [See diary for Sept. 7, 1830.] He is the son of —— Wadsworth of Barre, whose ancestor was of Grafton, and was graduated at Providence in 1827. James Thompson, Jr., was his classmate.

We reached home about sunset. One thing is worthy of remark. The roads were very good, having no mud hardly any part of the way. The earth had been so deeply covered with snow during the winter that little or no frost was in it, and when the snow had disappeared the surface of the ground was quickly dry and the ways settled.

I remained with my father until the last day of March, when I returned to Worcester. While at Templeton, I spent the greater part of my time in hunting. My companion was Asa Hosmer, Jr., who is now at thirty-seven. His father, Mr. Asa Hosmer, is a native of Templeton, who is the son of Josiah Hosmer, who was born in Concord, Dec. 28, O. S., 1740, and is now in his ninety-third year, and living with Asa, his son. Abel, a brother of Josiah, married a sister of the Rev. Joseph Lee,[1] first minister of Royalston, & who was a native of Concord, Mass., above named.

---

[1] Note by Mr. Baldwin:—

His son, Thomas J. Lee, Esq., author of a valuable spelling book now in extensive use in our primary schools, is cashier of a bank at Calais, in Maine. Samuel, another brother, is in Templeton, Mass. Mr. Shattuck says he was born in Lexington.

Asa Hosmer, Jr., is a hunter by profession. He does nothing but hunt, and has made it his whole business for above ten years, and what is remarkable, he gets a good living by it. He told me that last year he caught over eight hundred dozens of pigeons in Templeton, and that this was not one-half the number taken in the town. Mr. Joseph Robbins and a person by the name of Parks, in Winchendon, caught thirteen hundred dozens; and a Mr. Harris of that town about seven hundred doz. more. They have taken nearly the same number for several years past. They find a market for them in Boston, Worcester, Providence & their vicinity. They sell from one dollar and fifty cents to two shillings per dozen, and the feathers sell for enough more to pay all expenses.

Innumerable thousands of pigeons have been seen during the fore part of this month of this year in various parts of New England; an appearance which, with our ancestors, would have created the most alarming apprehensions. It is said that their flight portends bloody war. I can well remember that in the spring of 1811 a flock passed over Templeton that was many hours in sight, and so large as to cover the whole horizon. They first appeared about half an hour before sunrise and continued until after ten o'clock. They were going to the north-east. All the old people said it was a sign of war; and, whether the pigeons had anything to do with the affairs of men or not I cannot tell, but this is nevertheless true, that the United States did declare war against England within fourteen months from that time. And many old ladies gave accounts of the great flocks that appeared in 1774, the year before the Revolution. And it is said in a manuscript account of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia, in 1675 and 1676, that the flight of pigeons there the year previous was reckoned an alarming omen.

Let me return to my hunting. We had a hound with us and our main business was for hunting. But whether

owing to want of proper skill or lack of game, we caught only one fox and that one I shot when the hound was in full chase and within three rods of his tail. Tho' the labor of pursuit be hard, yet it is a princely entertainment to see the sport go on. I enjoyed it very much, and I am not surprised that it is so much thought of among the lovers of the chase. The fox and hound were, beyond question, made for each other, and both for man.

I will here mention what I should have said in connection with the pigeons. When the pigeons appeared so thick in 1811, there was another omen about the same time which was declared to be a sure sign of war, and filled the minds of the people with as great a panic as the pigeons; and that was the very great abundance of boar pigs.

While at my father's, I read the "Life of Napoleon" by Sir Walter Scott, and I must confess that I cannot agree with the reading public who pronounce it a great performance. I think it decidedly bad, and unworthy of so distinguished an author. Besides this, I read the "Life of Andrew Jackson" by John H. Eaton, and should have liked it better had the author told the whole story. He does not even allude to his being Governor of Florida or of his execution of Ambrister and Arbuthnot, which were important events in his life; and the latter act I approve of. I read also Leigh Hunt's "Life of Lord Byron," parts of which are very amusing. I read also my favorite book, "The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane," which makes the sixth time that I have read this most instructive and entertaining work, including once reading it in the original French.

April 1, 1832. Sunday.

This day my salary begins as Librarian of the American Antiquarian Society. Altho' it be Sunday, I build a fire in my apartment in the hall of the Society (in the south

wing) and answer several letters which have been received in my absence. I dined, in company with Lincoln, with the lady of the Hon. John Davis. I took tea in the family of Rejoice Newton, Esq., and spent the evening with the Hon. Judge Paine.

April 2.

I pay Jack Granger, of the hotel where I board, one dollar for blacking my boots from Jany first. He is the son of Daniel Granger of Hardwick, Mass., and is famous for his waggery.

I enter upon the donation book the books that have been presented to me for the library during the month of March and commence arranging the books in the library.

I am visited during the day by the Rev. William Cogswell, agent of the American Education Society, an association for the education of pious young men for the ministry. He gives me the reports, annually made to the Society since 1816, when the Society was begun. He was formerly a Cong. minister over the Chh. in the South Parish of Dedham, from which he was separated for his present station in 1829. His ancestor was of Ipswich. The Education Society has now under its care above seven hundred young men, of all sects and denominations of Christians. This is truly a liberal institution.

April 3.

I write a letter to John Marshall, Chief Justice of the U. S., in answer to one from him relating to a manuscript account of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia in 1675-6, which was presented to the Society by Thomas Jefferson, the late President of the U. S., and written by T. M. I wrote also to James Bowdoin, Esq., of Boston, and commenced the study of the German language.

April 4.

I receive a visit today from Mr. Elias Boudinot, the editor of the *Cherokee Phoenix*, published in the English and Cherokee languages at New Echota, in the State of Georgia. He is a full-blooded Cherokee, and was educated, I believe, at Cornwall, Con. He is about 35, of pleasing and gentlemanly manners, and speaks English as fluently as tho' a native.[1]

I asked him what the word Echota, the name of the place where he lived, meant; and he says that it has no meaning, at which I was greatly surprised. It is pronounced as tho' written *A*, *sho*, *tah*.

I asked him a great many questions concerning the ancient history of his nation, and he answered all my enquiries readily and sensibly, tho' he had no definite information about them earlier than the middle of the last century. He said that little traditionary history could be found among the ancient men of the tribe.

He promised to send me some curiosities from the mounds or tumuli that yet existed in the Cherokee country. He gave me a very particular account of the great Mound, seventy feet in elevation, that stands on the banks of the Hiwasse a very considerable river, that flows from the Cherokee country into the Cumberland River in the east part of Tennessee. The Cherokees have no traditions about the origin of these interesting monuments.

He manifested the most intense interest when anything was said touching the present controversy between the people of Georgia and the Cherokees; and when I expressed to him my wish that he would write the history of his nation and gather all the traditionary lore from the aged men, of the probable origin of the tribe, and its revolutions, wars with the neighboring hoards, and its migrations from time to time, he intimated his belief

[1] Boudinot was murdered by the Indians west of the Mississippi in 1839.

that the nation would be soon exterminated, unless the general government should interpose its arm and shield them from the sword of the Georgians. It oppressed him greatly whenever the subject was adverted to; and I forbore many enquiries concerning his tribe out of regard to his feelings.

April 5, 1832.

This was our annual Fast throughout the Commonwealth. But it was no Fast to me. I never once so much as heard of it until I came to dinner. I made my fire in the Antiquarian Hall and laboured very industriously in arranging books in the Library until noon. At 12, I carried the diary of the Rev. David Hall of Sutton to the bindery of Jonathan Wood to have it bound, and although his shop was closed and he absent, I did not find out my error until I got to my lodging. And I will remark that the weather during the last month has been most unusually cold. The old people about the first of January predicted that we must have a cold summer and that vegetation would be backward. They have no occasion to acknowledge themselves mistaken thus far. I spent the evening at Governor Lincoln's.

April 6.

His Excellency Gov. Lincoln calls upon me today and talks about arranging the grounds about the Antiquarian Hall, making fences, planting trees and the like. I write a letter to John Farmer of Concord & transcribe some letters for the forthcoming volume of the New Hampshire Historical Society. And spend the evening at the Rev. Dr. Bancroft's playing chess with Sarah.

I write a letter to Dr. Jerome V. C. Smith of Boston, quarantine physician at Rainsford Island, and make a copy of the same.

April 13.

Until within a few days the weather thus far from the first of March has been very cold, more so than has been for several years. Agriculturalists look upon the prospect of the season to be dismal enough.

From the tenth the air has been so mild that I have been without any fire in the Antiquarian Hall and today (13) I venture to take off my flannel drawers and go without them.

In the evening I attended a party at His Excellency Gov. Lincoln's. It was given for the purpose of introducing the senior class of misses in the Female High School into company. They were all over 15. One party of the same kind was given while I was at Templeton a fortnight ago, and they are to be given every other week by different families during the summer. The number of young ladies present from the school might be about 15, many of whom were very pretty and interesting. Some of them are natives of Worcester, but a greater part from out of town.

We employed about two hours in dancing, tho' we had no musick but from a Piano, which was played upon by the Lady of Dr. John Park, who moved to Worcester from Boston, where for many years he was at the head of a female Academy, in 1831.

April 14, 1832.

This morning I had a visit from the Lady of Rejoice Newton, Esq., accompanied by twenty-seven young Misses, most of whom were from the female High School. They remained in the Hall about an hour and an half. They left their names.

April 16.

The Supreme Court begins its session this day and holden by the Hon. Mr. Justice [Samuel S.] Wild[e].

The Solicitor General of the Commonwealth, the Hon. Daniel Davis of Cambridge, attends the court as the public prosecuting officer for the last time; the new Law abolishing the office of Solicitor taking effect in June next.

This change in the Law probably was made for the purpose of getting rid of the Attorney and Solicitor Generals. They are both much advanced in life. The Attorney General, Hon. Perez Morton, being above 80, and Mr. Davis above seventy. The latter manifests his infirmity very much. He appears melancholy and dejected. When I saw him for the first time in Oct., 1823, he and old Judge [George] Thacher were full of humor and fun. They and the rest of the Court boarded with Mrs. [Francis] Blake and the evenings were spent in hearing these veterans relate stories. Mr. Davis, tho' born in the old colony of Plymouth, began his professional career at Portland in the then district of Maine, where he continued until his appointment to the place of Solicitor General; upon that event he removed to Boston, and for a few years past has resided in Cambridge on account of the greater cheapness of living. I believe he never received a Collegiate education. He was a strong Federalist in his politics. He regrets that he grows old and will never acknowledge that he is over 60. His appearance is young for one of his age, and until within the last two years there has been no complaint against him for want of fidelity in the discharge of his public duties. His personal appearance is very favorable, tho' less striking and imposing now than 3 or 4 years ago.

He has great wit, and succeeds admirably in telling a story. And in his manner of addressing a jury, there is great art and success. His manner is precisely what it would be, if he were telling a single one of them a story. He is very methodical and clear, never leaving his conclusions at loose ends, and hardly ever commits a blunder. His natural endowments are of the first order, and his

great experience as prosecuting officer, joined to extensive legal learning, give the rogues that fall in his path but a small chance for escape.

In his addresses to the jury, he makes frequent allusions and quotations of the Scriptures and with such an imposing seriousness, that should a stranger hear him, he would account him to be a man of more than puritan virtue. Yet he is, in his private life, very far from being a saint. He has been famous among the softer sex, tho' I believe in other respects he is honest and temperate in his habits.

I have heard this anecdote related of him and the late Chief Justice [Isaac] Parker. An ignorant woman came into court for the purpose of procuring a divorce from her husband. But forgetting or not knowing the difference between the two words, *divorcement* and *adultery*, upon being asked by the Chief Justice, what she wanted, said, that her husband had been unfaithful to her and she wanted to commit *adultery*. This threw the Bar into a laugh and the Court into great confusion. At the time, Mr. Davis was with the Grand Jury, and the Chief Justice recovering from the awkwardness of his situation, "Well, madam, you sit down, and the *Solicitor* will attend to you directly."[1]

April 19, 1832.

This day is the Anniversary of the Battle of Lexington in 1775. May the people of Massachusetts never omit a proper notice of its recurrence. I understand that at Concord they have an address and public dinner. This is right.

In the evening the Worcester County Unitarian Association hold their annual meeting in the Unitarian Church. The collection of people is rather small. The exercises commenced by a prayer from the Rev. Joseph Allen of Northborough, and then an extemporaneous address from

[1] Chief Justice Parker was for several years Professor of Law at Harvard University. He died May 26, 1830.

the Rev. Dr. Bancroft. He succeeded very happily and entertained the audience with an account of his religious education. He was born in Reading in this State. His father was Deacon of a Calvinistic Church there. He learned the assembly's shorter catechism when a child and remembers well the pious manner in which his father and one of his neighbors bewailed and lamented that good old Mr. Webster, then minister of Salisbury, should have turned Arminian. And so strong was the catechism impressed upon his infant mind and the terror of an Arminian preacher that it had not lost all its influence upon him to this day. To him succeeded Col. Pliny Merrick of Worcester, who gave a brief history of the difficulties and misunderstandings which have grown out of our Statute Laws relating to public worship, and acquitted himself, as usual, very successfully. Then Dr. John Park took the floor & confined his remarks to the peculiar adaptation of Unitarian Christianity to the times in which we live.[1] Then spoke Waldo Flint, Esq., of Leicester, son of Dr. Austin Flint of that place, upon the folly and tyranny of Creeds and he did it very sensibly. Then came the Rev. Mr. Noyes of Brookfield upon the necessity of publishing tracts and raising a fund! I never have known but few ministers who are not devising some plan for gathering a fund for some point or other!

After the speeches were all over with, a contribution was had for buying tracts and scattering them, and I put in fifty cents. This was the easiest way to get off.

April 20, 1832.

This morning I received a visit from Mr. Sullivan Sheffield of Hopkinton, who is by profession an Astrologist.

[1] John Park, M. D., was commissioned as a surgeon in the U. S. Navy in 1799, resigning in 1801. A few years later he established the "Boston Lyceum for Young Ladies," which for twenty years was well patronized and highly regarded. He removed to Worcester in 1831, where he died in March, 1832. An extended notice of Dr. Park, written by Rev. Edward H. Hall, will be found in the "Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society" for October, 1890.

He was so odd and eccentric that I conversed with him from 8 till 11 in the forenoon and I must confess that I was greatly entertained by the singular and strange account which he gave of himself. He spoke of his calculations upon the various fortunes which he had predicted would happen to different individuals who had applied to him for information, with great confidence, and expressed his surprise and mortification at the weakness and inconsiderateness of those who ridicule his astronomical pretensions. He seemed to be much gratified that I gave him an attentive hearing. He gave me an account of his library and the great trouble and expense which the acquisition of it had cost him. The most expensive of his books were the folio edition, 1659, of William Lilly, the name of the work is "Christian Astrology," for which I think he said he paid forty Dollars, and Henry Cooley's "Key of Astrology" (Alamata) Ed. 1675, Sixty Dollars. Besides these he has many astronomical instruments for which, considering his circumstances in life, he must have paid a round sum.

Like all such enthusiasts, he had abundance of Scripture to authorize his belief in Planetary influences and among the passages which he cited to strengthen my confidence (for I behaved so serious and proper on the occasion that he took me for a convert), were the account which Moses gives of the sun, moon, and stars which were placed in the heavens to be for "signs as well as seasons," and he brought in the passage from Job: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?" "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." And when I enquired if he did not think that his science led to fatalism and predestination, he said there could be no doubt of it, and this was, he continued, agreeable to Christianity. And among other passages, he introduced the prophecy of Christ about Peter and Judas Iscariot. But how, asked I, do you bring that to bear in

your case, and he answered that "Christ told Peter that he should deny his Master and that Judas should betray his Master. And how could they avoid *doing* so? They both thought they should do otherwise." These and many other texts were quoted, which, I suppose he had found in his astrological works.

He promised me that when he had done with his books he would present them to the Library of the American Antiquarian Society, where they might remain to enlighten some future generation. He could not spare them however during his life, as he had occasion to refer to them every day. He had now above seventy letters which were yet unanswered, containing many very abstruse and knotty enquiries. He receives annually about three hundred dollars for his astrological services, and the applications for his solutions increase upon him now every week. Many of them are very difficult and require several days' studys for a satisfactory answer. The most frequent enquiries put to him are those relating to the way and manner in which law suits will eventuate. Under this head, he thinks he has done the State some service, for out of fifty cases he has never predicted falsely. And the greater part of them regarded persons who were perfect strangers to him. Application to him has also prevented many suits and stirred up as many more.

He finds stolen property and looks up lost relations; these are done very easy.

He spoke of juggling with cards and dice, and telling of fortunes from the grounds in a tea cup, with very praiseworthy contempt.

He was upon the whole so remarkable a man that I asked for his pedigree and he gave me the following account of himself.

His grandfather, Nathaniel Sheffield, came from England and married Lydia Gibbs of Hopkinton and settled in Thomson, Ct., and died there about 1795, aged near

80. She died afterwards at the age of over 90. These were their children, viz.: John; Joseph, who migrated to the West; Daniel, father of the Astrologist, was drowned at Nantucket in 1785; Timothy is now a Doctor in Thomson; Judith; Anna; Eleanor; and Sarah.

Daniel, above named, married Lydia Burbank of Holliston and had these children:

Hannah, born in Holliston, about 1777.
Betsey, born in Union, Ct., about 1779.
Chester, born in Providence, Aug. 19, 1780.
Sullivan, born in Sturbridge, July 12, 1782.
Daniel, born in Holliston, —— 1783.

Sullivan, our star-gazer, was placed in the family of Dea. David Richards, late of Worcester, then of Ward, when he was three years old, in 1785, and lived there until the summer of 1795, when he established himself in Hopkinton, where he now resides. He went to Andover in Vermont in 1806 and returned in 1809. He has now an estate of 4 or 5 thousand dollars, which he has procured by his own industry, and is in the receipt of a comfortable income from the plentiful sales of his astrological ware.

There was one thing about him which was very remarkable; he had no vanity or pedantry, but was very modest and unassuming.

April 25, 1832.

There happened today a very remarkable event. A Quaker has been severely whipped!

Hammond Howe, formerly of the firm of Howe, Jackson and Company, and now Howe & Thaxter, son of Lyman Howe of Shrewsbury, who is the son of Gideon of that place, whose ancestor came from Marlborough, had been made the subject of some bitter remarks by Robert Earle of Worcester, son of Silas Earle of Leicester. What the

remarks were I have never taken the trouble to enquire. They were such as gave Howe great offence and immediately upon their being made known to him he furnished himself a large cart whip and went in pursuit of him and found him on his way to dinner, going from the head of the Canal up Central Street. He met him near the Bridge and began with much ceremony to give him the whip. He chose a distance that would give the greatest efficiency and did not quit until he had bestowed twenty lashes. The Quaker was quite unmoved, with the exception of a few steps upon tip-toe, which he was compelled to make when the lashes came the hardest. The combatants said little or nothing and when the whipping was over each went his way.

They are both about thirty years of age, and have resided in Worcester 3 or 4 years.

April 27, 1832.

This evening I attended a party at Mrs. Wells' who is at the head of the Worcester female Academy. This was of the same description of that on the thirteenth. We spent the time in dancing, and to us bachelors they afford a very pleasant entertainment. Females at the age of fifteen are exceedingly grateful for attention, much more so than a few years later in life. Our musick is from a piano and produced on this occasion by Miss MacGregory from Newport, N. H., one of the members of the School.

Monday, April 30.

Another tragedy took place today. Linus Child, Esq., a member of the Worcester County Bar from Southbridge, a native of Woodstock, Conn., is Major Inspector of this Division of the Militia. At the General Review in this town in September last, in examining the arms of the Regiment, he took into his hands the sword of Capt.

Zenas Studley, commander of the Worcester Light Infantry, for the purpose of examining it, and upon bending it the sword broke in the middle. Studley was thereupon very much enraged and afterwards called upon Child to pay for the damage. He refused to make restitution and our indignant Captain thereupon determined to give the Major a whipping. He came into the Worcester Hotel, where Child puts up when he is in town, and found him sitting by the fire smoking. He enquired whether he would pay him for the sword and upon receiving an indefinite or evasive answer, commenced striking him with a green hide or ratan stick and applied it with great industry over the head and shoulders of the Major. Child was so surprised by the boldness of our Captain that he offered no resistance but rather retreated, and the Captain pursued, belaboring him at each step until he was finally prevented by the interference of gentlemen who were present. It was indeed a bold step, for Studley is much below the common stature and no wise muscular, while Child is full six feet and of a gigantic frame. How he should suffer himself to be thus cow-skinned by such a strippling I cannot imagine. After the affray was over, Child went before Isaac Goodwin, Esq., and made complaint, and the furious Captain was put under three hundred dollar bonds to keep the peace and answer further at the next Court of Common Pleas, which will be in June coming. Thus ended the farce for the present.

I will mention that Studley was born in Leicester, and that Child, as a lawyer, stands second to no one of his age at the bar. His brother Asa Child is now District Attorney of the U. S. for the State of Connecticut and married a daughter of —— Goddard, Esq., of Norwich, Ct., who is a native of Shrewsbury and a brother of Elder Luther Goddard, the Watch Maker of this Town.

May 2, 1832.

A meeting of the Temperance Society for the Worcester South District was held at the Hotel this day. I should not have mentioned this had I not noticed certain things which very much disgusted me. The delegates from many of the towns sat down at the public dinner table. They have signed the constitution of the Society, and profess to be samples of sobriety and regularity. I observed, however, that every one of the Society drank very freely of Cyder, and that which was of the very worst and most unpalateable sort. I am not a member of any Temperance Society, yet I should regard myself as not much better than a drunkard to be found drinking such intolerable stuff as this Cyder. If it were good, there would be some apology for them. But as it is shockingly bad, it only shows what they are accustomed to when at home. If they will drink such cyder in the dry tree, what may we not expect them to do in the green? I saw three clergymen who sat near me at the table drink the first tumbler and were well towards the bottom upon the second when I got up. Yet these reverend gentry have left their flocks to come here to give us a specimen of their temperance and self-denial. I would not say anything if I drank ardent spirits or even Cyder. But I totally abstain from both and drink wine only when it is offered to me. Good wine I am fond of; yet I cannot relish it beyond the 2nd glass.

My friend William Lincoln, Esq., left Town yesterday for the City of Washington. He is one of the Delegates from this County to attend the Young Men's Convention on the first Monday of May to nominate a suitable person for President from the 4th of March, 1833, being given to him before he starts not even to think of anybody but Henry Clay of Kentucky. Thomas Kinnicutt, Esq., from this Town accompanies him and as one of the Delegates.

May 5, 1832.

I send a letter enclosing five dollars to ——, to relieve present wants, having learned very directly that it would be very thankfully received. I sent five dollars in January last. I must curtail some of my needless expenses and save small sums to be appropriated in the shape of charity.

May 11.

In the evening I attend a party at Hon. Abijah Bigelow's, given for the benefit of Mrs. Wells' School. I have the pleasure of meeting there Dr. Charles Green of Windsor, Vt., who married Susan Bigelow, daughter of Abijah, in 1831. His father, Dr. Green, of Windsor, is a native of Ward, in the County of Worcester, and reputed one of the wealthiest men in that neighborhood.

May 13. Sunday.

Dies this morning, of typhus fever, Henry Goodwin, second son of Isaac Goodwin, Esq., aged 15. He was a young man of good promise and had, until within a few days of his death, enjoyed the most uninterrupted good health.

The remaining part of this month was employed in assorting, arranging and preparing newspapers for the binder. I have devoted since the first of April twelve hours in each day to this business, and such is the number of the papers and the confusion of condition, that I have thus far made but little alteration in their appearance. Diligence, however, will do everything, and I do not despair of soon putting them in good condition.

May 25.

The snow was one inch and an half deep this morning, and the hills were white with it until eleven o'clock. The air was cold and great numbers of small birds were found

dead, having perished from the severity of the weather. The Baltimore bird, sometimes called gold-finch or hang-bird, suffered most. Great numbers of them were picked up dead.

June 2, 1832.

It is now summer, and I have not been able to do without a fire. It is, indeed, a very remarkable season. Old men say that they remember only two seasons of equal coldness, viz., 1780 and 1816.

The last Sunday in May, the Rev. Mr. [John] Pierpont of Boston preached for Dr. Bancroft. It is really refreshing to hear such sermons as he gave us. He is one of the most liberal sort of Unitarians, and his matter is not better than his manner. He visited me at the hall of the Antiquarian Society, and says that he has a copy of the Bible printed at Venice in 1480, and knows where there is another one like it. He was much surprised that I should want them both.

I had the pleasure of spending the evening with the Rev. Mr. [Orville] Dewey of Newbedford, now one of the most distinguished Unitarian preachers in New England. He told me that he was born in Sheffield, in this State, and was now on a visit to his friends there. I was at his house in Newbedford in 1825, in company with the Hon. John Davis and Stephen Salisbury, Esq., of Worcester.

Professor [Edward] Hitchcock of Amherst College called upon me. He was born in Deerfield. He is now making a geological survey of the State, & I carried him to Millstone Hill, and he says that the only instance of stratified granite in Mass. occurs there. He had been to Martha's Vineyard to examine some interesting fossil remains that are said to abound there. He had been highly gratified with the examination, having found great abundance of vertebrae of large marine animals incorporated with the rocks of the island. Some of the joints of these vertebrae were nine

inches in diameter. He thinks that they cannot be the bones of the whale.

Who knows but that the appearance of these bones led the Indians to the belief that the place was formerly inhabited by giants.[1] They had a tradition that a huge man, whom they called Moshaup, formerly lived at Gay Head, and this is the very spot where the bones are found. I shall suggest this to Mr. Hitchcock as the probable origin of the tradition among the Wampanoags, that he may mention it in his report.

June 16, 1832.

On Sunday last, the Rev. Dr. Bancroft preached upon the weather. He gave an account of the seasons that had been unfavorable for vegetation within his remembrance, and mentioned the years 1806 & 1816 as among the most remarkable. The present season, however, he regarded as cold as either, and had been distinguished above all others from the last week in November to the present time for unusual severity of cold. And the day after the sermon the weather became exceedingly warm and pleasant, and has continued so to this time. How much influence the rev^{d} doctor's sermon and prayers may have had in producing so agreeable a change I cannot tell.

Yesterday, His Excellency Gov. Lincoln came with several men to lay the grounds in front of the Antiquarian Hall. He worked very diligently two days and made some very acceptable alterations. The thermometer stood at 91 and, judging from the profuse perspiration upon his Excellency's forehead, I have no question but that he had a very warm time of it.

I had three females and two boys to help me wash and clean the Antiquarian Hall. Everything was put in comfortable order.

---

[1] Note by Mr. Baldwin:—
See *Mass. Hist. Col.*, vol. 1, p. 139, v. 57, for an account of the giant.

June 17, 1832.

Today we hear the melancholly news of the arrival of the Asiatic cholera at Quebec and Montreal. The information makes sad the faces of many. It is thought a matter of certainty that it will reach New York and Boston in a few weeks. It creates great consternation everywhere. God grant that its ravages may be stayed & the American continent spared from its desolating march.

June 18.

Nine years this day I came from Templeton to Worcester with my father, and entered my name in the office of the Hon. Levi Lincoln (now Gov.), and John Davis, Esq., now member of Congress, who were in partnership. How much pleasure I have had in that time! Near two lustra of years have passed away and only two events have transpired that have interrupted my happiness: one of which was the death of my eldest brother, who died on the 2ond of June, 1826; and the other the death of my dear mother, who died April 24th, 1829. God grant that the future years of my life may be even more happy.

June 24.

This day is the one usually celebrated among the Free Masons. Such has been the rage of a certain portion of the community, however, against the institution of Masonry that I know not of any instance where the day has been noticed. I have received all the degrees from Entered Apprentice to Knight of Malta and have never been aware that I had sworn to anything which could in any shape interfere with my obligations to the government or individuals. Yet I can see, and am very sensible that, in bad hands, the institution might be made an instrument of evil. I do not know that even the threat of death would drive me to secession from the Society.

July 3, 1832.

I devoted this day to pleasure. I visited the Springs at Hopkinton, fifteen miles from Worcester. Dea. Benjamin Butman, Geo. T. Rice and Dr. Oliver H. Blood, with their wives, composed the company. The vacant seat in my chaise was filled by Miss Lucy Ricketson Williams from New Bedford, Mass., who has a brother here in Worcester, a student at law in the office of the Hon. John Davis. We started at eight in the morning and reached Brigham's, in Westboro', about ten, where we had strawberries and cream, with ice and soda. We arrived at the Springs about twelve, and spent the whole day in rolling nine pins, swinging, waltzing, playing bagatelle, bathing and the like. The ladies mingled in all our sports. At seven we started for Worcester, and visited on our return the garden of Mr. Blake, at Westboro', where we saw plenty of strawberries, grapes and odd ornaments.

It was very warm during the whole day; but the evening was very delightful. The moon shone bright and the evening gale came fresh from the flowers and new-made hay, bringing delicious odours. My fellow travellers entertained me with many songs. We get to Worcester about nine in the evening.

My father comes from Templeton to spend the 4th of July with me.

July 4, 1832.

The morning is ushered in by the discharge of thirteen guns from one of the pieces of artillery and the ringing of all four of the church bells. There are two celebrations in town—one from those opposed to the reëlection of Andrew Jackson, and the other from those composed of all parties. George Folsom, Esq., delivered an oration before the former and Benjamin F. Thomas before the latter.

The day was passed very pleasantly. The Hon. Edward

Everett had been invited to deliver the address, but failed of coming on account of the prolonged session of Congress. Mr. Folsom was appointed in his place. He did very well. All were satisfied.[1]

In connection with this memorable day I will mention one interesting fact. I have heard the story related several times by the late Isaiah Thomas of this town, and to the people of Worcester it will always afford pleasure to hear it:—

The news of the Declaration of Independence reached Worcester on the ninth of July. Mr. Thomas was then (1776) editor of the *Massachusetts Spy*. There was a great desire to hear the Declaration read by the people, and Mr. Thomas mounted upon the roof of the west portico or porch of the Old South Church in Worcester, and read the Declaration to a large crowd who were collected to hear it. That porch is now imposingly stuck upon the front of a small dwelling about a mile from the present meeting-house, on the east road to Millbury, where it is used as a dwelling-house.[2]

July 10, 1832.

This day I have shelves erected in the chamber of the north wing of the Antiquarian Hall for the reception of newspapers. The shelves are put up, and I load them with six hundred volumes of papers, which comprise about half of our collection of that kind of reading.

It is one of the chief sources of my trouble (being happy

---

[1] George Folsom was elected a member of the American Antiquarian Society Oct. 24, 1831. He moved from Worcester about the year 1837, was appointed minister to Holland in 1850, which office he held for three years. He was librarian of the N. Y. Historical Society 1839-1842 and Domestic Corresponding Secretary in 1843-1844.

[2] There has been some question as to the exact date on which Mr. Thomas read the Declaration of Independence from the Old South Porch, but it is now generally conceded that it was either Saturday the 13th or Sunday the 14th of July, 1776. The west porch referred to as having been moved to the east road to Millbury (now Grafton Street) remained there within the memory of several persons now living.

enough in all other respects) that only a part of the members of the Council of the Society are willing to increase the numbers of our newspapers. Since I have been here, I have been unwearied in my pains to get good files of papers from all parts of the country. I have made arrangements with some forty or fifty individuals from different sections of the U. S. to procure for me ancient as well as modern sets and to preserve all those that they now subscribe for. In this way the collection must become exceedingly valuable. I suffer no traveller to visit me without enlisting him in my cause, and giving him directions how to find them and how to send them to me. Though I may fail of getting as many as I wish, I am sure that I shall entitle myself to the gratitude of future antiquaries. I find very great difficulty in finding ancient papers. They exist only in the garrets of rich men who may have been systematic in their plans to preserve everything which came in their way.

Nathaniel Willis, publisher of the *Boston Recorder*, called upon me. He promises to give me a full set of his paper from the beginning. He is father of the poet, Nathl. P. Willis, who is now in Paris. Mr. Willis, the father, was born in Boston in 1782. He is a printer by profession, and was the first one who established the *Eastern Argus*, one of the most respectable papers published in the State of Maine. His father, now eighty years old, was once printer and proprietor of the *Independent Chronicle*, a valuable paper published in Boston. He left Boston and went to Williamsburg in Virginia, and established a paper there, and then went to Chilicothe, now Ohio, then the North-western Territory, and established the *Chilicothe Gazette*, the first paper published that side of the Ohio River. He is now living in Ohio. He is a descendant of the Rev. John Baily, once minister of Watertown, who was before that time minister of Limerick in Ireland, and came to this country about 1689. His

portrait is now in the Mass. Historical Society's Library in Boston. A daughter of Nathaniel Willis, proprietor of the *Recorder*, married Mr. Louis Dwight, now agent of the Prison Discipline Society.

July 14, 1832.

I was visited today by Isaac S. Smith of Buffalo, N. Y. He is now about 46, and was born in New Bedford, Mass. He is one of the Canal Commissioners at Buffalo, and an enterprising and successful merchant there. He went there in 1809. He is a merry old bachelor and uncle to the Miss Williams whom I carried to the Springs on the 3rd of this month.

July 20.

I spend the evening of nearly every day, from half-past six to nine, in company with Alvan Fisher of Boston, the landscape painter. He, with his wife and their only child, a lad about four years old, have come to Worcester to spend the summer. He was born in Dedham, Mass. His father was Aaron Fisher, who was the son of Ebenezer Fisher, who was the son of John. The ancestor came to Dedham in 1635. Alvan has visited Europe and enjoys a high reputation as a painter. He is now engaged in making a picture of the attack made by the Indians upon the family of Mr. Dustan at Haverhill, Mass., on the 15th of March, 1698. The picture is about two feet and a half in length and about two feet high, and he is to be paid two hundred and fifty dollars for it. It is nearly completed and is very fine indeed. He paints portraits occasionally, tho' not often. His business is landscape painting, in which it is needless to remark that he is eminently successful.

I have great pleasure in his society. He gives a good account of his travels, and renders himself interesting from his enthusiasm. He is an elder brother of Dr. [John

Dix] Fisher, now a successful practitioner in Boston, favorably known as the author of a book on small pox and varioloid. They were both in Europe in 1826. Another brother is a merchant in Boston. Alvan is now about 38 or 9.

July 22, 1832.

I took a long walk in the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Papanti. She entertained me with an account of her ancestors. She was born in the city of New York, and judging from her looks, about 1800. She is not handsome and yet she has an engaging face, and is, withal, a very interesting lady. Her manners are lady-like and her conversation extremely entertaining. This would follow, almost of course, from her manner of life, which for some ten years was spent upon the stage. She never appeared in anything important except comedy. I have seen her in many characters, and while in Boston she was rather a favorite with the theatre-going people. She sings very finely, and her musical accomplishments gave her a happy celebrity.

Her maiden name was Eliza Norris. Her father was a sea captain, I believe, who is now dead. Her mother's name before marriage was Noyes, from Stoneington, Connecticutt. Her grandmother, Mrs. Noyes of Stoneington, or New London, is now living at the age of ninety-eight. Her grandfather, Thomas Noyes, died a few years since.

Mr. Papanti is a native of Italy; he was born near Florence. He is now here teaching a dancing school,[1] and his wife is keeping a school for musick for young ladies. They were introduced into town by his Excellency Gov. Lincoln, whose daughters, Penelope & Anne, are under her instruction both in musick and dancing. They are much caressed by a part of the people, while neglected by

[1] He was for many years a very successful and fashionable teacher of dancing in Boston.

others on account of their former connexion with the theatre.

They attend Dr. Bancroft's Church and add greatly to the singing. She plays upon her harp and he upon a French horn, which, with two flutes, a base viol and violin, make very good musick.

I saw today Doctor John Mason, now established as a physician at Bangor, in Maine. He was graduated at Harvard in 1822. He is the son of the Rev. Mr. Mason of Castine, and was born in that place. His father was born in Princeton, in this county, and is a brother of the Rev. Mr. Mason, formerly minister of Northfield, Mass.

Dr. Mason is now on his way to New York to see the Cholera, being sent by the town of Bangor for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the disease.

I will mention in this place that my friend Dr. Elisha Bartlett of Lowell, called on me last week, being on his return from New York, whither he had been by direction of the town of Lowell to witness the treatment of patients suffering under the Cholera. Dr. Bartlett was born in Smithfield, R. I. He was formerly a clerk in a shoe store in Worcester, kept by [John M.] Earle & [Anthony] Chase. His parents are Quakers. He has written a great number of articles of beautiful poetry, which were published in the *Massachusetts Spy*, over the signature of "E." They were republished in all the papers of the day and were very much admired. He studied his profession mainly with Doctors Green and Heywood, and this led to our acquaintance. I have a great many letters, many of which were written while he was in Europe. He was there in 1827 and 8. Since his return, he has distinguished himself as a contributor to the *Quarterly Medical Journal*, published at Philadelphia, and is editor of a medical periodical published in Boston. I believe, too, that he has translated a small volume from the French, relating to some subject connected with his

profession. He is a young man of good capacity and of undoubted industry, and has for seven years been one of my most intimate friends.

Hon. John Davis, our member of Congress, arrived in town yesterday. He has been absent seven months and an half.

Rasselas Harwood died of the Cholera at North Brookfield this day. This is the first case which has happened in this county. He was a merchant in New York and had had a slight attack there and came to his friends at Brookfield to avoid the disease. I was well acquainted with him. He was a young man of excellent character. He formerly was clerk in the store of Moses Bond at Templeton. He was a member of Mr. Willington's Church in that place. He was about 27 when he died.

July 23, 1832.

I had the honor of a visit today from the Rev. Dr. Thad. M. Harris, minister of Dorchester, Mass.[1] He preached for Dr. Bancroft yesterday, and entertained his audience very much. His appearance in the pulpit is very odd. His head projects forward from his body, which gives him the appearance of being hunchbacked. When he prayed that the Cholera might be arrested in its progress and its ravages stayed, the tears ran down his cheeks plentifully.

He is now sixty-five. His father was a schoolmaster in Boston, and his ancestor was that Mr. Harris who was the author of "Simplicity's Defence," a small tract which he published for being connected with Roger Williams, whom he accompanied from Salem to Providence. Toleration Harris was son or grandson of the one above named.

[1] Thaddeus Mason Harris, father of Clarendon Harris before spoken of in this diary, at one time taught school in Worcester, and married a daughter of Dr. Elijah Dix of Worcester. He was for forty-three years pastor of the First (Unitarian) Church in Dorchester.

The name was given to him in allusion to the religious opinions of Mr. Williams.

Mr. Harris told me that he had been employed by Rev. Jared Sparks to assort, arrange and index the letters that were left by General Washington. The labor occupied him several months. When completed they were neatly bound in one hundred and thirty folio volumes. They were twenty-five thousand in number, beginning in 1754 or 5, and continuing to the time of his death in Dec., 1799. They belong to the family of Washington and were placed in Mr. Sparks' hands for the purpose of enabling him to make a selection for publication. Mr. Harris regards them as very valuable, and thinks that they should [be] placed in the Library of Congress.

It is very refreshing to have visits from such persons as the doctor. He is among the most learned of our New England clergy, and enjoys a high reputation as an antiquary.

He visited Europe in 1810. He was led there by reason of his being one of the executors or administrators of the estate of the late Dr. Dix of Worcester.

July 26, 1832.

I received an interesting visit today from Rev. Eliphalet Porter, Professor of Rhetoric in the Theological Institution at Andover. He was born in Farmington, Con. I was silly enough to let him go away without questioning him more about his ancestry. He was very ready to entertain me with his history, and such things should be attended to. He seemed very well satisfied with the Antiquarian Society and promised to send me a copy of everything which he had published.

Zebedee Cook, Jr., Esq., of Dorchester, visited me. He is a lawyer of some note.

The country hereabouts is still agitated with the fear that the Cholera will speedily make its descent upon [us] in

this quarter. Dr. [Oliver H.] Blood of Worcester has gone to New York to see how the disease is there treated.[1] His wife read an interesting letter from him in my hearing. He gave an account of the saline injection, a method of cure adopted in Europe. It is done by opening a blood vessel and injecting the solution into the veins. In the case mentioned by him the patient was restored. Fifty ounces were thus injected; an astonishing quantity!

The mortality, at present, in New York is not so great as it has been in Montreal or Quebeck. It averages about one hundred a day, attacking principally the most miserable part of the population. Only a few instances have occurred of its having touched the temperate part of the community.

I have read today an account of the plague by Assalini, a French physician who belonged to Bonaparte's army in Egypt in 1799. It is an interesting work, and presents a frightful picture of the dreadful ravages committed by the pestilence. He does not believe that that disease was contagious, and were it not for the ulcers which accompanied the complaint, one would readily consider it very similar to the Cholera. There, as at New York and elsewhere, the apparent malignity of the distemper was greatly increased by the fears and apprehensions of the people. Many people have made themselves actually sick from the dread and anxiety they have entertained lest they should die of the disease. They read the accounts given of the symptoms which precede the disorder, and quickly give way to the belief that they really have it; they then take medicine, which, of course, makes them sick, and then send for a doctor, who comes, and the patient dies speedily.

My friend Mr. Fisher, the painter, informs me that he is personally acquainted with Charles Henry Hall, now one of the aldermen of the City of New York. He was born in Pomfret, Ct., and is son of Doctor David Hall of that

[1] Dr. Blood soon after this time gave up the general practice of medicine and devoted his time to dentistry, and was for many years the leading dentist in Worcester.

place, who was the son of the Rev. Dr. David Hall of Sutton, Mass. Charles H. has been a successful merchant. He has two brothers, both respectable lawyers in the city, David and Prescot. They have a sister, Anne, an old maid, who is greatly distinguished as a miniature portrait painter. Mr. Fisher regards her as one of the best female painters in the United States. I mention these facts because they are connected with the memorabilia of Sutton, whose history I hope, some day, to present to the public.

July 28, 1832.

I took a walk this evening with Mr. Fisher to a frog pond, to show him the nature and temper of the larger kind of bull-frogs. I took a stick about six feet long, and finding a frog sitting near the bank gently tickled his belly, and the frog immediately indicated a disposition to fight. By touching his body with the end of the stick he would seize it in his mouth and hold on until drawn quite out of the water; and when his troubles were discovered by the frogs in the vicinity they would all come to witness the difficulty, and then by touching several of them nearly at the same time they would all fall to fighting. I found that by making a little disturbance of the water with the end of the stick several would rush furiously at it, some of them coming the distance of an hundred feet. I thus got seventeen of the very largest of them into the compas of a yard square. They appeared ridiculous enough. I put a small frog near one and he devoured it instantly; and, upon watching them, I found that the small ones furnished food for the large ones.

James Bowdoin, Esq., of Boston, called upon me today. He was on his return from Virginia, where he has been during the last four months on account of his health. He is the eldest son of Lieut.-Gov. Thomas L. Winthrop of Boston, and a gentleman of sterling merit.[1] Rejoice New-

[1] He was an older brother of the late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and took the name of Bowdoin from an uncle from whom he had inherited a considerable property.

ton, Esq., of this town, thinks that he would make a good Lieut.-Governor, and from the favorable opinion entertained of him by those who know him with whom I have conversed, I have no doubt that should he be rightly brought before the public as a candidate he would succeed.

July 30, 1832.

I devote my whole time to the business of making a Catalogue. It is slow work, but not without pleasure and some profit.

I had the pleasure of an introduction to Jonathan Mason, Esq., of Boston, son of Jonathan Mason, Esq., of that city, recently deceased, leaving a large estate. The son has visited Europe, and returned in the same vessel that brought out the Marquis De la Fayette, in 1824. He is a painter, engaging in the business as an amusement and not as a source of profit. He is now about thirty years old and unluckily quite deaf. He is very pleasant as a companion, and highly interesting in his conversation from his personal knowledge of the distinguished men both in Europe and the United States. Mr. Fisher represents him as having a good reputation among artists. His grandfather was also Jonathan Mason of Boston. There is no acknowledged connection between this family and Jeremiah Mason of New Hampshire.

Romeo Elton, Professor in Brown University, Providence, called on me today. He was born in Burlington, Con., where his ancestors have long lived, who came about 1689 from Bristol, England. He is about forty and has visited Europe. He promises me many things upon his return.

Aug. 1, 1832.

I was born thirty-two years ago this day, if there be any reliance to be put upon the family record. The

record in the Bible reads in this way: "Christopher Columbus born August first 1800, sign in the thighs." My Father entertains a curious notion that the temper is influenced in some way by the particular time of birth & so the place of the sign in the Almanack is put in the record against each of his family.

It was no small gratification to me to have today Chester Harding, Alvan Fisher and Jonathan Mason all with me at once. They are all painters, and they possess such fervent zeal for their profession and every thing connected with it, that I have great pleasure to be with them. One suggestion they made to me must be more thought of, which was that I would collect the names and labors of all the early American Painters and give them to the public. And they each offered to make memoranda of all facts connected with the subject that should come in their way.

Rev. Joseph B. Felt, of Hamilton, visits me and gives me a copy of his Annals of Salem, a production which has cost him much labor. It is a very valuable compilation. He is a native of Salem, and previous to his settlement was for several years employed as a teacher in Salem. His early ancestor was slain by the Eastern Indians. I found him very pleasant. His errand here was to ascertain what encouragement would be given by the people in this neighborhood towards the establishment of a Female College. The object is to procure a fund of some 30 or 40 thousand Dollars for the creation of an institution expressly for the education of Females upon a more enlarged and extensive scale than at present anywhere exists. The Lady proposed as the head of the Institution is a Miss or Mrs. Grant, now superintending a female seminary at Ipswich. The project is a good one, and I trust that it may be carried into successful execution.

Alvan Fisher, the Painter, informs me that he was born at Dedham, Mass., August 9, 1792, making him almost forty years old.

Aug. 3, 1832.

News reaches us that the Cholera has made its appearance at Providence, R. I., and that four respectable people have died of it. The alarm here has greatly subsided and little fear is entertained compared with the consternation that prevailed when the disease first appeared at Quebeck and Montreal. So true it is that all dangers diminish as they approach us. There are some, however, that are greatly frightened and have made all preparations for its reception, such as having procured bags of sand, large stores of camphor, laudanum and the like, which are recommended to be used upon the first breaking out of the disease. May God grant that some device, like that of inoculation or vaccination for the small pox, may be discovered whereby this frightful malady may be disarmed of its terrors as well as its malignity.

Aug. 20, 1832.

The celebrated Dr. Spurzheim from Germany passed through town this day on his way to Boston. I had the honor of being introduced to him by my friend Mr. Fisher, who attended his Lectures on Phrenology in Paris in 1825. He looks like a German and very much as the engravings represent him. He was now on his way to Boston to deliver Lectures there.

Sept. 5, 1832.

I send Five Dollars today to my sister at Franklin, N. H., who has given me an account of her situation. This makes fifteen Dollars that I have sent to her in the shape of Charity since February last.

This day was assembled in this Town the Antimasonic State Convention to nominate a candidate for Governor

of the Commonwealth in opposition to Gov. Lincoln. The number of Delegates was said to be about four hundred. I became acquainted with several of them. Among these was B. F. Hallet, Editor of the *Boston Daily Advocate*, a highly intelligent gentleman, but as an antimason furious as a windmill in a tornado. I also was made acquainted with William Lloyd Garrison, Editor of the *Liberator*, a paper printed in Boston and opposed to the Colonization Society. By reading his paper, one would conclude him to be a maniac, but in his conversation he is mild and unassuming, and by his agreeable manners preposesses every [one] with whom he meets in his favor. I have from the beginning entertained a very poor opinion of the Colonization and its objects. Slavery is too great an evil to be trifled with. Nothing should be done which may increase it. This Society proposes to remove to Africa all Free blacks and the only object which the Slave holding States in accomplishing this can have, is that there may be no one to incite the slaves to insurrection, and to remove the blacks from the Northern States is rank oppression. The black population of Worcester (there are about fifty) is temperate and industrious and they are as much attached to the soil of New England as any descendant of the Puritans.

Joshua Coffin came to see me and stayed two days. He was agent for Mr. Garrison in his antislavery schemes.

I made application to Deacon Butman and Rejoice Newton, Esq., to get Mr. Fisher to take the portrait of the Rev. Dr. Bancroft & raise by subscription money enough to defray the expense of it. They very obligingly call on the venerable Doctor and he readily consents and the picture was finished in just one week. And a most accurate likeness it is.[1]

---

[1] A portrait of Dr. Bancroft now in the vestry of the First Unitarian Church at Worcester is supposed to have been painted by Fisher.

Sept. 10, 1832.

I am delighted to find that Stephen Salisbury, Esq., and Alfred D. Foster, Esq., have each of them purchased a picture of Mr. Fisher's painting. They pay one [hundred] dollars for each of them. Mr. Salisbury's is a cattle piece and beautifully executed. Mr. Foster's is a representation of children playing in a barn.

[No diary has been found covering the period from September 10, 1832, to September 15, 1833. N. P.]

September, 1833.

Journey to Greenfield.

15. Henry Knox Newcomb arrived in town a few days ago from Key West, by way of New Orleans, and asked me to bear him company on a visit to his father, the Hon. Judge Newcomb, at Greenfield. He accompanied the invitation in the very civilist way possible by assuring me that he would defray all the expenses of the expedition. I thought best not to omit such an opportunity of seeing the Connecticut River; so I closed with his obliging proposal. We left town on Saturday morning. Our carriage was what is called a Carry-all; a vehicle very similar to a hack or private coach, only the fore end is open, and, like a hack, large enough for four persons. Our load consisted of myself, my friend Newcomb, his brother's wife and baby, and Miss Lucy Lincoln, the adopted daughter of the late Lieut. Governor Lincoln, of Worcester, making five souls in all, with plenty of baskets, band-boxes, budgets, and such trumpery as ladies are wont to bother the gentlemen with.

Fellow travellers.

Our carriage was drawn by two horses, and as our appearance was somewhat imposing from our having much silver upon our tackling and carriage, and making us look like some well estated gentleman, I could not but remark to my friend that if the people who stared at us so

particularly, could look into our purses, we should be laughed at as two poor Devils. He insisted, however, that if we looked serious, nobody would ask us how much money we had got. The appearance of wealth always makes people look genteel, and exacts respect from strangers.

Templeton.

At Templeton, my native place, we stopped our equipage and ordered dinner. I was asked many questions here by people whom I knew, and when they looked at my new superfine broadcloth cloak, and our carriage, God knows, I felt cheap enough; for I was well satisfied that they knew I was not worth two coppers. I had to relate to them two amusing stories to keep them from asking questions as to the ownership of our carriage and horses. The keeper of the tavern was Calvin Townsly, a native of Jamaica in the State of Vermont, and reputed the best Tavern Keeper between Boston and Albany. He gave us good cheer, and to make appearances correspond, I was going to order a bottle of wine, but as my companions declined drinking, I concluded to postpone that entertainment to another time.

Baby embarrasses.

I must here say a word concerning our baby. Ever since I kept schoool in this my native Town (I kept four winters in succession and was accounted one of the most expert floggers in that region), I have never looked upon a child that I have not felt for the moment as tho' I wanted to fall to whipping it — so hardened does the heart become by keeping school. Our baby cried upon an average four miles out of five during the whole journey. Nothing would quiet the little nuisance. Notwithstanding its mother administered all sorts of soothing soporifics, the little rascal raised his shrill pipes to a pitch of perfect agony. It was not old enough to have a name and for that reason I cannot put it upon record.

Montague.

After dinner we pushed on our journey and about eight o'clock in the evening, reached a tavern just on the south bank of Miller's River, in Montague, seven or 8 miles this side of Greenfield, kept by a person by the name of Brooks, a native of Petersham, and cousin to Aaron Brooks, an attorney in that place. Before making arrangements for the night, we alighted and examined the premises to see that our quality should not suffer by having slept at a vulgar house. Newcomb was spokesman, and he catechised the landlady as to her beds, whether the sheets had been changed, what she could give us for supper; and from the resolute manner of his examination, one would have supposed him an officer of the police in pursuit of stolen property. To do him justice, however, he did his errand like one who was accustomed to good entertainment. The only part I performed in this comedy was to ask the landlady to let me see her cook our beefsteak which we had bespoken. This she complied with, not, however, without letting me understand that she thought me an indifferent cook.

Dickinson's "New Translation of the New Testament."

After we had taken our supper, I went into the bar for a glass of wine, and there saw a very imposing new book. How could such a book get there! I immediately opened it and found it a New Version of the New Testament with notes, illustrations, &c., &c., by "Rodolphus Dickenson, a Presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States and late Rector of St. Paul's Church, Middleton, South Carolina." Royal 8vo. Boston, 1833. It was a fine specimen of American printing and the notes and comments made a parade of great learning. I found that the author had ornamented the book with his portrait and had dedicated it to Doctor Alpheus Stone, "Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society," and the Dedication, which was stuffed with the most outrageous flattery, was dated at "Montague, Mass.," one of the obscurest towns on the

Connecticut river. I passed the whole evening in looking through this curious performance. It undoubtedly cost its author great labor, and never was the labor of any man more unprofitably directed. He had attempted to translate it into the popular language of the day. Some of the alterations from the common versions were truly comic. If my memory serve me, this expression, "too much learning hath made thee mad," was rendered nearly thus, "the multiplicity of thy engagements hath demented thee"!! A new testament with a portrait of the Translator, and a Dedication to an unknown Physician! I never had so strong a disposition to steal a book as I had this; and I verily believe that had there been another book in the house which could have served as the nest-egg of the family devotion or reading I should have certainly carried it off.

The presumptuous author of this version, I was told, was residing in Montague and was in the rectorship of a small church situated about two miles from our tavern.

Sunday, Sept. 16, 1833.

Foolish Pride.

We had an agreeable ride in the morning across the Connecticut into Greenfield. I must not forget to mention in this place an instance of my pride. How disinclined we are to recognize our poor connexions when fortune has elevated us a peg or two above them and we encounter them among strangers. The wife of the toll-gatherer at the bridge was my own cousin. She did not know me, although no examiner of faces could have seen us together without pronouncing us to be brother and sister. Her husband's name is Comfort Hunter, and one of the honestest fellows in the world. And I know not but what his wife is as worthy as he is. I should not have treated them with such neglect had I been alone. And I intend still to humble myself for this act of haughtiness.

Her maiden name was Abigail Bruce, born at Templeton, daughter of Josiah Bruce, and the eldest sister of that famous Eli Bruce, who was so conspicuous in the abduction of Captain William Morgan in Sept., 1826, and High Sheriff for the County of Niagara, in the State of New York. Her mother was the eldest sister of my mother, and died at Templeton, Feb. 8th, 1833, if I remember correctly.

Arrive at Greenfield.

We reached Greenfield about 9 o'clock in the morning. We found the Hon. Judge Newcomb sick of a fever. This was a sad disappointment to us all, but I took it to heart most, because, he being Judge of Probate, could, if well, entertain me with family histories. He was so unwell that I was not permitted to ask after his own history. But I had the good luck to catechise him now & then as his wife went out of the room. His own name is Richard English Newcomb and was born at Lebanon, in Connecticut, in 1771, making him at this time sixty-two. His father, Hezekiah Newcomb, was born at Ipswich, Mass., and settling at first in Lebanon, afterwards, between 1785 and 90, removed to Bernardston, Mass., where he died. He was a Justice of the Peace there, and the most important judicial act of his life was to hear a complaint as Magistrate against a fanatic sect called Dorrillites, for a breach of the Sabbath in raising a barn on the Lord's day. An interesting account of this crazy sect may be found in Thompson's *Vermont Gazetteer* under the head of Guilford. Hezekiah Newcomb, Jun., son of our Justice, was one of the Dorrillites, yet this did not prevent the worthy magistrate from imposing a heavy fine upon the Sabbath breakers. Horatio G. Newcomb, Esq., is another son of Mr. Justice Hezekiah, and is now an attorney in Greenfield. About 1819 or 20, he practiced law in Winchendon, Mass. He was there not above three years, and has since been at Greenfield.

Judge Newcomb.

Dorrillites.

Although Sunday, yet it was a busy day with me. My Friend Newcomb was compelled to be with his father all day. I had to shift for myself. I sought out the oldest bury[ing] ground and soon discovered that I had found work enough. I went to transcribing epitaphs with all expedition.

The grave-yard was just back of the Church in the village and one of the first monuments I came to was as follows:

"REV. ROGER NEWTON, D.D.
was ordained
To the Gospel Ministry in
This Town 18. Nov. 1761 &
died 10th Dec. 1816.
In the 80th year of his age,
& 56th of his Ministry."

"His Life was adorned with private
and domestick virtues, and dis-
tinguished by publick and pro-
fessional usefulness."

And next to it stood another monument with this epitaph:

"In Memory of MRS
ABIGAIL, the wife of
Rev. Roger Newton,
who died Oct. 21.
1805, aged 67 years."

"A virtuous woman is a crown
to her Husband and doth
him good and not evil all
the days of her Life."

He came from Durham, Connecticut (which was his native place), to Greenfield when it was almost a wilderness. I think he was the first settled Minister of the Town. One of his sons, a bachelor, now lives in Greenfield.

In the same yard I found the following Inscription:

**" Sacred to the
Memory of MRS.
PHEBE wife of
Richard E. New-
comb, Esq. obt.
Aug. 9. 1802. æt.
31 years."**

**" This monument is erected
" As a Testimonial of
" Affection for an agree
" able Companion
" A Sincere Friend,
" A Tender Mother
" A Faithful wife
" & a good woman."**

She was the mother of my Friend Henry K. Newcomb. And here follows the epitaph of her successor, and the grandmother of the baby that cried so in our journey from Worcester.

**MRS.
MARY NEWCOMB,
wife of
R. E. Newcomb, Esq.
and last
Surviving child of
Gen.
Joseph Warren,
who fell
on Bunker Hill, June
17. 1775;
Died Feb 9. 1826.
Æt. 54.**

Picture of Gen. Warren by Copley.

I must not omit to mention what I saw in Judge Newcomb's parlor. It was a full-length likeness of Gen. Warren by Copley, in the most perfect preservation, and also that of his lady by the same artist. I cannot describe the pleasure I had in looking at them. As a painting the likeness of the General was much the best. I could not get them for the Library of

the Antiquarian Society, tho' I projected several schemes to that end.[1]

Isaac Newton.

After dinner I was called upon by Isaac Newton, Esq., brother of the Hon. Rejoice Newton, of Worcester, who carried me up to Montague Falls, an interesting & romantick place on the Connecticut River about three miles northeast of the village of Greenfield. On our way there we passed another grave-yard which we went into. There was built in it a sort of a safety tomb, which was to receive the bodies of the dead previous to their interment to prevent them falling into the hands of doctors and the resurrectionists for dissection; a *very* good precaution.

Among the monuments, I found the following inscriptions, which as they are the progenitors of Rejoice Newton, I copied them. The following was his grandfather:

"MR. JOHN NEWTON
died Sept. 28.
1802
æt. 76."

This was his grandmother, whose maiden name was Mary Picket.

"In Memory of MRS. MARY
NEWTON, wife of Mr. John
Newton. who died Nov.
18, 1786 in the 63rd year
of her age."

"MRS. HULDAH
2ond wife of Mr
John Newton
died Sept. 14. 1802
Æt. LX."

The following are the father and mother of Rejoice:

"CAPT. ISAAC NEWTON
died
Sept. 23. 1826.
Æt 78."

"MRS. HESTER
wife of
Capt. Isaac Newton,
died
Dec. 23. 1824
æt 75."

[1] Judge Newcomb in his will refers to the portraits "now in my front parlor" as the property of his son Joseph Warren Newcomb. These portraits were afterwards in the possession of Dr. Buckminster Brown of Boston.

His uncle:

MR.
"SAMUEL NEWTON
died
13th Nov. 1827 æ.
75."

The grandfather, father and uncle were all born in Durham, Conn. The oldest of them, Capt. Isaac, came to Greenfield about 1769 or 70, and in a few years his father and family followed. The Rev. Roger Newton was a cousin or uncle to Capt. Isaac. The family has always been respectable from the beginning.

I intended to have gone to the Episcopal Church today, never having been in one but once in my life. Rev. Mr. Strong lay sick of a fever, and I spent the day as religiously as I could by transcribing the inscriptions and contemplating over the monuments of the dead.

Geo. T. Davis.

I spent the evening at the hotel where I stopped in company with H. G. Newcomb, Esq., and Mr. George T. Davis, a native of Sandwich, Mass., and son of Wendell Davis, of that place, and formerly Sheriff of that County. He was a brother of Sam. Davis, Esq., the learned editor of "Morton's N. E. Memorial" & the most famous Antiquary of Plymouth Colony. This Mr. G. T. Davis is a young man who has just entered upon the practice of law and has established a weekly newspaper in this place called the "Mercury." The first number was issued last week. He came to this town from Taunton, where he had been engaged as an editor. His brother, Wendell B. Davis, now dead, was my classmate at Cambridge.

Sept. 17 (Mond.), 1833.

In the morning I ordered our carriage and invited several young ladies to ride up to the falls, where I went

yesterday. We made a ride of 8 or 10 miles, which was quite pleasant.

Hon. Dan. Wells.

I was introduced to the Hon. Daniel Wells, now member of our State Senate, to James C. Alvord, Esq., his partner (attorneys), son of the Clerk of the Courts for Franklin County. Mr. Alvord officiated for a few months as the successor of John Hooker Ashmun in the Law School at Cambridge. He is a young man of good promise in his profession. His sister married Joseph Warren Newcomb, father of the baby that worried me so much. This Mr. Newcomb is the youngest son of the Hon. Judge Newcomb, and studied his profession with Rejoice Newton, Esq., at Worcester, where he was admitted to practice, and first opened an office at Templeton in 1829. He remained there about two years, when he removed to Amesbury, Mass., where he now resides as an attorney. He is a half brother of my friend H. K. Newcomb.

In the afternoon I was invited to take a ride to Deerfield with a young attorney by the name of Woodward. He is a native of Hanover, N. H., and is a partner of a Mr. Chapman. On our way we met Rev. Henry Colman, formerly minister at Salem, but now residing at Deerfield.[1] His residence is on the north bank of Deerfield River and about two-thirds of a mile from Greenfield Court House. His estate is beautiful. He showed me a field of corn which he had planted this year containing twenty acres. He paid ten thousand dollars for his farm. I availed myself of the opportunity of thanking him for the MSS. Sermons of Dr. Gay of Hingham and of Dr. Barnes, which he kindly gave me in the spring for the library of the Am: Ant. Society.

How delightful the ride from Greenfield to Deerfield! It has become a sort of classical ground, not because learned

---

[1] Mr. Colman afterwards became much interested in agriculture and prepared interesting and valuable publications on that subject. He died at London, Eng., in 1849.

writers have lived here, but because it has been the place of some interesting fighting between the early settlers and the Indians. The natural scenery is beautiful, and this is greatly heightened by the recollection of the sufferings of the first Planters. I went to the house that was the residence of the Rev. John Williams, who was taken captive by the Indians in 1704. The house is very venerable, and is correctly represented in "Hoyt's Researches." The same knocker is on the door that was on then. It consists of wrought iron, being nothing more than a staple and ring. The ring is about five inches across and of the bigness of one's middle finger; it falls upon the head of a spike. The marks of the hatchets of the Indians are yet to be seen on the front door.[1] A hole large enough to run the arm through was hacked, and to keep the wind out a board has been nailed upon the inside. I did not go into the inside of the house except into the entry. I did not wish to disturb the family, especially at this time, as the late occupant, Col. Hoyt, brother of the author of the "Researches," had deceased only two weeks before. I had a great curiosity to examine the family papers and some interesting antiquities that are collected and preserved in the Academy. But it was so late in the day that I could not search for papers nor catechise the inhabitants, proposing to do this at a future day, when I should have more leisure and more precise information as to what would be desirable.

I will mention here that the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson, author of the "New Version of the New Testament," was born in this town, as was also the Rev. Edward Hitchcock, Professor in Amherst College, who has distinguished himself by his "Report on the Geology of Massachusetts."

I took tea in the evening at Mr. Alvord's, where I remained until 9 o'clock, spending the time in a very agreeable manner.

---

[1] This door is now in the possession of the Pocumtuck Valley Historical Society.

Tuesday, Sept. 18, 1833.

We prepared ourselves for our journey home, leaving Mrs. Newcomb & the baby. Miss Lincoln returned with us, and we went back the same way we came. At Athol we took dinner and invited Miss Ellen Bigelow to set down with us, which she did. She is the daughter of the Hon. Lewis Bigelow of Petersham, author of the "Digest of the Mass. Reports," and formerly a representative in Congress. He is now in Ohio, having left Petersham and resumed the practice of law there. He enjoys a high reputation as a lawyer. His daughter is now keeping school in Athol. After dinner we invited her to accept a seat in our carriage and we carried her to Templeton, and there left her in the family of Rev. Charles Wellington.

We reached Worcester at 8 in the evening, safe & sound. The weather during our absence was very favorable.

I purchased in a Greenfield book store the "Life of the Rev. David Brainard," by Sereno Edwards Dwight, 8vo., New Haven, 1822, for nine shillings, and received a few volumes as presents to the Antiquarian Society.

Sept. 19 (Wed.), 1833.

This day met at Worcester the Massachusetts State Temperance Convention. The delegates came from all parts of the Commonwealth, & were nearly five hundred in number. Altogether, they composed a body of great respectability, both as to virtue and intelligence. Plenty of ministers, lawyers and doctors among them. A satirical observer, however, if so inclined, might here and there pick out a red nose, which would contradict the sincerity of the convert to the doctrine of abstemious drinking. Yet for all this, I am greatly pleased with the efforts making to reform the besotting practices of drunkenness. I drink wine, but as for ardent spirits I have abstained

almost totally from it for many years. I am not a member of a temperance society, contenting myself with the practice of virtue without extra preaching it to others. It is one of the faults of the day to occupy so much of our time in recommending the practice of virtue that we have no time left us to perform it. We are nothing but *hearers* without being doers. So true it is that when mankind undertake a reformation they are always running into extremes.

I was visited at the Antiquarian Hall by many members of the convention, and among the rest by John Neal of Portland, Me.[1] I found him a most capital fellow. He entertained me very much. He talks incessantly and his conversation is full of wit and originality. He has been everywhere, seen everything and knows everybody. Portland is his native place. While in Europe, in 1825 and six, he contributed, I believe, to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and wrote much in relation to the United States, and often with some bitterness. This was cause of bitterness among Americans, and when he returned to his native village at Portland the people there professed to be incensed at his conduct and undertook to discourage his remaining among them. They evinced their dislike by some indications of a mobbish movement; but did not, as I remember, carry things so far as to offer him any personal violence. They soon found that they had a man of some spunk to deal with; and he told me that to satisfy them he was not to be intimidated he applied himself to the business of courtship, and soon married and settled down in the midst of them. He established there, in 1828, a paper called the "Bachelor," published in 4to form, weekly, which was finally shamefully *wedded* and united to the magazine published by Mrs. [Sarah Josepha] Hale.[2] By his resolute bravery he soon

[1] John Neal, author and poet, contributor to various periodicals and newspapers, was also a lecturer and gave lessons in fencing and sparring.

[2] Mrs. Hale edited the "Lady's Magazine" in 1828, which is probably that referred to by Mr. B.

put to flight his enemies, and soon became the favorite of the town. Few men have greater conversational powers. His reading has been extensive, his recollection precise, which, combined with an acute perception of the ridiculous, renders his society delightful. He has written considerable for one of his years; but his publications are not so interesting as his conversation, yet they are generally read.

I believe he prepared himself for commercial life. He was brought up as a clerk in a store in Portland, and was once in business in Baltimore, where he failed. I have been told that his partner there was the Rev. J[ohn] Pierpont, now an eminent Unitarian minister in Boston. After his failure he studied law and, finally, turned author.

In the evening there was a party at Gov. Lincoln's, which was attended by many of the members of the convention. I saw there Rev. Mr. Pierpont, above mentioned, Rev. Mr. [James] Walker of Charlestown, with whom I had an interesting conversation on the early translations of the Bible into English. In the June or July number of the *Christian Examiner* is an article on the subject which he told me [he] wrote. It is very rare that I find any one who has any sympathy for me in this department of my labors. I have added to our library already several rare and valuable editions. It is one of the branches of a public library to which very little attention has hitherto been given in this country.

I met also at the party my classmate at Cambridge, the Rev. George Ripley, now a settled Unitarian clergyman in Boston. He is a native of Greenfield, Mass. But I cannot mention all the people whom I met.

Sep. 20, Thurs., 1833.

It is worthy of remark that there were very few of the denomination of the clergy called Orthodox or Calvinistic present at the Governor's in the evening. Gov. Lincoln

is a member of a Unitarian Church. He is a communicant at Dr. Bancroft's Society. His religious faith has been pointed at in the newspapers as one reason why he should not be elected Governor. And it is probable that his Paganism (for such Unitarianism is regarded) prevented their partaking of his hospitality. Nothing, however, has been urged against him on the score of his morality; nor has he, since he has held the office of Governor, done anything which might give offence to the rigid religionist. He never goes to the theatre nor plays at games. He denies himself these gratifications purely on the score of propriety. Had I not heard him speak of these things and assign reasons for his conduct I should think him playing the politician. But his party has been so much the strongest in the Commonwealth that he has had no occasion to descend to any kind of mean or dishonorable action. And we cannot say so much of all politicians. For, generally, they are up to anything; they assume the appearance of all sorts of virtue, and practice, in secret, every kind of iniquity. A clear & decided politician, of whatever party, is very much the same creature at all times and all places; tyrannical, proscriptive, hypocritical & treacherous. Thank God, I was cured of politics by editing the *National Ægis*. And when I look at the file of that paper for 1829 I feel very much as Gil Blas says he did when he visited Valladolid, where he practiced physic under the auspices of Dr. Sangrado. How many lies I swallowed from my brother editors and wickedly disgorged upon my readers! How much I racked my brain to strike an effectual blow at some popular leader in the opposition! However, I ought to console myself for any abuse I may have given in this way, for I have little doubt that in nine cases out of ten I told the truth; though I must confess now that it was accidental.

Sept. 21. F.

I went on with the work of preparing a catalogue of the Library of American Antiquarian Society.

Sept. 22. S.

Today I wrote a biographical sketch of Lieutenant-Gov. William Stoughton to be inserted in John Farmer's "Memoirs of the Graduates of Harvard College." I collected my authorities in the forenoon and then compiled my account of him without getting out of my chair. I was compelled to use this despatch because he is waiting for the manuscript, and tomorrow I have engaged to accompany my friend Henry K. Newcomb to New York.

Sept. 23. S.

We left at 6 o'clock in the morning in the mail stage. There are three daily stages from this place to Hartford—three back and forth. We went on the turnpike by way of Sturbridge, Stafford Springs, Tolland & so on. We reached Hartford about 2 o'clock in the afternoon without any mishap. I had never seen this city before, and all between this and New York is Terra invisa. So I must describe what I see that I may refer to it hereafter. But I shall have no occasion to say more about the city than that it contains ten thousand inhabitants, and has many fine houses, churches, &c. Although it was Sunday I ventured to procure a horse and, that I might examine things quickly, rode through all the streets and to places of interest in the neighborhood. Not being known to the inhabitants I could stare at old houses and ask questions with impunity.

The oldest buildings in the city were just south of the new stone bridge thrown over Hog River. These stand on opposite sides of the Main street and were probably built as early as 1700. I was told the one on the east side, which closely resembles the house I saw at Deerfield last week, was to be taken down in a few days. They may have some curious history about them, but I could find no one who could give me any information concerning their former occupants.

The bridge near them is constructed of hammered stone, having only one arch, which is reputed the largest in the United States.

I passed the evening at Dr. Amariah Brigham's, who was formerly a physician in Greenfield, Mass.; his wife was a Chapman from that place, and her father was an Englishman, who died there. The doctor is a man of some fame, having written a treatise on the Cholera and one on education, the last of which has been favorably received by the public. Our conversation was chiefly upon phrenology, in which he was a firm believer. He stands very well in his profession and is rapidly rising in public estimation.

Sept. 24, M., 1833.

A[t] 7 in the morning we went on board the new steamboat called the "New England," and passed down the river for the City of New York. The day was very pleasant, and I sat up on the top of the upper deck, or awning, most of the time until sundown. How many historical events are awakened by a passage down the Connecticut! Pequots, Mohegans, Dutchmen, and the Blue Laws! What a mixture! Weathersfield, with its onions! "If there be any who have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now," thought I, as we approached this venerable town. I looked at it from the boat, but the most imposing object in sight was the State prison. This is the town where my friend Dr. Sam. B. Woodward, Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum at Worcester, formerly resided and practiced. We stopped only at the wharf for a passenger, so that I had no time to examine it.

Our steamboat was perfectly new, having been running only two weeks. Many of the passengers, however, said that the engine was out of order and expressed fears of accidents; and when we were off Bridgport some part of the machinery broke, greatly to the consternation of the

passengers. This compelled us to put in for repairs. We stopped at a little village called Black Rock, being in the town of Fairfield. We reached there a little before sundown. It is a very pretty place. We found many fine houses, and some of them indicating their owners to be people of wealth. My friend Newcomb and myself and most of the passengers took a turn through the village. As we passed a house which had vines running up over the windows Newcomb stopped and, with some surprise, pointing to the vine, said, "that's the mock orange." I looked, but could see nothing but a pumpkin or squash vine, except in the window behind it, the face of a girl about 17 or 18, of most astonishing beauty. As we entered the enclosure to examine more minutely I found that the "mock orange" that directed his steps was the beautiful face I had seen, and to prevent driving her from the window I told Newcomb to ask a man who stood near the door what sort of a vine it was? This was a bad arrangement for him; for I, while he was discoursing with the man about this pumpkin, walked straight up and talked to the little angel in person; and our fellow passengers seeing that Newcomb's project failed, laughed heartily.

Sept. 25, Tues., 1833.

About 12 o'clock at night we left this place for New York, where we arrived about sunrise next morning.

There is no use in undertaking to describe a city. They are all very similar. The chief difference is in their extent. We put up in the City Hotel, in Broad Way, a little above the Park.[1] Nothing very remarkable in our house except the expense of living, which is one dollar and fifty cents per day for the bare subsistence, without wine or attention from servants, and the entertainment no way remarkable.

After breakfast we sallied forth in pursuit of some

[1] The City Hotel was near old Trinity Church and was frequented by the dramatic fraternity. Edmund Kean made this hotel his home at the time of his visit to the United States in 1825–26.

adventure. Everything appeared new to me, because I had been in New York but once before, which was in Oct., 1830, when I was there in company with my father. I was now determined to see things to better advantage. To this end, I had obtained letters to some very respectable gentlemen in the city, and that I might not lose any advantages from them undertook to deliver the one that seemed to me of least consequence. This was a letter from the Rev. George Allen of Shrewsbury to Dr. Van Rensselaer, who lived at No. 837 Broad Way.[1] I got into a vehicle called an "omnibus," from their being open to everybody, I suppose; and when we had gone a few steps one of the fore-wheels ran off, and as my side was the one that went down all the passengers came upon me. Beyond playing the devil with my hat and spectacles, I was not much injured. I got out of this ark and pursued my journey on foot, and at the end of a three-miles' walk I found my Mr. Hippocrates. He lived in good style, and was about forty-two years old. He was a classmate of Mr. Allen's at New Haven. I found him very communicative, and afterwards learned that he had a good reputation with extensive practice. He had known Dr. [Samuel L.] Mitchell intimately, and gave me some amusing anecdotes relating to him. I must here insert one:—

The doctor, during the last years of his life, was prodigiously intemperate. He began about 10 or 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and kept drinking until he got most profoundly drunk. He practiced this every day for many months previous to his death. When it was at first generally known that his habits were bad, many attempts were made among his friends to reclaim him. Among those who visited him & attempted his reformation was Dr. Torrey, who at the time was some thirty-two or thereabouts. He went to see him one morning, and the doctor,

[1] This was probably Dr. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, who lived at 638 Broadway from 1827 to 1840.

who was then sober, was writing and arranging some valuable articles of natural history. Dr. Torrey enjoyed a good reputation in his profession, and was of a religious temperament. He ventured, therefore, to go and remonstrate with Dr. Mitchell. When he had sat down, he communicated to him his object in visiting him, and enquired of him whether he might have the privilege of speaking freely. The doctor, hereupon, laid down his pen, raised his spectacles, and politely observed that "nothing ever gave him greater happiness than to receive visits from friends who came either to improve his morals or his understanding. Dr. Torrey, speak out to your heart's content." Upon this, Dr. Torrey talked a long time upon the sin of drunkenness, and gave the philosopher all manner of good advice; but what he especially enjoyned upon him was that he would repent of his sins and prepare himself for his final change. When he had done speaking, Dr. Mitchell said to him, "Dr. Torrey, have you offered all that you proposed when you came in?" "Yes," he replied. "Have you not left out something?" "No, sir," he answered. "Very well, then," replied the doctor, "inasmuch as my conduct is in some measure inexplicable to you as well as to many other of my friends, I will endeavor to explain it to you satisfactorily. I am now above sixty years of age, and I understand that you are but little more than half as old. When I was of your age I was content with receiving, without offering to give advice to those of twice my years. We must not, however, be surprised with some occasional singularities when every man in the community thinks himself a reformer. This is a peculiarity of the times in which we live. But you, among other things, urge me to repentance as well as to reformation. Let me here tell you that I have no disposition to stop drinking. Intoxication is my happiness. I have indescribable pleasure in the excitement produced by it. I am most happy when most drunk; and I should

have been beyond the reach of your lecture this morning had I not been compelled to postpone drinking that I might add a codicil to my will, which you now see on the table, by which I have made ample support for my wife, besides having given twenty thousand dollars to two adopted children; and having done that, was engaged in labelling certain articles which I have given to one of the public institutions in New York.

"As for repentance, I have accomplished that already. I repent of my sins daily. I am perfectly ready to be summoned out of life at any moment. I have not been so unmindful of my religious duties as you may have supposed; they occupy a portion of each day."

Dr. Van Rensselaer was polite enough to accompany me wherever I would wish to go. As I should be taking him from his business, I excused myself by saying that I had letters to other gentlemen who could accommodate me with much less inconvenience than he could.

I walked with Newcomb about the city in the afternoon, and in the evening attended the Park Theatre. But there is small pleasure in attending the theatre here compared with attending it in Boston; and the reason is found in the more perfect police regulations in the latter place. The Boston Theatre is as quiet and orderly between the acts & scenes as a company collected for religious worship. But in New York everything is in confusion. The boys are cracking nuts and throwing the shells as in Shakespeare's time, while orange peels, apples and vulgar language are thrown from the gallery. All these things are very annoying.

Sept., Wed. 26, 1833.

I had a letter from Gov. Lincoln to Robert Sedgwick, Esq., an attorney & son of the Hon. Judge Theodore Sedgwick of Stockbridge, Mass. I carried my letter to his office, which was in Wall Street, in the second story,

where I found him in a room well furnished with books of law and history, among which were many that had been brought from Massachusetts. Mr. Sedgwick received me very politely, as well he might, for the Governor had so belaurelled me as a literary man in his letter that I dare not speak, lest my conversation should belye the judgment of the Governor. We know very soon what strangers think of us from the manner they treat us. And I have no doubt that Mr. Sedgwick, lawyer as he was, swallowed every bit of the flaming panegyric that had been thrown upon me, although heaven knows that I ought not to have had one word of it. In this instance, the Governor's politeness shone at the expense of his discretion.

Mr. Sedgwick walked about the city with me, and we finally stopped at the City Library, which I found contained about twenty thousand volumes.[1] It did not look larger, however, than the Antiquarian Library. Mr. Sedgwick here left, and I remained here during the forenoon. The oldest book in the collection was printed in 1498, and that in a very poor condition. The collection of newspapers was very respectable. They were generally of files which began since 1800. And a great part of them were daily papers, which, instead of being *multum in parvo*, are *parvum in multo*. The volumes were so gigantic as actually to dishearten one to look at them. One of the volumes would be an ass's load! How much morning gossip and political nonsense one of these huge masses contains! The labor of the future chronicler in picking out what may be valuable will be much like the gold hunting in the rivers of South America, where great quantities of earth must be handled and much muddy water put in motion to get, only now and then, a small particle of ore. The librarian was very civil to me and showed me what he regarded as curious. He seemed not to have any notion of duty

[1] The New York Society Library, located at 33 Nassau St., was called the City Library in early days. The librarian was Phillip John Forbes from 1828 to 1855.

beyond the mere toil of handing down books as they were asked for by those who had the right to carry them away. He had no love of the venerable Gothic type; no bibliothecarian enthusiasm about princeps copies; no qualities, in short, that would render him useful to the institution or distinguished in his office.

The oldest books, excepting the one of 1498 above mentioned, and those that interested me most, were about an hundred volumes that belonged to Gov. John Winthrop, the first gov. of Mass. Colony. There were several among them that treated of Judicial Astrology. How they came here I could not learn.[1]

In the afternoon I saw the venerable James Swords, formerly well known as a printer in this *city*. He is now President of the Washington Insurance Company. He has sent many presents to the library of the Antiquarian Society. He is now seventy-five, and a native of this city. Of course, has witnessed very great changes. I wanted much that he should give an account of the revolutions he had seen in the city. How convenient the information he possesses may be to some future antiquary![2]

In the afternoon I walked about with Newcomb, and in the evening went to the Park Theatre.

Sept. 27, Thurs., 1833.

I was introduced to John Delafield, Esq., Cashier of the Phœnix Bank, and Secretary of the New York Historical Society. He was in bad health, and his brother accompanied me to the library of the Historical Society. I found it nearly opposite the park on Broad way, in the

[1] This account is quite inaccurate. The books referred to belonged not to Gov. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, but to his son, John Winthrop, Jr., first Governor of Connecticut. They are mostly on scientific subjects, largely in Latin, some few in French and Italian. There were more than two hundred in all; but some have disappeared.—C. C. S.

[2] T. & J. Swords were the publishers of the *New York Magazine*.

3rd or 4th loft of a block of brick buildings, where it seemed exposed to every kind of calamity. It was contained in a long hall, with alcoves on either side, and the collection estimated at about fifteen thousand volumes. I should not think there could be so many. The books appeared in much better condition than those in the City Library. The works on American history were respectable, though not particularly valuable or numerous. I did not see the manuscripts. In this department the collection is rich. I was told by one of the members that they had many letters. And I will mention in this place a piece of biography which I had not heard before, and which I now put down lest I forget it. Mr. Stevens, a classmate of Rev. George Allen of Shrewsbury, and son of Gen. Ebenezer Stevens, told me that Gen. Horatio Gates was an illegitimate son of Horace Walpole.[1] A brother of Mr. Stevens had the library of Gen. Gates, and in many of the books was the autograph signature of Mr. Walpole.

But to return to the library. There were very few objects of curiosity or antiquity in the collection. This is correct taste. A library should contain nothing but books, coins, statuary and pictures. I admit now and then that an antiquity should be admitted. But how absurd to pile up old bureaus and chests, and stuff them with old coats and hats and high-heeled shoes! The true history of all these things are handed down by painting. And besides, if they are once received, there will be attempts making to gull somebody with the "Shield of Achilles" or "Manbrino's helmet." I have discouraged the sending them to the Antiquarian Hall for this reason.

In the afternoon, I visited several bookstores and purchased a few curious books;—among them the works of St. Ambrose. 3 vols. 4to. Basiliae, 1506, black letter, for $5.00. Erasmus' Latin Testament. 16mo. Antverpiae,

---

[1] This story is without foundation.—C. C. S.

1520, for fifty cents! I would not sell it for twenty-five Dollars. I believe it to be the "Editio Princeps." I bought also a New Testament, 18mo., printed at Lyons, 1553, translated into the Tuscan language, and ornamented with a great many wood cuts. This copy belonged to Gifford, the Translator of Juvenal, and I gave only one Dollar for it. I saw a good copy of Churchill's collection of voyages, &c., in 5 vols., fol., Lond., 1732, for $22 : 50, which I wanted very much to purchase.

In the evening I went to the Park Theatre and heard [J. H.] Hackett in Col. Wildfire. Newcomb was with me. We sat in the back seat of one of the boxes and he, to sit more easily, put his foot upon the seat before him; in doing this, he put his boot accidentally upon the tail of a very spruce looking fellow's coat. The fellow turned round and in loud and insulting manner, said, "take your boot off my coat." People in the adjoining boxes stared at us very much, and the cockney, whose flaps had been soiled, said something about *gentlemanly* conduct, which I saw was inflaming my Friend Newcomb, and he leaning a little forward said, "that his putting his foot upon his coat was accidental, and he regretted it." He said to the cockney that he might have asked him civilly to remove his foot. Upon this the fellow, turning round, said to him in a loud and haughty tone, "Sir, you are not a fit person to be treated civilly." I saw plainly by the face of my friend that I should have a part assigned me in this comedy, for by this time there were some fifty eyes gazing at us. So I drew the head of my cane up out of my cloak, that the fellow might see it, and said to Newcomb in so loud a voice that our cockney might hear me, "Put it in to him, I have got the thing here for you." Upon this, Newcomb resolutely told him, "You d——d rascal, if you look round this way again I will break your face for you." And strange as it may seem, the poor devil dared not to speak or turn his head again, and so alarmed was he that

he did not resume his seat after the play. The appearance of courage, like counterfeit coin, is as good as true courage itself, until the cheat be detected.

Sept. 28, Frid., 1833.

This morning I started for New Haven in the steam boat "Superior." Newcomb accompanied me on board at 7 o'clock and there we separated, he being on his way to Baton Rouge, a military post above New Orleans, where he has a brother Francis, who is a Captain in the army of the United States. He was formerly stationed on the Island of Key West, where my friend H. K. N. was with him as a merchant. They were there near three years and the Capt. was ordered to Baton Rouge in April last. H. K. N. came to Worcester in the summer of 1822 and remained there till 1830, when he went to Key West. While in Worcester he was employed as a clerk in the Worcester Bank.

I found Prof. Ormsby of Yale College on the boat, and we introduced ourselves to each other. He is a modest, unassuming man, but not remarkably interesting in his conversation. He pointed out the different places on the coast as we passed through the Sound, and occasionally beguiled the voyage with a Connecticut story.[1]

We reached New Haven about one o'clock. I entered my name in the register at the Tontine House, as is the custom at all good public houses, and this found me a gentleman whom I had often heard of, who without ceremony came and introduced himself to me:—Ebenezer Baldwin, Esq. He invited me to accompany him, which I did, and he introduced me to his father, the Hon. Simeon Baldwin, a native and resident of New Haven, and formerly one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Conn. He is now about sixty-five, a hale, neat dressed old man, with a

[1] No such professor at Yale; probably Dennison Olmstead, LL.D., who was professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, 1825 to 1836.

sort of puritanic look, a quality which predominates in most of the Connecticut gentry of the better sort. I spent the afternoon with them and took tea at the Judge's house in the evening. His wife's father was the Hon. Roger Sherman. Ebenezer is a bachelor of about forty and was formerly a lawyer in Albany in New York. He had good repute and was at one time one of the Canal Commissioners. His health became bad and he retired from his profession to New Haven, where he has recently written a history of Yale College. His brother, Roger Sherman Baldwin, who also resides at New Haven, is rapidly rising in fame as a lawyer. But I must not write the life of every man I meet with; and especially of such as have given me their lives already. And such is the fact in this case, for the Judge gave me a long account of Connecticut Baldwins in 1829, as may be seen by his letters to me, which are on file.

They accompanied me to the graves of the Regicides, to the Public Burial Ground, to the Trumbull Gallery of Paintings, to the Library of the College and some other places.

New Haven is beyond all question the most delightful place in all New England. How much of the *rus in urbe!* It is made up of a collection of country seats.

Sept. 29, Sat., 1833.

I rose early and procuring a saddle horse rode about the town. I had examined the externals pretty well before breakfast, which having eaten, I delivered a letter to Dr. [Eli] Ives, which I had received from my friend Dr. Woodward, of Worcester, and he said that the greatest curiosity for me to visit in the city was Dr. [James G.] Percival, the poet. I knew not what to make of this, but perceiving that my Doctor was in earnest, I followed him to a remote part of the city, where he stopped at a building one story high and ascending some steps,

began to shake the door, which was locked; and soon the door was opened & a person put his head out, leaning his shoulders against the edge of the door and the door post, and Dr. Ives said, "Dr. Percival, let me introduce to you Mr. Baldwin from Worcester, Librarian of the American Antiquarian Society." He looked at me for a moment & then opening the door, invited us to walk in. There were only three rooms in the house and but one chair in the three. The first room had nothing in it but books, which were laid down upon the floor. Among them were about one hundred volumes of the French Encyclopædia, which he told me he had purchased only a few days before in New York. The other two rooms were accommodated with shelves and were completely crammed with books. He told me that he had counted the volumes in his Library only a few days before, and he found there were over six thousand in it! I had never seen before so many old books together except in the Antiquarian Hall. I was delighted to look at them. The appearance of the poet was as surprising & unexpected as the extent of the Library. He was rather shabily dressed, having on an old thread bare worn green coat, with old shoes and pantaloons to match; his hair was very long, being parted on the forhead, and hanging down on either side, like Milton's. His forehead is very high, but at the top very narrow, and his eyes rather grey, but altogether without fire or poetry. He is of common height, and rather slender make, and stooping. When I first entered the door, he appeared embarrassed and said but little, but as good luck would have it, I opened a Concordance in the Black Letter of 1509 or thereabouts, and began to admire it, and our poet upon this took fire, and he talked incessantly until I left, which was in about three hours.

His bed was in the middle of one of the rooms, and a box stove in one corner, and with the chair before named, constituted all his furniture. Here he labored from 12 to

16 hours of every day. On his table, which I should have included in the foregoing inventory, was a poem in the Russian language, which he told me he was reading. Dr. Ives represented him as familiar with many languages and was an efficient help to Noah Webster in the publication of his 4to Dictionary. But what astonished me most was to find how diligent he had been in the collection of old books. He is very poor, and yet he has the largest private Library in Connecticut. He told me that the only rule he observed in obtaining them was their cheapness. Whenever a book was to be had for a few cents, his invariable rule was to purchase.

Upon the whole, my visit to Dr. Percival was exceedingly agreeable to me. Never before was I so totally disappointed. Dr. Ives told me that, generally, he says very little to strangers, and my being an Antiquary was what induced him to talk so freely in this case.

His life is that of the Hermit. Few can have access to him in his Library. The only place where he can be seen is a Book Store, where he goes every day about 11 o'clock. From what I saw of him, however, I should think him one of the most agreeable men in conversation. While I was with him his tongue moved incessantly.

I was told that he was regarded as the most learned man in Connecticut. He is unmarried, and was born in Goshen, Ct.

I was introduced to another man, Mr. William Lyon, who also had a curious collection of books. He was [a] "Bachelor" of about fifty, and decidedly the greatest abuser of books I have ever seen. He might have a thousand volumes in his collection, and among them were many rare and curious ones. Among them were seven or eight volumes of a Newspaper [Mercurius Politicus] published in 1642 to 52, or thereabouts.[1] I had seen a notice of this as being the very first newspaper ever

[1] Yale University Library now owns this set.

printed in England. As such a paper as that printed by Christopher Barker in 1588 would be very curious, I lost no time in asking for a sight of it. But I was amazed to find that 1642 was the oldest No. of any paper he had. They were bound, as I before mentioned, in seven or eight volumes of about five hundred pages each and were composed of several different papers. They were all in the small 4to form, and some of them seemed to have been composed of 4 pages, some of eight and so on, each paper containing the quantity of news that the printer had on hand. The articles were generally of such things as related to the Government. I did not notice them so particularly as I should, had I not been so disappointed in them; and, besides, Mr. Lyon told me that he would give me a minute description of them. His books generally, though not old, had a very musty appearance from the rough manner of his handling them. His father was a cashier of one of the New Haven Banks, and was a diligent collector of everything appertaining to Connecticut History.

I visited the College Library with Prof. [Josiah W.] Gibbs, where I found many curious old books. I saw many volumes of the Fathers, some of them of the Basil edition, but all in poor condition and fast falling to pieces from want of proper care. The oldest book was printed at Nuremberg in 1492, and was very imperfect. The name of the author was gone. I saw a beautiful manuscript volume, supposed by Dr. Stiles to have been made in the thirteenth century, with illuminated capitals, being a Theological Treatise by Aquinas. This had been greatly abused, some one having cut out [some of] the ornamented letters. It was on fine Parchment and beautifully written.

I must not quit without mentioning that I saw in the Trumbull Gallery the original portrait of the Rev. John Davenport, the first minister of New Haven. He looks as devout as possible. His dress is like that of Mr. Higgin-

son which we have in the Antiquarian Hall. There was in the Gallery also a full length likeness of George II., by Godfrey Kneller. But I have no skill in criticising paintings, or I would add something further in relation to these and some others I saw there.

At 2 o'clock, I left in the stage for Hartford, going by way of Farmington. We reached Hartford at 8 o'clock in the evening, where I put up at the City Hotel, kept by Mr. Morgan, which is beyond question the best house I have seen. He dictated to me an account of the history of his family, which I put down, and now I have mislaid the paper containing it and cannot find it. His ancestor was from Springfield, Mass.

Sept. 30, Sun., 1833.

I cannot say much in favor of the manner in which I spent my time today. I copied the family history of my Landlord, read a little in Latin Testament of Erasmus, and talked a good deal with Israel Munson of Boston, whom I found here. He was born in New Haven and has lived in Boston ever since 1796. He is now about sixty, and a Bachelor, and thought to be worth between two and three hundred thousand dollars. He is liberal in his charities; for a year or two ago he gave five thousand dollars to Yale College, and the same sum to Cambridge. He is fond of his money and talked about rents, interests and Bank dividends incessantly. I saw plainly, however, that I forfeited his good opinion when I spoke indifferently of money. This was a capital error, and I could not get back into his favor, though before this he had manifested a strong partiality for me. It always pleases such misers to magnify the merit of great riches, and he was one of that sort who would almost pay money for such a panegyric.

Oct. 1, Mond., 1833.

I had a letter to Dr. [Eli] Todd, but as I was acquainted with the Hon. Thomas Day, Secretary of State, I called

upon him and he was very civil to me. I visited the State House, examined the ancient records, saw the famous Charter of Charles II., and visited the Charter Oak, which is on the south side of Hog River in the second street parallel with it, and in its appearance every way worthy of being connected with History. The trunk of it is a succession of prodigious *knurles* or knots, and probably at the ground is eight feet in diameter. There is an opening near the earth into which the Charter was put by Wadsworth. The Tree has manifestly grown much since the concealing of the Charter. It could not be concealed in it now.

After we had visited the Oak, Mr. Day invited me to accompany him to see Mrs. Sigourney. Her maiden name was Huntley. There is nothing remarkable in her appearance. She is ladylike in her manners and without ostentation. The place where she lives is delightful; none more so in Hartford. Her husband, Charles Sigourney, is President of one of the Banks, and is by occupation a Tradesman. She is perhaps forty. She showed me two ancient paintings of the Sigourney family, the ancestors of her husband. I remained at her house an hour and passed it very pleasantly. I must confess that she is the first Lady of Genius that I have met who was not ridiculous or absurd. She really appeared quite rational.

After leaving Mrs. Sigourney, we went to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, which is but a little way beyond, both being a little distance out of the city. I was introduced to Mr. Turner, one of the Instructors, who received me very politely (I having a letter to him from Dr. Woodward), and showed me over the whole of this interesting institution. The pupils were merry as grigs, and I could not but look upon them as being even the happier for the want of speech.

Mr. Day introduced me to Prof. [William Moseley] Holland of Washington College, whom I found very

civil and intelligent. He told me that he was born in Belchertown, Mass., and had been educated for the bar. I went with him to the College and after looking about the grounds and buildings, he showed me the Library belonging to the institution. This comprises about five thousand volumes. It has been collecting but a short time and contains many valuable books. The oldest work was the Bible by Nic. De Lyra, printed in 1498. The Library had been obtained mostly in Europe by [Rev.] Dr. [Samuel F.] Jarvis, who is now in Italy. I was amazed at several very voluminous works in folio upon ecclesiastical history, which I had never even heard the names of before. Surely there is no end of the making of books. A great many of these folios were in new parchment binding. They appeared gorgeous. It made me happy to look at them.

Prof Holland introduced me to Dr. [Nathaniel S.] Wheaton, the President of the College, who was about forty. They are both bachelors! How many bachelors I have encountered in my journey. Yet I have no occasion to be ashamed of any I have met. Those I have seen rather confirm than invalidate the remark of Lord Bacon, that the "greatest geniuses have been childless or unmarried men." Some one has said that most voluminous authors have been bachelors. So it would seem that in their "gettings," instead of getting children, they get books, which may be true.

From the College, I went to the Retreat for the Insane. I found this an interesting establishment. Dr. [S. B.] Woodward gave me a letter to Dr. [Eli] Todd, whom I did not see. The superintendent, whose name I have forgotten, was very attentive, showing me all parts of the building and the more interesting of the patients. This Hospital is delightfully situated and commands an extensive and beautiful prospect. The grounds about it are finely arranged, and tastefully cultivated. In looking

about the institution, I could not avoid instituting a sort of comparison between this and the Lunatic Asylum of Worcester. The preference must be given decidedly to the latter. Drs. Woodward and Todd were the first to invite public attention to the establishment of the Retreat. The Retreat, however, is, if I may be permitted to make a phrase, a sort of benevolo-money making institution. The inmates in the two establishments differ only in quality of their blood or station in society, and not in their complaints. At the Retreat there are none but private patients; at Worcester, the only way a patient can be received is through a criminal court. But I have no time to discourse upon this subject now; and besides, I am so much in favor of Dr. Woodward, that I fear I should not give a very impartial opinion. Any institution would flourish under his direction. He has a positive passion for crazy folks. I have no doubt but that he has the same sort of ecstacy in managing them that I have in looking at the gothic type. And this is the cause of success. So true it is that zeal is necessary to attain excellence in anything.

I was invited to take tea at Mr. Day's. I went to his house and his lady pleasantly told me that she and her husband had made contradictory arrangements; and as it was her province to furnish tea, I must consent to follow her directions. So I accompanied her to one of her neighbors', Mr. Trumbull's, where I passed the evening very pleasantly. I believe Mr. Trumbull is a grandson of old Gov. Jonathan Trumbull. I was invited into an adjoining room to see the family pictures, and among them was the Governor. There were many others hanging up, but all "unknown to fame," so I shall say nothing about them.

Oct. 1, 1833. Tues.

I left Hartford at 7 in the morning and reached Worcester at 6 in the evening. During my absence, every day has been pleasant and nothing has transpired to render my

journey uncomfortable. My expenses, including about twelve dollars worth of books, have been just fifty dollars. This may be cheap enough, perhaps.

Oct. 2. Wed.

Another Convention at Worcester! This is the third grand State Convention at this place since the first of September; each assembly consisting of from three to five hundred delegates. The present body has assembled for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor of the Commonwealth. Gov. Lincoln having been elected nine times successively, almost two lustra, in a communication made to the Legislature last year, publicly announced his determination not to stand as a candidate again. The business of this convention, therefore, which is composed of delegates who call themselves "National Republicans," is to select his successor. The convention meets in the South Meeting-house. Its doings are published, so I shall say nothing further about the subject. I will mention, however, that they nominated Hon. John Davis, which I have no doubt he accepted with sincere regret. He resisted the first invitation, and was persuaded to stand almost upon compulsion. How little mercy politicians show one another.

I am visited at the Antiquarian Hall by many of the delegates. Among them was the venerable Major Benjamin Russell, for near forty years editor of the *Boston Centinel*. He learned his trade as a printer of the late Isaiah Thomas of this town and married his wife from this place. Her name was Rice. He is a most incessant talker and illustrates every thing with a story. He tells his stories very well too, only now and then he tells the same one too often and sometimes become a bit too circumstantial. Nevertheless, he is an amusing companion and his knowledge of individuals is so great that he can hardly fail to be interesting.

The Hon. Judge Newcomb, of Greenfield, was also of the convention. He had recovered his health.

In the evening there was a party at Governor Lincoln's, which was numerously attended.

Oct. 7, Wed., 1833.

Cattle Show Day. The address before the Society was by the Hon. Solomon Strong, of Leominster, one of the Judges of the Common Pleas. I did not hear it. I spent the [day at] Antiquarian Hall, having no taste for bulls and rams and the like. The town was literally crammed with people.

According to custom there was a grand ball in the evening. It has for the last ten years, with one exception. been held at the Central Tavern, kept now by Jones Estabrooks. His predecessor was Samuel Banister, and his predecessor was Cyrus Stockwell, and his was Samuel Hathaway. Estabrooks was born in Holden, Banister in Southboro, Stockwell in Athol, and Hathaway from Hardwick. But this year the hall was engaged to another set of dancers and we were compelled to seek out a new place. We finally took the Town Hall and arrayed it for the purpose. The ladies with divers gentlemen were a long time in fixing it up. The columns were wound with wreaths of laurel and the windows and doors hung with festoons of the same materials. Curtains and pots of flowers, with many pretty little conceits and devices invented by the ladies, were arranged to produce the best effect and to set off their charms to best advantage.

The north upper hall was turned into a dressing parlor for the ladies and the south one for the supper table. The supper was provided by James Worthington, keeper of the Worcester Hotel.

The party assembled for the dance at seven o'clock in the evening. The ladies were collected by the managers. This has been always the practice since I have lived in

Worcester, which is ten years last June. Hacks are hired at the expense of the person providing the supper, and one manager in each hack goes to each house, receives the lady or ladies, and carries them to the hall, where the other managers are in attendance. And at the end of the dance, they go home in the same way.

There were more than an hundred ladies and gentlemen present. The hall was large enough to permit eight sets of cotillions at once. I made the most of my opportunities at dancing, an exercise of which I am extremely fond. To accommodate some of ye elder prigs, we were under the necessity of dancing alternately a cotillion and a contra-dance. The people from the city have an impression that contra-dances are vulgar, they ignorantly supposing that they are *country* dances, when they are called *contra*-dances from the position of the dancers on the floor. But those from the city, in contra-dances, seem to go wrong on purpose, lest it appear by going right, they had been accustomed to country company. So true it is that many people imagine that true politeness is the production only of the little spot they chance to live in, forgetting the remark of Dr. Goldsmith that "fools are polite only at home; the wise are polite the world over." Our musick on the occasion consisted of a Base-violin, a Kent bugle, clarionet, octave flute and two violins.

Oct. 8, Thurs., 1833.

Peter Force, Esq., of Washington, D. C., came to town last evening. He is engaged in collecting and arranging for the press the documentary history of all the Colonies from their origins to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, April 13, 1789. He has been employed about it several years already. He has now associated with him Matthew St. Clair Clarke, Clerk of the House of Representatives of Congress, and both are acting under a direction contained in a Resolve of Congress. They have, during

the past summer, visited the State Records in all the Atlantic States and are now on their return to Washington. They visited Worcester for the purpose of examining the collection of newspapers in the Antiquarian Hall. Mr. Force was with me all day. I have never found any one who was so familiar with the events of our Revolutionary war as he. He had found and examined the account of "Concord Fight," April 19, 1775, by Dr. Ripley of Concord, and had refuted almost every statement there made. His comments were as long as the account itself. He had done this in taverns & at such places as he could find a moment's rest, and I know not when I have been more surprised by results than in this case. His information appeared equally minute upon almost every topic connected with the Revolution.

He established the "National Journal" at Washington in 1822 or 3, which advocated the claims of Mr. Adams for the Presidency, and was discontinued in 1830. He has also published annually a National Calendar, which has now reached the tenth volume. He promised me both the newspaper and the calendar, *ab initio*. He is a native of New Jersey and has a Hugenot ancestor. He is now about forty and has the habits and appearance of a laborious student.

In the evening he and Mr. Clarke accompanied me to Governor Lincoln's to a party. Mrs. Lincoln always gives a dancing party the night after cattle show.

Clarke is a prodigy at story telling. We left the party at 12 and as soon as we reached the hotel where I board, he called for a cigar and a tumbler of brandy and Good God! how his tongue went! He kept me up till near four in the morning. I dare not undertake to repeat any of the pleasant accounts he gave me. He had a most discriminating perception of the ridiculous, which is, after all, the true meaning of the word "wit." He gave a most ludicrous account of his travelling with David Crockett, the

famous Member of Congress from Tennessee, and I know not where his talking would have ended, had he not been interrupted by the stage which came to carry him to Hartford. He is a native of Pennsylvania.

I must not leave him without attempting to tell one of his stories, though it will be utterly impossible to do it justice. He said he was travelling in the western part of Virginia and Crockett was with him. David had been entertaining him with his hunter's stories and amusing adventures that had happen'd to him. They stopped at a public house over night, and in the morning they found a travelling menagerie halting in the village and near by the inn where they lodged. David at once decided that he must have a peep at the *criturs*. Clarke accordingly accompanied, but without any expectation of the curious scene that followed. The tent containing the menagerie was thronged with the villagers, who had come to see the "greatest lion" or the "finest hyena" or the "funniest monkey"; and no sooner had David reached the center of the tent, than tipping his hat on one side of his head, sung out in a loud voice, "Where's the keeper of these ere varmunts." Upon this the proprietor, seeing David to be well dressed, went up and acknowledged himself to be the owner of them. "Is that are hyena for sale," said David, "no," replied the keeper. "Well, mister, what would be the damage if I should happen to kill him?" The keeper told him that no money would purchase him. "But, damme, Mr. Keeper," said David, "I want to try his bottom." "Why, what do you mean by that?" asked the keeper. "Nothing," said David, "only I want to grin at him jist to let you see the hair fly." And then placing his back to the centre post that sustained the tent, and going through with many manœuvres of the arms and contortions of the face, the keeper seeing him, began to be alarmed lest the fellow should really slay his Hyena, entreated of him not to do any mischief. David, however, swore and went on

with his preparations and making up horrible faces, insisted on having one fair grin at the Hyena before he quit. The keeper manifested so much concern for the safety of the animal, that his anxiety extended itself to the spectators & a general panic began to prevail. David was now persuaded to let the poor beast alone, but immediately began to trump up the Lion. He now swore outright that he must fight, for he had not had a fight for ten days, and he wanted to fight the Lion. He threw down his hat and put off his coat, and striking his fists, looking at the Lion. "You d——d cowardly varmunt, come out here. Keeper open his box and let him out. I must fight him. Out with him; O you cowardly varmunt." And at the same time walking toward his cage, with such an appearance of earnestness, that the people, supposing him to be really going to encounter the Lion, made such a rush to escape from the tent that they carried away some twenty feet of the canvas.

Crockett was as serious in this farce as though he had been in the honest discharge of his duty. So eccentric is the man.

I employed myself very busily from this to the 23rd in working upon my Catalogue. I gave ten hours of each day to it. I occasionally went out of an evening, but not often. I go once every week to play at backgammon with Rev. Dr. Bancroft. I rarely play with any one else, excepting Samuel Jennison, Esq., Cashier of the Worcester Bank.

October 23, 1833.

This is the anniversary of the Discovery of America by Columbus, and for that cause is the day for electing the officers of the American Antiquarian Society. Its annual meeting was held this day at the Antiquarian Hall, in Worcester. A respectable number of members was present. The proceedings were orderly and harmonious.

Only one change in the officers was made, and that was putting Joseph Willard in the place of the lamented James Bowdoin, who died at Havannah in March last. His father, Thomas L. Winthrop, the lineal descendant of the first Governor, John Winthrop, of Massachusetts, was re-elected president. Four members were added to the Society, being nominated by me: Hon. Edward Livingston, our Minister to France; Hon. Francis Xavier Martin, of New Orleans; Hon. Thomas S. Grimkè, of Charleston, S. C.; Hon. Henry Wheaton, Chargé des Affaires, at Copenhagen.

But what appeared to me a very happy coincidence was that this day I received a letter from the Sec. of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, informing me that I had been elected a member upon the nomination of Roberts Vaux, Esq., who visited me at the Antiquarian Hall on the 6th of August last, having in his company an Italian Nobleman of great respectability. But I could not think much of his Nobleman. He was an ordinary looking man of about 30, with mustachios curling up to his temples which made him look as fierce as a devil. Though he neither said nor did anything wrong or improper, yet I could not look upon him with any sort of respect: so easily are we led away by prejudice. But enough of this digression. The coincidence is in my Christian name and the great discoverer, Christopher Columbus, and the 23rd of October. Now I think of it, I will mention what a pity it was that I was not born on the 3rd instead of the first of August, for then there would have been a more happy coincidence, the third being the day Columbus set sail from Palos on his voyage of discovery in 1492.

Oct. 31, 1833.

I had a visit today from Rev. Dr. [Caleb Jewett] Tenn[e]y of Weathersfield, Con., who was introduced to me by Dr. Sam. B. Woodward. He preached Dr.

[Samuel] Austin's Funeral Sermon. He is about sixty, with an intelligent face, and was so well pleased with our collection that he promised me several books on his return to Con. He came here to consult Dr. Woodward as his physician.[1]

The people of the town are tiptoe to see Henry Clay. Meetings have been held to appoint committees to go and ask him to go through Worcester on his way to Hartford. It was finally agreed that he reach this place on the evening of Monday, Nov. 4, and dine with Hon. John Davis at his house. People are very apt to feel ashamed to be found in the company of one whom they have abused. And to disguise this feeling, those who had been most forward to abuse Mr. Clay, were now most obsequious in their attentions to him. Politicians of all stamps and complexions were now miscellaneously huddled together, all striving to see who should be the politest. National Republicans, Jackson men, Antimasons, Nullifiers—all were lost in the general hurly burly. Even that most contemptible of all political parties, the "Young Men," showed themselves among the rest. This was the more remarkable as the Committee appointed by the Citizens generally contained several upon it who were under thirty-three. And their appearance at this time came very near to spoiling the anticipated pleasures of Mr. Clay's visit. I must detail the circumstances. After the meeting of the citizens generally and the choice of a Committee of Arrangements, it was mentioned by some that the course to be pursued by that Committee, which had been promulgated, was not such as answered the public expectation, for they had done nothing more than to order three of their number to proceed to Boston and there receive Mr. Clay from the Boston Committee and accompany him and

[1] Dr. Tenney, who received the degree of D.D. from Yale College in 1829, was pastor of the Church in Wethersfield from 1816 to 1840. Dr. Austin was installed over the Old South Church in Worcester in September, 1790, and remained there for nearly twenty-five years.

his family to Shrewsbury, where they would be met by the Worcester Committee and Mr. Clay taken into a barouch drawn by four horses and thus pass on to Worcester. It was said that this was not enough: it was too tame and insipid. To correct the errors in the taste of the Committee, therefore, the "Young Men" had a public meeting and chose a committee to confer with the first Committee, and recommend additional arrangements. The Young Men insisted upon these three things which had been wholly omitted, viz.: firing cannon, raising suitable flags, and forming a cavalcade, and they were directed to see them executed whether the first Committee should consent or not. I have understood that the opinions of the first Committee were against all three of the ceremonies. And this produced unpleasant feelings among the whole of them.

A flag was raised bearing this inscription: "Henry Clay. Honor the man who honors his country." This was painted on white cloth in large letters and suspended upon a rope or cord extended across Main St. between Governor Lincoln's and A. D. Foster's. In Elm Street, that passes to the west by Governor Lincoln's house, was placed a cannon with orders to have it discharged twenty-four times upon the arrival of Mr. Clay. The cavalcade left for Shrewsbury at two o'clock in the afternoon & returned with the guest at four. The cavalcade consisted of about thirty. It passed through Main Street to the [Worcester] Hotel at the South end of the village where Mr. Clay was left for a short time, when he was carried to the Hon. John Davis', where he passed the evening.

It was manifestly very bad taste to fire cannon upon the arrival of a private citizen. To be sure Mr. Clay is a Member of the Senate of the United States, but this does not entitle him to military honors. It was a ceremony introduced here by the young men and disclaimed by the General Committee.

Nov. 5, Tues., 1833.

I was visited by Mr. Clay at the Antiquarian Hall this morning in company with the Committee. He stayed but a short time, when he left and went to the Hospital. Before coming to the Antiquarian Hall, he met the citizens in the Town Hall where he was addressed by the Hon. John Davis, Chairman of ye Committee, to which he made an interesting and appropriate reply. He dined with Gov. Lincoln.

There was a party in the evening at Gov. Lincoln's, to which the whole public had the opportunity of going; and from the looks of the people there, one would suppose that few let slip so good a chance. The house was literally crammed. Mrs. Clay was present, and so far as I could see, was a plain, unostentatious, sensible woman of about fifty years of age. He is about 57, over six feet high, slender in make, and a little stooping, with a face pretty well marked, though not remarkably so. His forehead is large, but narrow at the top, his mouth satyrical, with a *large* and generously marked nose. He is rapid in conversation, full of anecdote, and swears most insufferably. But this last quality is common to all Kentucky. He requested me upon his arrival at Washington to write to him giving him an account of the Antiquarian Society.

There were present at Governor Lincoln's in the evening, Hon. Hezekiah Barnard, State Treasurer, Gen. W. H. Sumner, Commodore Elliot, superintendent of the Charlestown Navy Yard, and some others whose names I have forgotten.

I saw many ridiculous things in the course of the day and I would detail some of them were I not afraid my Diary would tell such tales as to endanger its own existence, therefore I shall keep still. Mr. Clay left for Hartford the next morning.

Nov. 12, Mond., 1833.

I must say a word as to the manner in which I spend my time. The principal thing that engages me is the preparing a Catalogue of the Library of the Antiquarian Society. A part of every day is devoted to this object. But much of my time is lost by the calls which I receive from friends who come in merely to tell or hear a story. Such people cannot surely be aware how large a space an hour is in the forenoon of November. Then I have many letters to write, and to make copies of them is a very serious labor. I have very little time to read books. I am ashamed to enumerate the books I have read since Sept., because in the first place they are not such ones as would be most profitable to me, and in the second, because I have read so little. I read Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World" in the fore part of Oct., Pope's Letters and the Dunciad. I read the ten years Imprisonment of Silvio Pellico with very great pleasure. I always like those people who love their mothers. Silvio mentions his mother so often in his sufferings and with such proof of true love and affection that I felt a much greater interest in his fate than I otherwise should. I know not why I should entertain such an opinion as this, but I have concluded in my own mind a thousand times that I should wish my mother to survive me. I never knew any happiness so great as that which arose from successful efforts to please her. But this is a digression. The next book I read was the Memoirs of Vidoq, written by himself, translated from the French, in 4 vols. 12 mo. This is a marvellous work, and of all the authors that have ever written, I don't believe there is to be found in the whole body a more exquisite, full-blown rascal than this same Vidoq. For the seventh time I read "The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane." This is my favorite book. Every time I read this work, I find a great deal that is new and which

I had not before understood. Were I to choose from all books that which had given greatest pleasure, it would be Gil Blas. Next to Gil Blas, in my estimation, is Plutarch's Lives.

This was election day. I went and put in my vote for Hon. John Davis, as Gov., and voted for the National Republican Candidates for the Senate. I had my pick out of Eighteen Candidates! What a list of worthies. As I went into the town Hall where the people were collected, I could not but observe the fierceness and patriotic anxiety which predominated in the faces of some of the leading champions. How many distributors of votes! A peck of them at least were offered to me. It is said that if you hold two cats near to each other and pinch their tails, though they may have lived always quietly together, they will scratch and bite each other very furiously. The mass of the people are very much, in this respect, like the cats. The party leaders pinch their tails through the newspapers and they fall upon one another without mercy.

I should have mentioned on the ninth that Stephen Salisbury, Esq. of Worcester, was married to Miss Rebecca Dean of Charlestown, N. H., daughter of the late Mr. Dean, President of a Bank in that place, who was a native of Petersham in this county. Her eldest sister married the Hon. Mr. Hubbard, now a member of Congress from Charlestown. He is a lawyer in that place. She is deceased.[1] Another sister was married to Waldo Flint, Esq., now an attorney in Leicester, and third son of Dr. Austin Flint of that place, who was born, I think, in Shrewsbury. Waldo commenced practice in Boston, but came to Leicester in 1830.

Upon Mr. Salisbury's return with his new wife, he invited me with William Lincoln to introduce the people of the town to them, which we did in the evening. . . .

---

[1]A mistake. [C. C. B.]

. . . As I have had some experience in this business, I must give an account of it. I have officiated in this capacity in almost all cases since my residence in Town where the new married couple have lived here. I am tempted to put down the catalogue. But it would occupy too much room.

The process of introducing is in this way. The new married couple, through their friends (sometimes on the evening after marriage and always within a week or so) give notice that they will be happy to be visited by anybody and everybody at eight of clock on such an evening. Though the invitation is to every body it is understood to extend only to such as may expect to exchange visits. The calls are made at 8 and after. The new married couple take a sort of military position in one corner of the room, flanked with the bride's maids and bride's *men*, and the person introducing their friends, receives them at the door and leading them up, announces their names. The names of the new married couple are not mentioned, but only those who pay the visit; because those who make the visit know very well before hand whom they are going to see.

I know not the origin of this practice. I suppose, however, that the forms and ceremonies of this introduction are to give a sort of sanction or solemnity to the new relations which have been created and to make them personally known.

Usually before ten, the company retires, after having drank wine and eaten the wedding cake. It is customary to make a free use of the cake, and a large quantity of letter paper is furnished for individuals who may wish for it, to wrap up a piece of the cake in, to carry home. Some want it for friends, some to eat it, and others to put it under their pillows to sleep on, *thinking it may produce* new matches.

Dec. 3, 1833.

I have a visit from my Father from Templeton who stays with me two days and then returns.

Dec. 17, 1833.

Robert Treat Paine, Esq., the Astronomer, visits me and stays until the 26th. He is acting under a commission from the Governor of the State in making observations upon the latitude of different places for the purpose of correcting or aiding the Trigonometrical survey of the state which is now making by order of the Legislature. He is the son of Robert Treat Paine, the Poet, who was the son of old Robert Treat Paine, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, who was the son of Rev. Samuel Paine of Weymouth, who married the daughter of Gov. Treat of Connecticut Colony, and that is the way the name of Robert Treat came into the family.

Dec. 21, 1833.

The snow is reputed to be two feet deep on a level. The sleighing is however very fine and I made the most of it as shall fully appear. I employed Sam. Congdon to give me and the young ladies a ride. I invited seven to accompany me. We rode in a large double open sleigh with three seats, and our load, including the driver, was composed of nine. I would not have any gentlemen with me. If there be any fun in riding with one pretty face must there not be plenty of fun in riding with seven? What a chattering they made! Women like, they all talked at once. Heavens! what a racket! Yet the ride was delightful. I enjoyed it very much. I must here give the names of my precious freight. And as Cotton Mather says of his father's publications, "Behold the Catalogue"!

Rebecca Curtis, sister of the wife of Doc. John Green.

Lucy A. Lincoln, adopted d. of the late Lieut. Gov. Lincoln.

Catherine Jennison, d. of Sam. Jennison, cashier of Worcester Bank.

Jane Wiggin, of Dedham, half sister of Dr. James Green's wife.

Charlotte & Mary Foxcroft.

Martha Parker, d. of Hon. L. M. Parker of Charlestown.

We left town at two in the afternoon and returned at sundown. We went to Leicester and the whole expense of my expedition was four dollars and twenty-five cents.

Dec. 22, Sun., 1833.

Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims! And although it fell on Sunday, I could not abstain wholly from celebrating it. I went to meeting in the forenoon and heard an appropriate sermon from Rev. Mr. Hill, in which he gave an interesting account of the sufferings of the Pilgrims.

In the morning a gentleman introduced himself to me as the friend of my classmate Dr. Martin Gay of Boston. He came to town last evening: John Alexander Barry from Halifax, Nova Scotia. He was born at Shelburn in the south west part of that province. His father is an Englishman, and now living at the age of seventy-five.

I invited William Lincoln, Esq., to dine with me at the Hotel. Mr. Barry was with us. He is now about forty-four. He gave us a minute account of Halifax. He has been, by his own account, somewhat distinguished among his countrymen. He was for three years a member of the Provincial Assembly for his native district of Shelburn. He entertained me with a four hours' story about his political troubles. He was unpopular with the lawyers

and from something said in debate wherein he alluded imprudently to smuggling, he was called to order by the speaker, as though he had publickly charged one Col. Freeman, a member, with running goods. He was requested to retire, and upon his being recalled, he was told by the speaker that he must make a recantation and a particular apology to Col. Freeman. But he being at variance with him, and not on speaking terms, declined making the acknowledgment. The House voted this a contempt and he was, after much altercation, arrested and imprisoned during the session. But he published an account of the smuggling in one of the papers, and upon this, the assembly expelled him. He was again returned as member for Shelburn and kept his seat.

He has been a merchant, and has now retired from business, having, as I understand from him, accumulated a competent estate to live at his ease. His wife's maiden name was Mary Black, a native of Halifax I think. Her father was a Methodist minister, the Rev. William Black, the Father of Methodism in Nova Scotia. Her mother was the daughter of Ebenezer Gay, who left Boston in 1775, as a Loyalist, who was the son of the Rev. Ebenezer Gay of Hingham, Mass.

I found Mr. Barry a very intelligent and well informed person. He has visited England three times and is now on a tour through the United States and when this is completed, he proposes again going to England. I took tea in the evening with him at Dr. [Oliver] Fiske's, to whom he had a letter of introduction, and after his return to the Hotel, sat up hearing him talk until two o'clock.

Dec. 23, Mond., 1833.

This evening, I attended a party at Dr. John Green's and played chess. I was also invited to Dr. [Oliver] Fiske's, with Mr. Barry.

Dec. 24.

I gave Mr. Barry a letter of introduction to Waldo Flint, Esq., at Leicester, and in the afternoon he went up there. Shall I do wrong to mention here his errand? He put me under a sort of promise of secrecy, and I must require the same of my Diary. O Diary, thou art my confident, my bosom friend, my wife, to which I must occasionally impart my secrets, joys and sorrows; and in this instance, though put to the torture, thou must not disclose a syllable of what I am about to entertain thee with. Well, then, to begin: He told me his object in going to Leicester, at which I was astonished. His wife died Jan. 5, last, and the fellow is now in hot pursuit of a wife. He had accidentally met in Boston with Mr. Emerson, the author of the mathematical school books, who had spent the summer at Leicester, and what should this cypherer do but recommend him, a perfect stranger as he was, to visit Leicester and examine a certain maiden lady there and see whether she would make him a wife! He had obtained a letter of introduction to her father from Increase Sumner Smith, a native of Paxton, but now a School Master I believe at Hingham, and had, before disclosing his errand, obtained from me a letter to her brother and one also from Dr. Fiske. As I had no acquaintance with him except from having seen him two days, I was very sparing of compliments in my letter. I offered him the letter supposing that he would decline taking it. He left town in the afternoon.

25. I dined at Dr. Bancroft's with Hon. Jos. G. Kendall and George Folsom, Esq. I had the happiness to meet my old friend, Miss Lucretia Bancroft, 4th daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bancroft.[1] She is now on a visit from Boston where she is in charge of a small school. She is one of the most intelligent and talented females with whom

[1] Miss Bancroft afterwards kept a young ladies' school on Pearl Street in Worcester. She married in 1845, Welcome Farnum of Blackstone, Mass.

I am acquainted. After dinner, we went into the back parlor & took a few games of whist. The Doctor and his wife played at backgammon. There is perhaps not another minister in the County who would tolerate card playing in his own house. He would not be willing, I think, to have it done too often. But how much difference there is among the clergy in their opinions of play and amusement! He plays at backgammon almost every week day of his life: & yet is he a diligent student. And for purity and integrity, I know of no clergyman who stands higher.

I played chess in the evening with Charlotte Foxcroft.[1]

28. More dissipation! My friend William Lincoln came and invited me to accompany him to Millbury. He carried Sarah Bancroft and I carried Rebecca Curtis. We went in the afternoon and returned at evening. We stayed at Whitcomb's tavern about an hour and drank mulled wine, a kind of stupifying beverage, made of eggs, sugar and hot wine. It is a species of flip.

Jan. 1, Wed., 1834.

I invited Sarah Bancroft to accompany me to Lancaster. We went in a sleigh. I left her at Nath[l]. Chandler's while I went to see James G. Carter, Esq., and Carter, Andrews & Co. My object in Carter, Andrews & Co. was to see whether I could make a book for them. But they were gone from home. I called on James G. Carter, who is a native of Leominster and married a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Packard. He lives in good stile and has a beautiful situation. He gave me his own publications and was going to give me an account of his controversy with the Rev. Dr. [Nathaniel] Thayer, but I excused myself from hearing it as well as I could, knowing that if he began, I should not get away before dark. The pamphlet containing the con-

[1] Charlotte Foxcroft married in April, 1838, Moses D. Phillips, bookseller, at Worcester, afterwards of the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

troversy has 136 pages. Mr. Carter is a fine scholar and of excellent talents; but has unfortunately many enemies.

Nathaniel Chandler, Esq., who came to Lancaster from Petersham, gave me Peter Heylyn's "ΜΙΚΡΟΚΟΣΜΟΣ," "A Little description of a great World." [Augmented and revised], 4to Oxford, 1625.[1] His son Sam. Ward Chandler, who was graduated at Cambridge in 1822, was at Leicester Academy with me in 1817. He is now I believe at Taunton in the Calico Printing business. His mother, who is a beautiful lady, was a neice of Capt. Sam. Ward, late of Lancaster. Her name was Green, her mother being his sister—Capt. Ward married the sister of the wife of Rev. Dr. Bancroft of Worcester. Mr. Chandler's eldest daughter, Catherine, married Theophilus Parsons, Esq., son of the late Chief Justice of Massachusetts.

Jan. 3, Fri., 1834.

This evening came down from Leicester my new Nova Scotia friend who is mentioned confidentially on the 24th Dec. He has been sick and under the hands of a physician for a week past. He talks as furiously as ever. And I do not know that I ever laughed more heartily than at the recital of his adventures. He told me the whole story, not omitting anything.

Widowers in pursuit of a wife act very much like prisoners who have escaped from confinement. When my friend went up to Leicester, so elated was he with the prospect of success, that he held nothing back. He told me everything. He had letters of introduction to this and that one, and although he had never seen the fair one, when he spoke of her, he called her by her christian name in the tenderest manner possible. It was laughable enough to see how cock-sure he was of vanquishing her at a blow:

[1] The American Antiquarian Society also has the fifth edition, Oxford, 1631.

And that, when he came to meet her personally, there might appear no indications of a want of love, he had actually been studying to admire her. Anyone might see that he was head and ears in love already. Had he asked my advice as to the practicability of his scheme, I could have saved him an abundance of trouble. I knew the fair lady had too much good sense not to perceive at once that he was one of those amorous widowers who don't hesitate to give double entendres and talk love even at Church.

As soon as I saw him upon his return from Leicester, he slapped me on the shoulder and told me he wanted a retired room. Said he, "Baldwin, I have had a devil of an adventure." How so? "Good God, just look at my coat. When you saw me a week ago, my coat sat as snug as a glove; do but look at it now: it is as loose upon me as a shirt. O I have had a d——d time on't I tell you." What! did not my friend smile upon you? "Smile upon me! By —— she has jilted me in the worst manner. I thought I was a man of some sense, but, damme, I begin to think I am a fool." After shutting the door he sat down and took out of his pocket a bundle of papers, which he had carefully filed and numbered as we sometimes do the vouchers to an account. These, he told me, were the result of his negociations at Leicester. It was plain enough to perceive by them that he had not been idle. He gave me an account of his reception by those to whom he had letters, and of his first impressions upon seeing the lady he had been in love with for the last ten days. As soon as he saw her, he was delighted; when she spoke, he was charmed; & when she lighted up her face with a smile, he found to his astonishment, that he was as a dead man. All accounts of her great merit were more than realized. And from that moment, he began to think of making her his wife! He seemed to think that he had thought of her so much that she had no part to perform: she had only to consent to be admired. He began his

courtship in the English manner (and which has been happily ridiculed by Dr. Go[l]dsmith) by talking to the father. He said nothing to him viva voce, but addressed a letter to him. He gave the letter to the father on Friday, and I could have told him that so long a letter would defeat any kind of negociation, for it occupied seven pages of foolscap! He had no return to this epistle until Monday morning, when the father came to his lodgings and very politely told our adventurer that he had read his communication with great satisfaction and that his daughter would be happy to receive an early visit from him. This threw him into perfect ecstacy. Like other lovers, he looked upon every intimation of success as a favorable omen, and thought himself already too happy. He ran to his chamber, flattering himself all the way that he was a very devil among the women, to array himself in a manner fit to receive his triumph. So great was his anxiety to get at her that in shaving, he cut quite a gash in his chin, which was now covered with coat plaster! Down he went to see his prize, & so sure was he of a favorable answer, that he had studied a speech to deliver to her the moment he entered the house. However, our Knight had not been in the house long, before he began to think that he had been counting his chickens too soon. The smiles he looked for had turned into seriousness, and the conversation was stiff and treaty wise. What a change this for our lover! He soon found that the reverse of all his hopes and wishes was to be realized. He had got so far into the mazes of Cupid's net that he could not advance or retreat, and each struggle to effect an escape only entangled him more and more. After he had returned to his lodgings, what must he do but write the obdurate fair one a moving epistle. This she answered in a most laconic manner; but in consequence of her having underscored the word *present* in her note, he took it as a sign of her repentance and was going to begin the whole courtship anew. Upon

the strength of it, he addressed her another letter and to this she effectually sewed him up. There was nothing dubious or equivocal about it. It was in these words, "Mr. Barry must consider his acquaintance with Miss ——— closed now and *forever*"! Whoever heard of such brevity in a woman before! Our Knight now betook himself to his grief and gave full vent to his affliction. So much did he take to heart her coldness, that he sent for a physician, who bled him without mercy. He was permitted to eat nothing beyond water-gruel and for three days successively was copiously blooded by our Dr. Sangrado. At all this, I laughed most immoderately. He was too sensible of his folly to be provoked with my good humor. He endeavored as much as he could to brave it out, but in spite of his resolutions, I could occasionally see proof that he had really been made sick by the denial he had met with. So true it is that very sensible minds, under the influence of disappointed love, indicate a weakness that makes us ashamed of our species.

Jan. 4, Sun., 1834.

I dined at Rejoice Newton's and went to Church all day. After meeting, I had long conversation with Mr. Joseph Lee, and as he is an ingenious old wag, I must give an account of him. He was born in Salem, Mass., and is now sixty-four. He is a bachelor. His father was a native of Boston, whose name was also Joseph Lee and by occupation a Sea Captain and Merchant. He at one time lived in Beverley, and afterwards in Salem and died at Boston, I think in 1827 or 8 at the age of more than eighty. His sister was the wife of the late Hon. George Cabot. Our bachelor has seen much of the world and always has been accustomed to good society. I am told that he has been famous for his attentions to the ladies and has always been regarded by them with great favor. Though he dresses very ordinarily, it is easy to perceive that he is accomplished

in his manners. He has great shrewdness and his conversation is full of instruction and originality. I am greatly amused now and then at the proofs he gives of the advance of time. Having no love now for the things which pleased him in his youth, he thinks that such pleasures have no existence. Speaking of the peculiarity of the politics of the United States, he said to me, "Mr. Baldwin, what's the use in making American affairs the subject of conversation? There is nothing now that's fit to be talked about. There has been no sensible conversation since the Peace between this country and England. We may see enough to laugh at, and repeat a stale joke; but take my word for it, the days of sensible conversation are passed."

Jan. 10, T., 1834.

I have been laboring for a week to find some subject to write upon, having been invited to deliver a Lecture before the Lyceum in this Town. I am now heartily ashamed of myself for having consented to deliver one, for I have from the beginning been opposed to them as a method of instruction. I have never believed in their utility. Lecturing does well enough when the hearer may ask questions & the lecturer speaks without notes. Lectures to be profitable should assume as much the appearance of conversation as possible.

I have selected as a subject the Mounds and Forts in the Western country and the origin of the people of this Continent.

This evening we had a Lecture from Dr. Oliver Hunter Blood, "on the moral constitution of man," a very sensible and ingenious production. He is a physician in this place. He was born in Sterling about 1799. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1821, and studied his profession with Drs. Green and Heywood of Worcester. He commenced practice here in 1825 or the beginning of 1826.

He married Dorothea W. Blake, third daughter of the Hon. Francis Blake, formerly an eminent lawyer in this Town, in 1828, or thereabouts. In 1829, he removed from Worcester to Brookfield to take the place of Dr. Homans who had gone to reside at Boston. Dr. Blood, however, returned to Worcester in the early part of 1831 and resumed his practice, and is now doing well. His father is Hon. Thomas H. Blood of Sterling and his grandfather is now living at Weston, I think. But this is a digression.

Lectures are delivered before the Lyceum weekly. They began in November, 1830, and have been continued to this time. They begin generally in November and continue weekly to the 1st of April. Tickets to hear them are one dollar a year, and the money applied to the purchase of books.[1]

Similar associations are established in a great majority of the towns in Massachusetts. All classes of society belong to them. Lecturers take any subject they please. Josiah Holbrook is the reputed father and inventor of this system of instruction.

Jan. 11, Friday, 1834.

I saw this even^g^ Mr. [Albert] Hopkins, Professor of Mathematics in Williamstown College. He brought a letter of introduction to me last summer from Rev. John Nelson of Leicester. He is a grandson of Mark Hopkins, Esq., the first lawyer settled in Stockbridge, Mass., or the neighborhood. Mark was a Col. in the Revolution and died at the White Plains of a fever. The late Judge Theodore Sedgwick of Stockbridge studied law with Hopkins. The famous Samuel Hopkins, D.D., of Newport, R. I., was his brother and so also was the Rev. Daniel Hopkins, D.D., of [Salem, Mass.]. Mark Hopkins married a

[1] Lectures were delivered before the Lyceum till 1856, at which time it was merged into the Young Men's Library Association.

daughter of the Rev. John Sergeant, Missionary to the Houssatonuc Indians. Erastus Sergeant, his son, was a Physician and died in Stockbridge. John Sergeant, another son, succeeded his father as Missionary, and accompanied the tribe in their migration to the Onondago Indians, near Utica in New York. Judge Sedgwick's wife was a daughter of Rev. John Sergeant, senior. Mr. Sergeant was born at Newark, N. J., in 1710 and was a tutor in Yale College from 1732 to 1736.—Soon after this he became Missionary to the Indians.—His son John was not distinguished for parts, and the Indians used to say that "he could not preach smart enough to make Indians repent."

Jan. 17, Friday, 1834.

I received a letter last evening from His Excellency, Gov. Lincoln, who is now at Boston, informing me that the duplicate pamphlets which the Boston Athenæum has offered to the Antiquarian Society, were in a favorable situation to be selected and that it was desirable that I should come down immediately and receive them. I consulted the members of the Council here and they thinking it proper for me to go, I got ready and went down in the afternoon. I borrowed twenty dollars of my friend Sam. Jennison, to guard against mishaps. I reached Boston about seven in the evening, going to Framingham in a sleigh and the rest of the way on wheels. It rained all day.

Jan. 18, 1834.

I called on the Governor in the morning and received some instructions from him relative to my duties. I went in pursuit of sundry gentlemen connected with the Athenæum, but found no one who could give me instructions. I went and examined the pamphlets and found them to be at least ten thousand in number, laying in a disorderly heap. I ordered a fire to be built in the room

on Monday morning, and that concluded my labor for the day.

I put up at the Tremont House, where I found several gentlemen whom I knew, and many strangers. The permanent residents are wealthy single gentlemen, among whom are John T. Reed, a native of Brookfield, whose father was a native of Uxbridge; Mr. Belknap, son of Jeremy Belknap, the historian; Israel Monson, a native of New Haven, of whom I have before spoken; a Mr. Eaton, a native of Barre. A Jo. Se[a]well Jones, from Chauco [Shocco], N. C.

The Keeper of this splendid House is Dwight Boyden. His father, Mr. Simeon Boyden, was born in Deerfield, Mass., and is now near 60 years old and lives with his son Dwight. The father of Simeon was John Boyden who was born in Groton, Mass., and died at the age of 88, having for his wife a daught. of Col. [James] Fry of Andover, that old Col. Fry who fought the French and Indians.

I should think the average number who sat at the dinner table was not less than one hundred and fifty. I could not but admire the order and regularity which prevailed among the servants who attended on the table. As the guests took their seats each was supplied with a plate of soup. The meats were all upon the table under covers and remained so until the soup plates were removed. The waiters were then stationed along in a sort of military order, with their eyes all fixed upon the head waiter at the head of the tables, and at a motion of his hand, the covers were all instantly removed and the dishes containing the meats that were to be carved, were carried to small tables at each end of the Hall and there cut up as occasion required. The immortal Dr. Kitchener must have been pleased with such discipline.

The wines were brought in immediately upon sitting down by the Clerks of the Bar, every guest having his name upon the neck of his bottle. I believe the wine

which is most preferred is Brown Sherry and Madeira, furnished at one dollar and fifty cents the bottle.

The dinner hour is half past two o'clock of each day; supper at half past five, and breakfast at eight.

Everything in the house is conducted with the utmost order and regularity. No confusion is observable. The servants are very numerous and very civil and never make mistakes.

I was shown the collection of newspapers that had been taken since the house was first opened. There were many waggon loads of them. Mr. Boyden [offered] to sell them to me. I was not authorized to purchase and so could make no offer. How much he would have parted with them for I cannot tell. They had been much damaged and I had some fears they were imperfect.

The Rev. Dr. [John T.] Kirkland, formerly President of Harvard College, was boarding at this house. I had no pleasure in looking at him. He is manifestly enfeebled in mind and body. He does not appear as when at Cambridge. I had a short conversation with him, but he was so altered from his former condition that I had no disposition to prolong the interview. His wife is the daughter of George Cabot of Boston.

I will here transcribe a copy of our Bill of Fare for Saturday, which will show how the table was furnished. Bills of fare are placed along upon every 4th or 5th plate that the guests may see what they have to do.

BILL OF FARE.

Pea Soup.
Boiled Salt Fish.
Cod's Head. Oysters.
Corned Beef.
Corned Pork.
Ham.
Tongue.
Turkey. Oysters.
Chickens and Pork.
Oyster Pie.

Anguilles a turtan. (What is this ?)
Mutton Cutlets.
Fried Smelts.
Stewed Ducks & Olives.
Hara Coat Mutton.
Curried Veal.
Tongues & Sounds.
Macaroni au parmasin.
Roast Beef.
Pork.
Veal.
Leg of Mutton.
Goose.
Turkey.
Chickens.
Partridges.
Puddings & Pastry.
Dessert.

I am a diligent reader of Dr. Kitchener's Cook's Oracle, but I have no recollection of all the above dishes. It is quite distressing to make out the handwriting of the Bill I have copied. I know not whether I have copied correctly; I think I have; and I would transcribe the other bills were they decypherable. The chyrography of them is abominable.

Jan. 19, Sund., 1834.

I was invited this morning to go and [hear] Dr. [William E.] Channing preach. I accompanied Mr. J. T. Read, but to my great disappointment, I heard the Rev. Warren Burton who was two years before me in College. He has been settled at Lechmere's Point, in Cambridge, but has recently been dismissed. He is the author of "Cheering views of Providence," and the "District School as it was," both of them works which have made him favorably known. His sermon was well enough, but I had made arrangements to hear Dr. Channing. I saw only two people in the whole congregation whom I had ever seen before; one was Zebedee Cook, Esq., an Attorney, and the other was my friend, Miss Charlotte Foxcroft of Worcester, now on a visit in

Boston. Mr. Burton is a native of Wilton in New Hampshire.

While at dinner in the afternoon, I was called upon by Mr. Aaron Baldwin, President of the Washington Bank, and invited by him to accompany him to church to hear Rev. Mr. [John] Pierpont. I went with him to his house in Essex Street and took his daughter, Adelaid, upon my arm and bore him company. I saw no one in the church, save the preacher, whom I knew. The first novelty that engaged my attention was the Ten Commandments in gilt letters, hung up on each side of the pulpit, in a version which I had never seen before. Mr. Baldwin's family had never noticed the alteration from the King James Version. I cannot now remember wherein was the difference. I shall write to Mr. Pierpont to enquire into the origin of the alteration.

After meeting, I went to Mr. Baldwin's and took tea and spent the evening. I remained until ten of the clock. I found them very pleasant. The daughter is pretty enough and well educated and with abundance of good sense. He has three children, two daughters and one son. The son is about ten or twelve and the daughters under twenty-one. He obtained his property in one of the West Indies. He was born in Newton, near Boston, and an account of his ancestry is contained in his letter to me written in 1832. His father's name was William, I think. So far as I can learn we have a common ancestor about one hundred and fifty years back.

Jan. 20, Mon., 1834.

I spent the forenoon in selecting pamphlets at the Athenæum. I found my friend, Edward Tuckerman, Jr., in the Library, who kindly showed me all the most rare and curious books contained in the collection. But I have no time to speak of what I saw. The Librarian, Dr. Bass,

has more love for shells and objects of Natural History than for Black Letter or anything appertaining to the typographic art. But what right has a librarian to have any affection but for books and MSS.? I doubt his authority for any other love, even tho' it be for a beautiful lady. Who does not know that enthusiasm, unchanged and undying, is absolutely essential to success? When we have mounted our hobby horses, we must ride through thick and thin, disregarding everybody and everything. The librarian at Cambridge has a prodigious fondness for bugs, but no sort of friendship for his duties. He is the son of the Rev. Dr. Harris of Dorchester, and a very worthy gentleman, although no antiquary.

The Hon. John Davis, Governor-elect of the Commonwealth, reached the city about noon from Washington. He took lodgings at the Tremont House. I called upon him and saluted him as his Excellency.

In the evening I went to the theatre and saw the play called "Wild Oats." The entertainment was rather dull. It was so bad that I did not visit it again during my stay.

Jan. 21, Tue., 1834.

His Excellency Gov. Davis was this day sworn into office. I saw him and Gov. Lincoln together before and after the ceremony took place. The two gentlemen, in their minds and manners, are the antipodes of each other. Gov. Lincoln is formal and ceremonious, both in his individual and official character. He submits himself in all conditions and circumstances to the rigid laws of propriety. He never deviates from this rule. He conforms always to public taste and public opinion, and where these are in fault he has the firmness of character to undertake to put them right. This is a good quality in any public servant. His dress and personal appearance are always neat and fashionable. Gov. Davis has no ceremonies for

anybody, either in private or public life. He is the same informal body at all times. It would, perhaps, by some be called simplicity of manners. That is the name I give to it. He is extremely unostentatious, and without any show of vanity.

But I see that my Bill of Fare is different today from what it was yesterday, and I will introduce a copy of it :—

"BILL OF FARE."

Brown Soup.
Boiled Cod Fish and Oysters.
Boiled Corned Beef.
Ham.
Tongue.
Turkey———Oysters.
Chickens and Pork.
Oyster Pie.
Mutton Cutlets.
Fried Smelts.
Filet de Boeuf.
Fried Chickens.
Stewed Tripe.
Boiled Beans and Pork.
Macaroni au Parmasen.
Roast Beef.
" Pork.
" Veal.
" Mutton.
" Goose.
" Turkey.
" Chickens.
" Wild Ducks.
Puddings and Pastry.
Dessert.

His Excl. Gov. Davis was this day sworn into office. There being about six hundred representatives present, there was no room for me to witness the ceremony.

Jan. 22, Wed., 1834.

Gov. Davis' inaugural is favorably spoken [of] by all parties. Gov. Lincoln departed this morning for Worces-

ter, having surrendered the chair of chief magistrate to his successor. He is the most popular Governor, perhaps, the State has ever had. He has been elected to the office nine times successively and declined being considered again as a candidate.

Gov. Davis told me this morning that he had been Governor long enough. His source of embarrassment yesterday was his message; but today he is thronged with applications for office. Well may a political man say, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Mr. Isaac Mansfield, a successful merchant in Boston, son of Rev. Isaac Mansfield of Marblehead, invited me to spend the evening at his house. I was uncivil enough to tell him it would give me great pleasure to do so, and yet I never went near him. He wanted to be civil to me because I had been civil to him when he was at Worcester last summer. But I have a repugnance to going among strangers in this way. He has got forty volumes of pamphlets which he says I may have. I must not lose these. I finished my labors at the Athenæum.

Jan. 23, Thu., 1834.

I saw a prodigious sacrifice of old books today.[1] They were sold at auction, being near two hundred folio volumes. They belonged to the college at Bamberg in Germany, an institution that had been broken up by Bonaparte. They were sold very cheap, not averaging more than one dollar a volume. They were in good condition, and most of them in hogskin and parchment binding. A copy of Antoninus in 5 vols. folio, Basil, 1516, and one of Jerome, in 4 vols. fol., 1537, both in good condition, sold for one dollar and thirty-seven cents per volume!!!

[1] This was probably the sale advertised in the *Boston Courier* of Jany. 22, 1834, by J. L. Cunningham, corner of Milk and Federal Streets, of "Rare and valuable old works just received from Germany, some of which are the earliest specimens of printing, and of many of them there are no duplicates in this country."

New Pantaloons at ten Dollars!

I was subjected to one most unexpected expense. I burst my pantaloons and was compelled to purchase a new pair, the break being so bold that I dare not show myself in them. I gave ten dollars for new pair and was horribly cheated. How tailors will bite!

Jan. 24, Fri., 1834.

For two reasons I concluded to return to Worcester in the noon stage: I did not want to stay any longer, and had spent all my money.

I left Boston at one and reached Worcester at seven in the evening, the stage on wheels; fare two dollars and thirty cents.

From the time of getting home to Jan. 30, I was employed in writing a lecture to be delivered before the Lyceum in this town. My subject was the origin of the "American Indian."

Jan. 30, Th., 1834.

This evening I delivered a lecture before the Worcester Lyceum. I had a very full house. They listened to me with as much attention as though a much greater body had been speaking. So true it is that they who show themselves seldom before the public are treated with indulgence and even respect. There was no reason, however, in this case, why they should have been so respectful, for the lecture occupied an hour in reading and was, in my estimation, a stupid and superficial production.

I saw Mr. Myrion Clark this evening from Manchester, Vt., who is a tanner in that place and a sensible man. He gave me these facts: James Clark was the son of the first emigrant and was born at Norwich, Con., or neighborhood, and died at Shaftsbury, Vt., in 1792, at the age of 84. He had Jeremiah and Daniel at Norwich, Con. Daniel lived at Plainfield, Con., and commanded a com-

pany of militia at the battle of Stilwater, N. Y., in Sept., 1777. Upon his death, his body was removed to Shaftsbury and there buried by his brother Jeremiah. He was younger than Jeremiah and had a large family. Jeremiah had Jeremiah, who is now living at Nelson, Mad. Co., N. Y., whither he went in 1790. He was born at what is now Preston, Con. He is now 70 or thereabouts. Reuben, another son, was drowned at 21. James was the oldest and died in the Revolutionary war, and his monument was the first one erected in Shaftsbury. He died while on his return from camp, at the age of about 21. Ebenezer, the youngest son, lives on the old place at Shaftsbury, and is now about 66. Henry died Nov. 31, 1800, aged 37. He died at Hoosack, N. Y. The Burlington battle was on his farm. Jeremiah, the father of the above, whose name frequently occurs in the Vermont State Papers, died at Shaftsbury in 1828, at the age of 84. He was one of the first who settled in that place.

Myrion, who gave the above, is the son of Henry, and was born at Hoosack, in 1790. He told me this story:—

Mathew Lyon, formerly a member of Congress from Vermont (before 1800, I think), lived at Castleton, Vt., and was a native of Ireland.[1] He married a daughter of old Gov. Thomas Chittenden,[2] and left Vermont about 1800 and settled in Kentucky, where he died. Chittenden Lyon, now a member of Congress from Kentucky, is his son. After Mathew had settled in Kentucky, who was not of the best polish as to education and refinement [his

[1] Mathew Lyon was a member of Congress from Vermont 1798-1801, he afterwards removed to Kentucky and represented that state in Congress 1803-1811.

His collision on the floor of Congress (during his first year in that body) with Roger Griswold, M. C. from Conn. (1795-1805), occasioned greatexcitement and an attempt to expel him from Congress. This occurrence was made the subject of a rough caricature, entitled "Congressional Pugilists. Fight in Congress between Lyon and Griswold Feby. 15, 1798." Underneath the picture were the words:—

"He in a trice struck Griswold thrice
Upon his head, enraged, sir;
Who seized the tongs to ease his wrongs,
And Griswold thus engaged, sir."

[2] Thomas Chittenden was the first Governor of Vermont.

wife] took it into her head that she would pay a visit to her father at Arlington, her native place, where her father resided. Strange as it may seem, she undertook the journey on horseback and alone, having no companion, besides a small child which she carried in her arms. She accomplished the journey and returned safe to her husband. It is said that in crossing a river in Ohio where it was thought to be difficult, a gentleman who happened to be at the ford offered to take her child and carry it over for her. While in the midst of the current his horse stumbled and, to save himself, he threw the baby into the stream and made the best of his way to the bank. Madame Lyon seeing the jeopardy her child was in, dismounted instantly and caught the child as it was sinking. Having remounted the beast in the river, she passed over and thus addressed the affrighted traveller: "You blockhead! how you've treated my baby! You are a miserable white-livered, cowardly rascal, and deserve to be shot at the first camp we come to."

Feb. 1, Sat., 1834.

Yesterday I began making a Catalogue of the Pamphlets I obtained from Boston. My zeal for pamphlets came nigh being quenched by the labor there is in making a catalogue of them. I was very busily occupied through fourteen days in making an alphabetical list only of about five hundred. But patience and perseverance will accomplish anything.

In the evenings of the first week in this month, I prepared a third edition of "Goodwin's Town Officer" for the press.[1] I am employed by Dorr and Howland, the publishers, and they are to pay me seventy-five dollars—

[1] Isaac Goodwin was a member of the Council of the American Antiquarian Society and lived on Lincoln Street, Worcester, in a house still standing. The first edition of the "Town Officer" was published in 1825, the second edition with the title "New England Sheriff or Digest of the Duties of Civil Officers" in 1830, the third edition in 1834, and another in 1837, edited by Benjamin F. Thomas.

fifty dollars in cash, and twenty-five dollars to be paid in books. All my duty consists in adding the statutes that have been passed since March, 1829. It is a very puttering business, and disgusting in the extreme, from the silly and absurd laws I was obliged to read over. The labor is not without some profit to me, for I find that I have very great occasion to be grateful that I am an antiquary and not a lawyer; and, besides, I am admonished how much need there is of a suitable repentance for the mischief I was guilty of while I was in the profession. Good God! How quick a man's heart becomes hardened whose duties require him to collect another man's debts! Who has any respect for a police officer, whether he be judge, constable or attorney? And there is but very little difference between a lawyer of a criminal or civil court. They are very much the same creature. But my conscience should be easy on one score—I never had any love for the profession. But this is a digression.

Feb. 14, 1834.

Governor Lincoln gave me today about four hundred pamphlets!! They are mostly political.

I wrote, week before last, a biographical sketch of the Hon. Jonas Sibley of Sutton, who died there Feb. 5, in his seventy-third year. I knew him very well. He had been sick many weeks, and I had prepared the notice of him long before he was dead. It was inserted in the *Worcester County Republican* on the 12th, and contains my opinion of his character, exactly. I will not eulogise any man, dead or alive, at the expense of truth. While I was in partnership with his only son, Jonas Leonard Sibley, in Sutton, now Marshall of the District of Massachusetts, I saw him every day. He had been a member of our State Legislature almost every year from 1806 to 1830, and, of course, was personally acquainted with the

principal men of Massachusetts during that time. He knew everybody, almost, and there was no end to his anecdotes. It is source of regret with me now that I did not chronicle much that he told me. His memory was good, and many facts relating to the Revolution were interesting, and of that kind which give a better acquaintance with the peculiar character and spirit of the times than can be found from any history. I look back upon my residence in Sutton as a very pleasant part of my life. I went there the 6th of November, 1830, and remained there just one year, when I received my appointment as Librarian of the American Antiquarian Society. I had little to do with the Law, as there was little business that year. I went away and returned when I chose, and had all manner of independence. I was very busy most of the time in collecting materials for a history of the Town. I have the materials by me now, and propose, at some convenient day, to reduce them to order and give them to the publick.

Feb. 17, Mond., 1834.

This day we voted for a member of Congress to succeed his Excellency Governor Davis. Ex-Gov. Lincoln was the candidate of the National Republican party and received throughout the district overwhelming majorities of votes. Isaac Davis, Esq., was the Jackson candidate.

Gov. Lincoln received the nomination with great reluctance. He is thought by many to be insincere when he says that he does not want to go to Congress. I am satisfied that he speaks as he thinks. He says that his expenses during the time he has been governor have equalled his salary, and he has not sufficient property to justify his laying upon his oars. He had resolved when he declined being a candidate for governor to return to the practice of law, and by this method retrieve his fortune. He has property enough, such as it is, but it is mostly in

real estate. His hospitality is generous and such as becomes a chief magistrate, and there is something quite barbarous in that public sentiment which requires a party leader to sacrifice his own interests to the paltry advantages of political triumph. I am rejoiced, however, that he has been elected in this instance, because he is unquestionably the strongest man in the district and must sustain a high reputation in Congress. I gave my vote for him with great pleasure.

Feb. 19, Wed., 1834.

Mr. Jackson, of the firm of How, Jackson & Co., made some inquiry of me touching my lecture before the Lyceum on the evening of Jan. 30, and told me this story. He was born at St. Johnsbury, Vt., but has spent most of his days in Maine. In 1818 & 19, he was employed in clearing up a township for settlement, which lies above Erroll at Umbagog Lake. There lived near by an ancient Indian by the name of Metalluc. His residence was several miles from any inhabitant; not even any Indians being in that quarter. Mr. Jackson saw him more or less every week. He was then about eighty years old, and is still living. He came originally from a tribe in Canada, a great many years ago, having committed a murder there, which compelled him to flee to this place as a retreat from the vindictive fury of the murdered Indian's relations. The occasion of the murder was, that upon the death of the chief, Metalluc and this person whom he slew were the two candidates to succeed to the chieftainship. He found him one day alone and seized the opportunity to dispatch him. This fact was afterward disclosed and he fled to this wild and secluded region for safety.

He lives wholly by hunting. His wife died many years ago and he had showed to Mr. Jackson the place of her burial, which was on the Androscoggin. The body was enclosed in birch bark. There was buried with it a

musket, pipe, tobacco, skins of animals, and many other articles which he supposed she might want in the next world. But what was very singular, and unknown to me before, was that he killed nine of his dogs, which were hounds and curs, and buried them near to her body. He gave as a reason for doing this, that it was according to the custom of his tribe, who had learned it from their fathers.

Metalluc had once exchanged his wife. The one that accompanied him in his retreat had brought him nine children, and as he foresaw that her season of fruitfulness was not near an end, he sent her back to Canada, children and all, and procured a barren one in her place, saying that "papooses and hunting no go together." At her death he watched by the body nine days, saying that he was not certain but that she was in a trance.

He says that when he gets old he shall again rejoin his tribe in Canada and lay his bones with those of his ancestors.

I was invited this evening to a party at Mr. [John] Wright's, the head of the female academy. I was too unwell to attend and sent an apology. He is a native of Westford, and was my classmate at Cambridge. His wife is the daughter of the late Hon. Judge Prescott of Groton, a lady of fine mind and accomplishments.[1]

Feb. 20, Thurs., 1834.

I was visited at the Antiquarian Hall this morning by the venerable William Woodbridge, now of Utica, New York. He is in his eightieth year, and was born at Glastenbury, Con. He was a classmate at Yale College with Noah Webster, and has been a schoolmaster for fifty years! He was the first Preceptor of Phillips' Academy, Exeter, N. H., from 1783 to 1788, when, from ill-health, he

[1] Mr. Wright afterwards had charge of the Latin Grammar School, Worcester.

was out of business for about a year. In 1789 he opened a school for young ladies at Medford, Mass., which he says was the first female academy ever opened in this country. He says that his project was much laughed at, and both he and his pupils were looked upon with great contempt. People used to ask him deridingly, if he intended to learn the girls how to calculate eclypses? During ten years he was in a school at Newark, N. J. His son is the author of the school Geography and Atlas and, I believe, some other books for education.

He had all the airs and dry humor of an old pedagogue about him. I laughed heartily to hear him complain of the innovations that have been introduced into the system of education. "When," said he, "will people be done trying experiments? There are several conceited fops now at work attempting to palm off upon the community their crude and impracticable schemes in the work of instruction. There's Noah Webster, old as he is, is as full of changes as the moon. Do but look at his productions. I have been striving for more than half a century to put down his Spelling Book. But *cui bono?* It is in use everywhere. And there is his great dictionary, which he calls his '*opus magnum*'; what is it but a great evil. '*Μεγα Βιβλιον Μεγα Κακον.*' But alas, *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* We can make no progress in the great work of education until we return to the point from which we have diverged; but, *hic labor, hoc opus est*, and I fear it is now too late to accomplish so desirable an object."

He introduced his latin so thickly that I could not remember half of it. Before he left, I sat down and wrote him a letter, requesting him to give an account of his labors as an instructor when he should return to Utica, and with any facts connected with his life which he might think of any interest.

Feb. 21, Frid., 1834.

I was visited today by R. C. Royce, Esq., of Rutland, Vermont. He is a lawyer at that place and now about thirty-five. He is an acquaintance of Mr. Salisbury. He told me that he had a copy of the Vermont Statutes printed in 1778, which Slade, in his Vermont State Papers, says was not to be found. Mr. Royce kindly promised to give me his copy and I gave him directions how to send it to me.

I spent the evening at Mr. Salisbury's, where I met Waldo Flint and wife from Leicester, and the wife of his brother, Dr. Edward Flint. She was a daughter of Mr. Emerson of Norwich, Vt., who, I think, was a native of Topsfield, Mass. I talked with Mr. Royce much about Ethan Allen, and he promised to find for me some of his manuscripts. I was pleased to find that he thought well of him, and expressed much satisfaction that a life of him had been undertaken by Hugh Moore. He gave me to understand that he had apprehensions that the book would not be so good as might be expected.

Feb. 24, Mond., 1834.

It has been customary in this town, as it has all over the country, to regard the evening of the twenty-second of February as a season of merrymaking, it being the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. The day falling on Saturday, Monday was made to take its place, and we celebrated it by a ball at the hall of the Worcester Coffee House. I was one of the managers. About thirty gentlemen and as many ladies were present. The evening was passed very pleasantly. I danced every time. Our musick was composed of two violins, an octave flute, clarionet, bass violin and an instrument called a trombone. We danced cotillions and contra dances alternately, and

kept it up with great diligence until 2 o'clock in the morning. Our bill was four dollars each.

Feb. 25, Tues., 1834.

I have been engaged for the last two weeks, in the evenings, in reading Boswell's life of Dr. Johnson, and it has afforded me great amusement. I had read it before, but the new edition contains a great many notes, which furnish a very complete history of the literature of England for the last half of the last century. When I read this book I am alternately mad and pleased all the way through it—mad at the insolence and coarseness of Johnson, and pleased with the scrupulous fidelity with which Boswell minutes down everything he says and does. Johnson and Boswell were made on purpose for each other; Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were not more opportunely associated together. Two such persons can be scarcely expected to meet again.

Dr. Johnson gives his opinion about keeping a diary which, in my humble judgment, is arrant nonsense. He would have it contain an account of one's thoughts. To keep such a diary would require one's whole time, and what benefit could be derived from it? What he says in relation to recording the course of one's reading is very proper. Every diary must contain more [or] less nonsense. I put things down just as they occur to my mind. I have only one rule, which is accuracy. If I am uncertain as to any facts I omit them wholly. There may be great use made of a journal if kept properly. I have often thought that Le Sage must have kept a very minute one, for in all his writings that I have seen he excels in making all his characters say exactly what they ought to say. He never makes a caricature. By making notes of what he heard different people say, he described according to nature, which will always please. I will illustrate this

by an anecdote of my friend Alvan Fisher, the landscape painter, of Boston. He passed the summer of 1832 in Worcester, and I was with him more or less every day for three months. We were walking through the street, and near by us two large dogs met and immediately went to fighting. They fought most terrifically. They were only a few feet from us, and I was much alarmed for a moment lest I should be bitten. It occurred to me at once that Fisher would remember the scene and make a picture out of it. I turned round to speak to him and I was surprised to find that he was down on one knee with paper upon the other, pencil in hand, and steadily looking off in another direction from the scene of combat. It turned out that at the moment the two dogs encountered each other, a small lap dog belonging to Dr. Park, being very much frightened, had fled to the other side of the street for safety, and was there standing as a spectator of the fight. Its attitude was most peculiar, and it was this which had attracted the attention of the artist, and before the lap dog had moved he had made a most perfect transcript of the position of two of its legs. He then added the other parts of the animal and laid the drawing away in his portfolio, to be introduced into a picture as he might have occasion. By this method, he would have a striking picture. It would be true to nature, and he told me that it was his constant practice to make such sketches and he had then only to transcribe them upon canvass, and he felt certain that he was right. And so it is with a diary, if we put down conversation as it is uttered. We must record it at the time, and with the same fidelity that Mr. Fisher did in the case of the lap dog.

Wed., 26 Feb., 1834.

This evening [there] was a meeting of the Council of the A[merican] A[ntiquarian] S[ociety] at my room. These meetings are held the last Wednesday in each month, and

are very pleasant. I am sorry to say that the Council spend too much time in talking about politics. They neglect no business that requires their attention. I should wish to discourse upon subjects befitting antiquaries, who certainly ought to be above politics.

27. This evening I played at backgammon with the Rev. Dr. Bancroft. I play with him once nearly every week.

I had a visit today from Ebenezer Brigham, a native of Shrewsbury, Mass., and now residing at the Blue Mounds, in the Michigan Territory. This place is one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Chicago, 60 north of Galena and five hundred north of St. Louis. He was engaged in the war against the Indians in 1831 & 2, and had many narrow escapes. He knew George Force, who was barbarously murdered by the Sacs before his eyes. He was coming into the garrison from the field where he had been at work when he was overtaken by the Indians, shot, skalped, his arms, legs and head cut off and his heart taken out and carried off upon the point of a pole! They were beyond the reach of small arms. This Mr. Force was a native of Brookfield, Mass., and, I think, was second cousin to my mother. A person by the name of Green, from Shrewsbury, was also killed at the same time.

Mr. Brigham spoke of the Indians in the same manner that our ancestors do. He made use of very positive language. He gave them no quarter. And I have never seen any person yet who had been intimate with the Indians personally who had any sort of respect for them. Mr. Brigham is the uncle of David T. Brigham, Esq., an attorney in Worcester, and is now about forty-five.

March 3, M., 1834.

During the last four days I have been grievously exercised with the sick headache.

I find that there are little patches of time which I lose,

which might be turned to some profitable account. I have resolved to apply them to the discharge of an obligation I am under to Mr. [John S. C.] Knowlton, the editor of the *Palladium*, a new paper published in this town, having lately been erected upon the ruins of the *National Ægis and Massachusetts Yeoman*, which, a few months ago, were united into one. He gives to our library several files of newspapers that he receives in exchange for his own, and I have proposed to requite the favor, in part, by furnishing him a series of essays. I have been much troubled to find a name for them, but have concluded to pass them off under the name of the "Reformer." I shall not take much pains with them, as nobody will know who writes them, not even Mr. Knowlton himself.

March 5, 1834.

I attend[d] a party this evening at Fred. W. Paine's. His library contains about three thousand volumes, and among them are many good books; that which I most covet is Pinkerton's Collection of Voyages, in 18 vols., 4to, Lond., bound in full Russia.[1] He has a fine collection of medals, which he says cost him five hundred dollars. The object of this party was to show off two young ladies by the name of Sturgis, from Boston, neices to Mrs. Paine and sisters to my classmate, Nathaniel Russell Sturgis.

Mar. 6, 1834.

This evening a lecture was delivered before the Lyceum by Emory Washburn, Esq., on the subject of Slavery. I took tea with Mrs. Burt and got badly beaten at backgammon, which excused me from attending the lecture.

[1] This "Collection" is now in the Library of the Antiquarian Society, having been presented by the Rev. George Sturgis Paine. It is in 17 vols., 4to., London, 1808-1814.

Mar. 7, 1834.

This evening I attended a party at Mr. Salisbury's. I met there a Miss Hubbard, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Hubbard of Charlestown, N. H., and now a member of Congress from that place.[1] He is a warm Jackson-man and his daughter is a warm politician of the same kidney, but still a very interesting, beautiful & charming lady. She has passed one winter at the seat of government which has almost spoiled her.

Mar. 8, 1834.

Tempestuous and rains all day, and the snow entirely disappears. The weather through the winter has been very uniform, tho' not remarkably cold. The sleighing was uniformly good for three months.

George A. Tufts, Esq., of Dudley, spent the day with me at the Antiquarian Hall. He is a member of the Bar of Worcester County, and the only son of the Hon. Aaron Tufts of Dudley. He is now about thirty-six. His father was born in Charlestown, near Boston, about 1772. He left there when he was only three or four years old, and accompanied his mother (whose maiden name was Stone) to Woodstock, her husband having died shortly before at Charlestown. At Woodstock she married Capt. Benjamin Lyon, with whom Aaron lived until he was seventeen, when he left him and went to Lebanon, Con., where he applied himself to study, preparatory to entering upon a profession. Upon leaving Lebanon, he went to Dudley, Mass., and commenced the study of medicine under Dr. Eliot Eaton, a successful practitioner in that place. He remained with him until he was ready to ride, when he abandoned the idea of practice and went into the business of trade in that town. He went to Dudley about 1791.

[1] Judge Henry Hubbard was a prominent Democratic politician of New Hampshire and member of Congress 1829-1835, U. S. Senator 1835-1841, and Governor of N. H. 1842-3. He died at Charlestown, N. H., Jan. 5, 1857.

He married the daughter of Capt. John Barker of Worcester, who kept the public house where the Worcester Coffee House[1] is now kept, near the Court House. Capt. Barker came to Worcester from Sudbury, where Mrs. Tufts was born. He died about 1800. His sons now reside at Bangor, Me. One of them, John, was formerly a partner of Mr. Tufts at Dudley. George is now capt. of a steam boat that runs from Boston to one of the ports in Maine. Mr. Tufts has been a member of the Mass. Legislature for more than twenty years. He has been in the Senate, in the Council, one of the Judges of the Court of Sessions, and afterwards one of the County Commissioners. He is a straightforward, practical man, and, withal, honest and sensible.

His son, George A., was graduated at Harvard in 1817, I think, studied his profession with the Hon. Levi Lincoln and has always lived in Dudley. He has a good reputation as a lawyer.

March 11, M., 1834.

Played at backgammon with Rev. Dr. Bancroft and beat him soundly. His wife says that she plays at this game with him every night, from 9 to 10, and as he is generally victorious she rejoices at my good luck.

March 13, M., 1834.

I must account this one of the happiest days of my life. I received early in the morning a copy of the "Bibliotheca Britanica," by Robert Watt, in 4 vols., 4to, Edinburgh, 1824, for which I paid thirty-eight dollars. I purchased it for the Library, by direction of the Society, and Mr. [Samuel] Jennison, the treasurer, gave me money to pay for it, and I gave him my receipt. It is an exceedingly good book, and I do not comprehend how I have done so long without it. I have been in pursuit of it for four

[1] Now called the Exchange Hotel.

months. It has often occurred to me how much we want such a work in this country, and since I have been Librarian, I have uniformly held out the idea that our Library was designed to collect all the productions of American authors. I shall begin, shortly, to make a sort of Bibliotheca Americana, but there will be no occasion for many notes because our country is so new. But by making such a book, I may get some fame, and of all fame in this world the fame of a librarian is the most to my taste. I can make a work of this description, and a history of American printing at the same time.

This evening I attended a party at Gov. Davis's. He was not there, being in Boston.

I received a long letter today from my cousin, Emory Force Warren, Esq., of Kennydy's Mills, Chatauque County, N. Y. He is a young lawyer of 23, and is already married! He is the son of Peter Warren, Esq., of Gerry, in the same county, who married the sister of my mother.

March 17, M., 1834.

I set out, in front of the Antiquarian Hall, ten locust trees, which I procured from the nursery of William Lincoln. I brought them on my back at two loads. The trunks are about an inch in diameter at the ground. I have set out all the trees that are now growing about the hall. I had the help of two men one day and they planted so badly that I have been compelled to pull up what they put down and supply others in their place. I began the planting of them in November, 1832, but the greatest part of them was planted in March and April, 1833.[1]

March 24, M., 1834.

I had a visit today from Robert Peckham, a portrait painter. He now lives in Westminster, where he has

[1] Antiquarian Hall was on Summer Street in 1834. Part of the building still remains, but the trees long ago disappeared.

resided for the [last] twelve years. He has also lived in Boston and in various other places. He was born in Petersham in 1785. His father, William, was born at Bristol, R. I., in 1780, and is now living at Petersham, in his 84th year. His grandfather, John, was born also in Bristol, and went to Petersham about 1768, and died there in 1793, aged 79. Robert, the painter, never received any instruction in his art. He is not distinguished in his profession, tho' he succeeds tolerably well in obtaining likenesses and has always gained his living by the art. His portraits are badly colored and, sometimes, are laughable caricatures. His price is ten dollars, and his business is almost wholly in the country. I have in some instances seen the name of the person intended to be painted written upon the picture, which was the surest way of identifying it. He is, notwithstanding, a very worthy and devout man.

March 27, M., 1834.

On Wednesday evening I was invited to a party at Rev. Mr. Hill's, but did not attend on account of lameness in one of my fingers. I thrust a thorn into it about two weeks ago, the point of which was left deep in the flesh. It now pains me for the first time, and what adds to the misery of it, I learn that a person died in the town this afternoon from a similar wound.

I will say a word here about the Rev. Alonzo Hill, colleague of the Rev. Dr. Aaron Bancroft. He was born at Harvard, Mass., June 20, 1800. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1822. In 1823-4 he was the English preceptor in Leicester Academy. He studied theology in the school connected with Harvard University, and was ordained in Worcester, as the colleague of Dr. Bancroft, March [28, 1827]. He married Miss Clarke of Princeton, neice of the Rev. Samuel Clarke, a Unitarian clergyman, then of that place, in 1831, but now settled in Uxbridge.

Mr. Hill's father's name is Oliver, who was born in Harvard in 1772. His grandfather, Samuel, was born at Stoneham, Mass.; and his father was also Samuel, who was born in Leicester, England, and was the first of the family in this country. He died at the age of about 30 of a cancer. Rev. Mr. Hill's mother's maiden name was Goldsmith, of Harvard, where her father resided.

March 30, 1834.

I was introduced today to Dr. Jonathan Barber, Professor in Harvard University. He is well-known as a convert to the doctrines of Drs. Gall & Spurzheim, and is now eminently distinguished as a lecturer on Phrenology. His lectures at Salem and Providence have given him an established reputation. He is, personally, very communicative and most furiously devoted to Phrenology. I went with him to the Hospital to see him treat the bumps of the patients there, and found him very pleasant and instructive in his observations and remarks upon them. He felt of my head and quite surprised me with the information that I had the true developments of the antiquarian taste, which consisted in the organs of veneration, benevolence and acquisitiveness. Veneration made me respect antiquity and acquisitiveness gave me a taste to gather and collect. The first was proper enough, for I could readily acknowledge the truth of it. I have many times wished I could be religious, and were it not that I sometimes carry myself with a "light carriage," I would become a Church member. I once doubted the truth of the divine origin of Christianity, but now I am cured of that, having read the New Testament in the Greek and thought enough upon the subject to convince myself of its truth, and that my own happiness, if nothing more, would be reason enough why I should embrace it. The organ of acquisitiveness induced me, at first, to declare his science a humbug, because I supposed it to be the bump which predisposes one to get

money, which has no connexion with my character. I can not persuade myself that money is of any value beyond present wants, and I cannot get a fourpence halfpenny ahead. But he said this was the organ that led me to collect books and antiquities, and herein I believe the bump performs its functions very well.

April 1, Tues., 1834.

This day was a busy one with me. I moved my lodgings from the Worcester Hotel, or, as it is now called, the "United States Hotel," kept by James Worthington and William [C.] Clark, at the south end of the Main St. to the Worcester Coffee House,[1] kept by Farnsworth and Harris, which is opposite the Brick Meeting house and near the Court House. I pay three dollars per week and have my washing done, and from Oct. 1 to April 1st am to have a chamber on the second floor to myself and furnished with fire and lights for the evenings, and through the summer, from April 1 to Oct. 1st, I am to have a parlor to myself, with fire and lights when I want them. Wine is to be charged to me at seventy-five cents a bottle, and to be such wine as he furnishes to strangers at one dollar and fifty cents a bottle.

Yesterday, came to see me Dr. Thomas Stearns of Sudbury. He is now preparing a history of that ancient town for publication. He was born at Lincoln, Mass., Aug. 8, 1785. He was fitted for College, but never entered. He has one brother, settled as a minister at Dennis, on the cape, and one at Row, in the western part of the state. His father was the Rev. Charles Stearns of Lincoln, who was born at Leominster and died in 1826. His father was Thomas, who was born in Sutton, Mass., and his father was Samuel or Ebenezer,—which may be ascertained from the Sutton Records,—who was born in

[1] Now the Exchange Hotel.

Lynn. He went from Lynn to Sutton and afterwards returned, tho' Mr. Anthony Dike of Sutton, then in his 90ieth year, told me that he went from Sutton to Brookfield.

Dr. Stearns informs me that he went to Wiscassett, Me., in 1808, where he studied medicine with Dr. Adams, who went also from Lincoln, and practised in that town one year, when, in the latter part of 1812, he removed to Mount Vernon in that state, and there remained till 1817, when he returned to Lincoln and the same year established himself in Sudbury as a Physician, where he has resided ever since. His second wife, who died in 1833, was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Prentice of Medfield.[1] His first wife was from Cohasset, whom he found at Wiscasset, teacher of a female academy there. She died in 1822 or 3.

I found him very well informed upon the subject of our early history, particularly in relation to Sudbury. He told me many anecdotes which I had never seen before, and I entreated him to publish everything concerning the battle at Concord. The account of that skirmish has been so abominably mangled by the Rev. Dr. Ripley that the true history will be lost unless preserved by Dr. Stearns and Mr. Shattuck in his promised history of Concord.

Deacon Josiah Haynes was one of those who went from Sudbury to protect the public stores at Concord. Dr. Stearns says that six companies of militia went from Sudbury alone, embracing almost every person in the town between the ages of sixteen and seventy. This Deacon Haynes was a person of singular courage. He was then eighty years old, and when the British began to retire and return to Boston, this old veteran pursued them in the road, and when he had come up within musket shot he deliberately drew up his old gun and let drive among them. As soon as he fired and began loading again the British turn[d] round & a great number discharged their pieces at him at

[1] This was probably Dr. Thomas Prentiss, minister at Medfield, 1770 to 1814.

the same time. He was literally shot to pieces. Fourteen wounds were found upon his body.

There was a Deacon Farrar who was also distinguished on the same occasion. He was from Lincoln, and walked to Concord upon the news of the approach of the British. He was advanced in age, and his gun, powderhorn and balls, together with a walk of three miles, had quite exhausted him. Being much fatigued, he went into a house and sat down to rest himself. As he was sitting in a chair a British soldier entered the house, and seeing so venerable a personage with his musket and powder horn, sung out to him, "What are you after, you old Rebel?" "Come to fight," was the Roman answer of our Deacon; whereupon the soldier seized the Deacon's gun and, going to the door, discharged it into the air, and then cut the ribbon or string that swung the powder-horn over his shoulder and threw the powder away; and, upon this, fled.

He gave me a story which he had from Deacon Moody of Mount Vernon, which was new to me. It refers to the practice which was common to all the New England churches to some time between 1750 & 75. I allude to the confessions made in open church by those who had committed fornication. Deacon Moody had lived in the Coos country in New Hampshire, where the practice of confession was after this manner. The female who had committed this filthy abomination, in the beginning of the exercises of the meeting house, went of her own accord and took her seat by herself near one of the deacons, front of the pulpit, and there sat on a low stool. After the exercises were over, the minister looked down upon her and asked, "What do you sit there for?" "I am on the stool of repentence, sir." "Why?" "For the sin of fornication, sir." "Who tempted you to it?" "The Devil, in the shape of John French, sir." And so the good minister went on catechising her and, finally, concluded with an exhortation to greater chastity.

I believe the common mode of confession was for the guilty one to go into the broad aisle and confess the sin briefly & there the farce ended. In all our old towns there was a part of Church Record devoted to this kind of pecadillo. And the Record has been usually made up in this way: Betty ——, such an one, giving the name, "this day, in open church, confessed and bewailed the sin of Fornication."

Dr. Stearns says that the Rev. Mr. [Israel] Loring would not baptise children that were born on the sabbath day, because it afforded proof that they were begotten on the sabbath day! This doctrine was exploded & the parson compelled to retract his error, however, upon his own wife, on that day, having presented him with a pair of twins; and, upon this event, all those in the town who had been so unlucky as to be born on Sunday were afterward baptised—all of which appears from the Church Records.

Dr. Stearns continued with me Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and, instead of making use of books as he intended, we spent most of the time in telling old stories, and I do not know when I have passed three days more pleasantly. He is a sensible man and a most surprising memory, and I have no doubt will make a good history.

April 3, Thurs., 1834.

This was the Annual Fast, but I did not know it until the bells rang for meeting at half-past nine. I did not go to Church.

April 4, 1834.

I had a visit today from the Rev. James Fitton, a Catholic Priest from Hartford, Con. He told me he was the first native of Boston who had ever preached the Catholic faith in New England. He was born in Boston, April 10, 1805, and is going to spend his birthday with

his mother at Boston on Thursday next, when, he says, he shall be twenty-nine years old. He was the editor of the *Catholic Press*, a newspaper published at Hartford, which, he says, run him in debt a thousand dollars. Before he went to Hartford he was among the Passymaquoddy Indians. His father's name was Abraham Fitton, who came from the County of Lancaster, England, to Boston, about 1790. His mother's maiden name was Welch, a native of Wales, and is still living. His father is dead.

April 7, 1834.

Mr. Fitton yesterday assembled the Catholics now in this town, and with those who came from the factories at Clappville and Millbury, he had about sixty, besides women and children. He was subjected to some difficulty in finding a convenient place to hold a meeting, but at length obtained consent to hold it in the new store erected by Mr. Bailey, which is constructed of stone and stands on the north side of Front Street, on the west bank of the Blackstone Canal. I believe this to be the first Catholic sermon ever preached in this town. After service was over, a subscription was taken, with the view of raising money to erect a chapel or church, and, what is very surprising, five hundred dollars were soon subscribed. And in addition to this, another hundred dollars were procured to defray Mr. Fitton's expenses from Hartford here and to enable him to visit the Catholics in different places in Massachusetts and Connecticut.[1]

April 12, 1834.

I spent the evening in company with Francis C. Gray, Esq., of Boston, who is one of the Trustees of the Lunatic Hospital in this town. He is something of a Bibliographer,

[1] In 1841 the first Roman Catholic Church in Worcester was dedicated as Christ Church, and Father Fitton became the pastor, remaining in Worcester till 1843, when he removed to Boston.

and having visited most of the large libraries in Europe, I found his conversation very pleasant. He gave me one fact which I did not know of before, which was that Daniel Leonard, a Commissioner of the Customs at Boston, was the author of the essays over the signature of Massachusettensis, and not Jonathan Sewall, as the elder President Adams has affirmed. Having learned that such was the fact from his cousin, Judge Chipman, of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, he procured a letter from Mr. Leonard himself, acknowledging that he was the author of Massachusettensis. Mr. Adams was the author of Novanglus, published in 1774-5, in a Boston newspaper.

April 17, 1834.

During this week and the last, I have attended a course of Lectures on Phrenology by Dr. Jonathan Barber, now teacher of elocution in Harvard University. The course consisted of eight lectures. He had about 250 to hear him at one dollar each. As a lecturer I like him much. I am not so well pleased with what he said upon Phrenology as what he said upon subjects which he introduced to explain his favorite science. His manner is very good. He had nothing written, and I have never heard any one speak who had a more perfect command of language. I am a convert to his doctrine to a certain extent. The weight of evidence in favor of the correctness of the doctrine is too great to be thrown down by ridicule. It must be put down as it has been put up, by facts and arguments.

I was visited today by Mr. Lewis Weld, principal of the Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford.

I have inserted so much in my Diary relating to personal history of individuals that I believe, by continuing it, I may some day make some use of it. I am much troubled to make people talk about themselves, and I dare

not let them know what use I make of the information they give me. Some, if they knew I kept a diary, would not say anything, and others would say too much. I found one today, Frederick W. Bottom, Esq., of Southbridge, who would not give me any account of himself. All I could get out of him was that he was born in Plainfield, Con., in 1780, and was graduated at Brown University, and that his father died at Newant, near Norwich, Con., in 1831. Jesse Bliss, Esq., told me that he was born at Brimfield, Mass. But he gave me this account of Jacob Mansfield, Esq., a lawyer, formerly at Western, now Warren. Mr. Mansfield was born at New Ipswich, N. H., and established himself at Western about 1810. He absconded in Dec., 1831, and has never returned. He attended the Dec. Court at Worcester and went to Providence on foot, and being a partizan of Gen. Jackson, went to Washington in the hope of procuring some post under the Government. In this, however, he was disappointed. He returned to New York, and went to Rome in that state and spent a few days with Dr. Blair, who was a son of Lieut. Blair of Western. He was afterwards seen in Buffalo, poor & ragged, & it is believed that he is not now living. He was intemperate in his habits, and had been for some time before he left Western. He was always called "Lord Mansfield." Perhaps no man ever wrote a more wretched & abominable hand than he did. It was so indecypherable that he could not read it himself. Successful pleas in abatement have been made to his writs because they could not be read. He married a daughter of Gen. Cutler.

April 19, 1834.

Anniversary of the battle at Lexington. I drank a glass of wine by myself in commemoration of the event, and spent the afternoon in planting trees about the Antiquarian Hall. I have now planted all I designed to in the

beginning. I have set out, perhaps, five hundred of different kinds. I have dug them up in the woods and brought them on my back without the assistance of even a boy, except about two days' work of one man, and he was engaged a part of the time in other business. They will afford a comfortable shade for my successor, if I should not live to enjoy it myself.

April 22, 1834.

William Huntington called on me today. He is now studying medicine with Dr. Josiah Flint of Northampton, son of Dr. Austin Flint of Leicester. He was in the class after me at Harvard College. His brother, Charles, is now settled at Northampton as a lawyer & married a daughter of the late Hon. Elijah H. Mills of that place, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1822. They were both born at Litchfield, Conn. They are the sons of the Rev. Dan Huntington, who now resides at Hadley, near Northampton.

Mr. Joseph E. Worcester, the Geographer, spent the forenoon with me at the Antiquarian Hall. He told me that, when in London, he saw in the possession of Obadiah Rich, the American Bookseller, the correspondence of Gov. Bernard of Massachusetts, which had been rescued from a person who was going to make use of it as waste paper. Rich asked a thousand dollars for the whole collection. Mr. Worcester made a calculation of the extent of it if printed, and found that it would fill seven or eight common octavo volumes. It extended from 1765 to the peace of 1783, and only a very small portion has ever been printed.

23 April.

Mr. Huntington, mentioned above, delivered an address on the evening of the 23rd at the Town Hall, on the subject of slavery. I found by his conversation that he was

a rank abolitionist and, not exactly liking his principles, did not go to hear him.

April 25.

There came to see me today Baruch Chase, Esq., of Hopkinton, N. H. His object was to procure my aid in hunting up his ancestors. He was born at Sutton, Mass., March 27th, 1764, and is the son of Dudley Chase, who died at Cornish, N. H. Dudley Chase was the first man who settled in Cornish. He left Sutton, probably, in 1764, and went first to Alstead, N. H., where he remained but a few months, when he removed to what is now Cornish. He arrived there with his family in June, 1765. At that time there was no road from Charlestown through Claremont, and he carried his family & goods from Charlestown to Cornish in a boat on the Connecticut. They landed near where the Episcopal Church now stands, late in the afternoon in the fore part of June, 1765. At that time there was no inhabitant in Windsor or in any town to the north of it, on either bank of the river. The original forest of pine stood in all its primitive grandeur and magnificence.

After Mr. Chase and his family had landed, they immediately began to erect them a small hut to afford them shelter for the night. It was nearly finished when, as bad luck would have it, the hired man felled a tree directly across it and completely smashed it. This deprived them of all kind of shelter, and during the night they were all drenched by heavy showers of rain. The next day they built a comfortable shanty.

It is not certain that it was June, 1765, that Mr. Chase began the settlement of Cornish, but he thinks it was, from the fact that he was born in Sutton, and his sister Alice, about twenty months younger than himself, was born at Cornish. And he is certain that his father arrived there in the early part of June, as is above mentioned.

Jonathan Chase, afterwards General, brother to Dudley, went from Sutton to Cornish a year or two afterwards, and also their father, Samuel Chase, who became a Judge. The epitaphs of all three, with many others of the family, may be seen in my volume of epitaphs, copied in 1831.[1]

They called the place Cornish from the circumstance that the ancestor of the family, Aquila Chase, came from Cornish in Cornwall, about 1640, and settled at Hampton. In my manuscripts relating to Sutton is an account of this Aquila and his posterity.

Hon. Dudley Chase of Royalton, Vermont, is a brother of Baruch, above named, and so is the Rev. Philander Chase,[2] the founder of Kenyon College, Ohio, now settled on the River St. Joseph, in the Territory of Michigan. Another brother, Salmon, was settled as an attorney at Portland, Maine, as early as 1788, and died in middle life. He was a competitor with the Hon. Daniel Davis, late Solicitor General of Massachusetts, and enjoyed a high reputation in his profession, and at the time of his death was engaged in extensive and lucrative business. Dr. [John C.] Howard of Boston, married one of his daughters. The Hon. Ithamur Chase,[3] late of Keene, N. H., was another brother, and the inscription on his monument may also be seen in my volume of epitaphs. Baruch Chase was graduated at Dartmouth College, commenced the practice of law at Hopkinton in 1790, and has been there ever since. He married a sister of Benjamin and Timothy Wiggin, both eminent and wealthy bankers in London, who are natives of Hopkinton, N. H. Mr. Chase was

[1] The book of epitaphs referred to, now in the library of the Antiquarian Society, is a quarto volume, containing about fourteen hundred inscriptions copied from gravestones, in various towns of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. From graveyards in Claremont, Charlestown and Cornish, N. H., over four hundred have been copied, and about the same number in Grafton, Millbury, Templeton and Winchendon, Massachusetts.

[2] Bishop of Ohio and afterwards of Illinois.

[3] Father of Hon. Salmon P. Chase.

formerly president of one of the banks at Concord, N. H. He remained with me at the Antiquarian Hall a week.

April 26, 1834.

My father came to see me and stayed with me three days. He returned to Templeton on the 30ieth, being in good health.

April 29, 1834.

Last evening, I found at my boarding house Rev. Sereno Edwards Dwight, son of the late Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College. He went with me to the Antiquarian Hall, where he remained all day. He gave an account of his visit to Europe and of many of the large libraries which he saw. He is a brother of Henry E. Dwight, who was in Europe at the same time, and who published an account of what he saw in his travels. He is too dogmatic to be pleasant as a companion, though he is acknowledged to possess fine talents and a well cultivated mind. He spoke of Jonathan Edwards, the metaphysician, with great approbation, regarding him as the greatest man this country had ever produced, and that he enjoyed this reputation in Europe. He has published an edition of his works in ten volumes 8vo., with a valuable memoir of him. He is also the author of the Life of Brainerd. I spent the evening with him at the house of Stephen Salisbury, Esq., where he greatly shocked the ladies by saying that there had been no tolerable female poet since the days of Sappho! which, though it be true, was a very ungallant speech, and I could have told him it would have got him into hot water.

April 30, 1834.

This evening the Council met at my room, and they consented to let me purchase twenty-five dollars worth of books. Among them are the Royal Commentaries of

Garcilaso de la Vega, in Spanish and English, Kalm's travels and Coxe's travels in Carolina in 1727, and Old Baker's Chronicle.

May 1, 1834.

I must mention here that it snowed on Sunday last nearly all day. The weather is cold and uncomfortable.

May 2, 1834.

I had a very agreeable visit from Miss Z. P. Grant, Principal of the Female Seminary at Ipswich, Mass. She formerly had a school at Derry, N. H. Her establishment at Ipswich is now in great repute, and she is among the most distinguished of her sex for talents in New England. She is now on a tour to the Western Country, having no gentleman with her, but is to meet four of her pupils, young ladies, at Hartford, who are to be her travelling companions.

May 3, 1834.

Chief Justice Shaw spent the afternoon with me at the Antiquarian Hall, it being Saturday and the Court not in session. He talked, and I listened. He is very corpulent and yet very communicative, and has a fondness for a good story. I wish I could report conversation with detailed accuracy; but my memory is so completely treacherous that I cannot do it. I ought to record, at least, ten folio pages of what he said to me. Among the interesting facts which he gave me was one relating to the Regicides of King Charles II. Rev. John Russell of Hadley, who entertained and protected Goffe and Whalley, died in 1692. His son, Jonathan, was ordained as the minister of Barnstable, in the old Colony of Plymouth, and the Chief Justice informs me that there is a tradition in the Russell family and among the successors of Rev. Jonathan Russell, that

all the manuscripts of the Regicides, upon the death of Rev. John Russell of Hadley, came into the possession of the Rev. Jonathan of Barnstable, and were preserved in a chest by themselves. But the small pox having been in his family, and the purification of the house afterwards being necessary, this box of papers was destined to a sad end. A hole was dug in the ground somewhere in the neighborhood of the house, and the box or chest, papers and all, were interred together and have never been taken up. And the spot where they were buried is not now known.

How much reliance may be placed upon the truth of this tradition I cannot tell. I have given it as I received it from the Chief Justice, who, being an Old Colony man, would give the tradition accurately. I have never heard of but few of the manuscripts of the Regicides. Ezra Stiles, in his account of them, mentions that Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts had the Diary of Whalley, and any one might know this who had seen his note (in the History of Mass.) relating to them, for he has comprised nearly as much in a note of two pages as Stiles has in a whole volume.

I have omitted to say anything about the ancestors of the Chief Justice, because he wrote me a letter two years ago, wherein he gave me a full account of them and of himself, too.

May 8, Thurs., 1834.

Hon. Calvin Goddard of Norwich, Con., spent the forenoon with me. He has in his possession several bundles of manuscripts which belonged to Gov. Huntington. He says he will send them all to me as soon as he returns to Norwich. Rev. William B. Sprague of Albany, N. Y., formerly of West Springfield, Mass., has picked them over and carried away many of them. I fear he has taken the meat and left me the shell; for he has so much fury

about him in collecting autographs that he would carry off everything that had a name attached to it. I am heartily glad he has gone out of New England, for he is so much esteemed wherever he goes that people let him into their garrets without any difficulty, and, being a Doctor of Divinity, they never think to look under his cloak to see how many precious old papers he bears off with him. But I have directed Mr. Goddard to send me box and all, lest Mr. Sprague should think he might have forgotten something and return to it.

Mr. Goddard was born in Shrewsbury, and an account of his ancestry may be seen in a little book published by William Austin Goddard, at Worcester, in 1833, 12mo. He is a brother of the elder Luther Goddard of Worcester, and enjoys a very high reputation as a lawyer in Connecticut. Asa Child, Esq., now United States District Attorney for Connecticut, a native of Woodstock and brother of Linus Child, Esq., an attorney at Southbridge, married his daughter.

He gave me this anecdote about the father of the Rev. Doc. Nath[l] Emmons of Franklin. He was a Deacon of the Church at East Haddam, Con., and was remarkable for credulity, as well as for his piety. There lived in his neighborhood an old maid by the name of Mercy Hosmer, and he was often heard to speak highly in her favor; and a wag, who knew the good Deacon's frailties, met him one day and said to him, "Deacon, have you heard the news?" "No," said the Deacon. "What!" enquired the wag, "have you not heard of the new order of the King and Council?" "No, I have not. What is it?" "Why, it has just been reported that his Majesty, for the purpose of multiplying the population of the Colonies, has ordered and enjoined that every person in the Colonies who has a property worth five hundred Pounds, may have two wives!" "Two wives!" said the Deacon. "Yes," replied the wag, "and there is no doubt it has been done to enable

us to sustain ourselves against the French and Indians." The Deacon, looking him in the face, said hastily, "Well, well; I have more than £500." Believing the news to be correct, the Deacon hastened home to his wife and told her the change that had been ordered by Government, and, protesting in his loyalty to his Majesty and his detestation of the French and Indians, said to her, "My dear! what do you say to my speaking to Mercy Hosmer?" "Poh! Deacon. I have no doubt if you were to write to the King and tell him that we have added twelve sons to his subjects already, and that our little Natty was born when I was in my fifty-third year, he would not only excuse you from the expense of a second wife, but settle a pension upon us for what we have done thus far."

May 9, Fri., 1834.

Henry Rogers came to see me today and, as he has done the "state some service," I must give him a place in my chronicle. He was born at New London, Con., Aug. 6, 1786. His father was William Rogers, also born in New London, but died when Henry was quite small. Henry began to learn his trade as a printer with [James] Springer, the publisher of the *Weekly Oracle*, a newspaper printed at New London. When he was fifteen he went to Hartford and entered a printing office there, where he remained five years. He left Hartford and went to Boston, and worked as a journeyman for Samuel T. Armstrong, now Lieut.-Governor of the Commonwealth. He remained in Boston two months, when he came to Worcester, which was in November, 1806, and on the 11th of March, 1807, issued the *National Ægis* in his own name, being then publisher and, nominally, editor. Edward D. Bangs, Esq., now Secretary of the Commonwealth, was the real editor and furnished most of the editorial matter. He continued to be proprietor and, most of the time, editor until

December, 1824, when the paper went into the hands of Charles Griffin, and he has had no connexion with it since. From that time to the present he has been employed as a journeyman printer in the different printing establishments in town.

May 10, 1834.

I have been engaged during the evenings for a few weeks past in preparing for the press the third edition of Goodwin's Town Officer. I arranged the laws the first week in February, and have now added a new index. This evening I completed it and wrote a short preface. [See Feb. 1, 1834.]

I have had but little time to read during the winter. I have so many interruptions from invitations to parties and numerous calls of one kind or other, that I feel as though I did nothing. Yet I keep busy about something ten hours of each day.

I have read during the last two months the Lives of John Leland, Thomas Hearne and Anthony á. Wood. I have found great pleasure and profit in the perusal of them. I find that they all were laughed at as well as myself. There were plenty of people in their day, as well as at the present, who estimate all goodness and happiness by dollars and cents.

I have read, also, Greswell's account of the Early Greek press at Paris and lives of the Stephens, the famous Greek printers, and also Reid's Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica. I have also read some of Dr. Spurzheim's Phrenological works, and with great satisfaction.

May 11 (Sunday), 1834.

Yesterday, which was Saturday, there was a caricature military parade. It was to have begun in the morning, but owing to a powerful rain, did not appear until afternoon. It originated in a contempt of the present laws

regulating the militia. The general was —— Knowlton, a native of Shrewsbury, and now a student at law in the office of William M. Town[e], Esq., of Worcester. He was dressed in a most grotesque and fantastical manner and mounted upon a horse of the very meanest appearance. There were about one hundred, horse and foot, with musick, baggage cart and everything to throw ridicule upon the military system. Some of the soldiers, for knapsacks, had common tin-kitchens strapped upon their backs, others small churns, and one was tarred and feathered. A very good account of the whole exhibition was given in the *Worcester Palladium.*

But now for my Sunday expedition. George A. Tufts, Esq., of Dudley (see March 8), invited me to accompany Chief Justice Shaw to Dudley to spend the Sunday with him. The going was so bad, however, that we did not go until after meeting. He took me into his chaise and we started off about four o'clock in the afternoon. We went to Millbury, then to Sutton, then to Webster and so to Dudley, and arrived at Mr. Tufts' house about 7 o'clock. The Chief Justice was much pleased with the appearance of the country and was delighted with the hospitality shown by Mr. Tufts and his family, and especially at the apparently happy and comfortable manner in which he lived. His father, Hon. Aaron Tufts, lives with him. They all make one family. The house is surrounded by shade trees and upon one side is a beautiful grove of white pine. This adds greatly to the beauty of the place. The house is well furnished, having silk damask window curtains & other furniture to correspond, which is quite unusual in the country. George A. Tufts was married in 1822; his wife was a Fales from Wrentham, near Dedham, a fine-looking and sensible lady.

We left early the next morning, the judge being under the necessity of reaching Worcester at 9, having adjourned the Court to that hour. There was very heavy thunder

during the night and the morning was uncomfortably cold. We returned by way of Oxford and Ward and arrived at Worcester precisely at 9. The judge was full of anecdote and I had nothing to do but sit and listen. He told me much about his early life and of many amusing incidents connected with his experience at the Bar. He studied the early part of his profession at Amherst, N. H., and began practice in Boston, I think, in 1806, and was in partnership with Thomas Oliver Selfridge at the time he killed young Austin in State Street, which, I believe, was Aug. 4, 1806. He told me that Selfridge was not profound as a lawyer, but that he had a rare faculty of making the most of everything, which gave him great advantages.

May 14 (Wed.), 1834.

I attended a meeting this evening at Bonney's public house, of gentlemen who wished to form a Phrenological Society. The following gentlemen were present: Dr. John Green, Dr. Benjamin F. Heywood, Dr. Oliver H. Blood, Dr. John S. Butler, Dr. Samuel B. Woodward, Dr. George Chandler, Stephen Salisbury, Esq., Anthony Chase, John Milton Earle, Hon. Joseph G. Kendall, Maturin L. Fisher, Esq., Benjamin Franklin Thomas, Daniel Waldo Lincoln, Frederick W. Paine, and myself. Dr. Woodward was made President, Mr. Salisbury, Vice-President, Mr. Thomas, Secretary, Mr. Paine, Treasurer, and Dr. Green, Dr. Blood & myself, Directors. We are hereafter to meet monthly, and the first meeting will be on the second Wednesday of June. Our object is to investigate the Science of Phrenology & ascertain its nature and the foundation there may be for it in truth. Like all new converts, we are full of fury and enthusiasm, and we may thank ourselves, if we escape being rank Pagans.

May 20.

New Pantaloons at $7.50—drab colerd.

Bost., May 27, 1834.

Left Worcester at six in the morning in the stage for Boston, in company with William Lincoln, to attend the annual meeting of the Antiq. Soc. We had for company the Hon. Benj. Russell of Boston, Genl Matoon of Amherst, Edward G. Prescott, Esq., of Boston, and Mr. Porter of Sturbridge, brother of Dr. Woodward's wife; and a Mr. Green from Hartford, son of one Benjamin Green of Boston. Mr. Russell entertained us all the way with his anecdotes. He and the general gave us sieges, campai[g]ns & battles from one end of the Revolution to the other. And Mr. Green, having found that I was an antiquary, was particular in his attentions to me. He now resides at Hartford, giving himself wholly up to literary pursuits, having a partial sort of love for ancient printing, and has some old books, one, a Bible of 1470, as he says, but I doubt it.

How delightful the country looks—everything green and beautiful.

Wednesday, May 28, '34.

I devoted the forenoon to an examination of books in Perkins' Antiquarian Book store, to see what he might have relating to American history.[1] I found many things which we had not, and laid out such as we might want and ascertained their price. Visited Jos. Willard and attended the meeting of ye Society at 12 o'clock. Only four were present, viz.: Edward D. Bangs, Hon. James C. Merrill, Mr. Lincoln, and myself. We read reports and talked miscellaneously, which occupied in all about two hours.

After this, I met with Mr. [Andrew E.] Belknap, son of Jeremy, the historian, who obligingly gave me two Ms. sermons of his father, with a promise that he would complete for me our list of his printed labors. His room, to

[1] This was Oliver L. Perkins, who was a dealer in antiquarian books, and had a store at No. 56 Cornhill.

which he invited me, being a chamber in the south end of the Tremont House, commands a view of the Park St. Burial Ground, which he has, at his own expense, ornamented with about 500 forest trees.

Thursday, May 29, '34.

Spent the day in examining book stores and found very little to reward my search. Mr. Willis gave me five volumes of the *Recorder*, and Mr. B. F. Hallett, editor of the *Daily Advocate*, promised me a great many anti-masonic publications.[1]

June 1, 1834.

The whole Spring, thus far, has been extremely cold and uncomfortable. Every rain since the third week in March has been followed with a cold, chilling wind. On May 27 I went to Boston with William Lincoln to attend the semi-annual meeting of the Society. We left Worcester at 6 in the morning, in the mail stage, and reached Boston at 12 at noon. Our stage company consisted of the Hon. Benjamin Russell, the famous editor of the *Boston Centinel*, Gen. Mattoon of Amherst, Col. Edward G. Prescott of Boston, Mr. Porter from Sturbridge (a brother of Dr. Woodward's wife), a Mr. Green from Hartford, whose father was Benjamin Green, a merchant, formerly in Boston and now dead, Mr. Lincoln and myself. This Mr. Green is an antiquary, and, having a fortune, amuses himself in collecting old books. He is a small man with very large and frightful whiskers, and is very eccentric. He mentioned that he had two books printed before 1500. He appeared to be a modest man, but a great lover of old things. Mr. Russell and Gen. Mattoon being Revolutionary soldiers, entertained us with their fighting experience. They refought every battle from

[1] Nathaniel Willis was the founder and editor of the *Boston Recorder*, an influential religious newspaper. Benjamin F. Hallett was afterwards a prominent leader in the Democratic party. He was called by his political opponents "The Soldier of Fortune."

that at Lexington to the taking of Cornwallis. Both knew General Washington personally, and also Dr. Franklin. Russell mentioned several anecdotes of the latter, and one which occurred while he was a printer's boy with Isaiah Thomas at Worcester. Dr. Franklin was on some public business in this part of the country, which required his stay at Worcester two or three days. Much of his time was spent in the printing office, and Mr. Russell says that he gave the men some very useful hints about working the press. The press was so constructed that only half of one side of a sheet could be pressed at one motion, and the Doctor took the apparatus out and in a few minutes arranged it so that the whole side of a sheet could be printed at one instead of two operations.

By referring to my letter book, I found that about a year ago I had written Mr. Russell a letter, requesting him to give me an account of the great men of New England as he had known them, and his opinion of them as to talents, and to illustrate with as many anecdotes as he pleased. Not having received any answer, I mentioned the subject to him and he began to apologise, saying that he had thought of the subject often, but there was so much for him to talk about that he did not know where to begin. He spoke of things, however, in such a way as led me to believe that he had made a beginning, and I do not despair of yet getting something from him. He talked incessantly all the way to Boston and related story upon story, and what astonished me was the clearness and precision with which he could give the christian and sirnames of individuals. He would give the name of John Hancock's coachman or of an oyster-seller fifty years ago as precisely as though they had now been before him. Although he is now seventy-six, he looks like a man of sixty only, and when he begins to tell an anecdote his manner is so earnest and the circumstances so particular that the hearer has no ground for doubting anything.

Gen. Mattoon is now, and has been for some years, totally blind. His mind is not impaired by age, and he makes himself exceedingly interesting in his conversation.

Mr. Russell and Col. Prescott had been to Worcester as a committee of the Ancient and Hon. Artillery Company, to see Gov. Davis in relation to the approaching artillery election. The political year having been altered by the Constitution, there was no necessity for the Governor to be present, and, he not being a military man, it was feared he might not be present unless particularly invited to attend, and to extend this invitation was a part of their errand.

I stopped with Mr. Lincoln at the Tremont House. There were few gentlemen whom I knew. The only one among them any way famous was Stephen H. Long of the United States Army; the same who commanded the expedition to the Rocky Mountains, an account of which was published by Edwin James, and his expedition to discover the sources of the River St. Peter, an account of which was drawn up and published by Keating. He is a small man of about 50, and not remarkably imposing either in his looks or conversation.

I was in Boston five days, and during that time the sun did not appear. The weather was cold and uncomfortable and rained nearly every day. I amused myself by going among the different book stores and hunting up American history. I found some hundreds of vols. which I much wanted, that could be purchased for a mere trifle. I had only 15 dollars of the Society's money to expend, and this I laid out as advantageously as I could.

On Saturday morning I went to visit the Rev. Dr. [William] Jenks. He resides in Crescent Court, leading out of West Street.[1] He received me very cordially and politely, and said that he had designed to talk with me all

---

[1] Dr. Jenks resided at 1 Crescent Place, which led out of Green Street.

the forenoon and wished me to give him an account of my labors as librarian and of the condition of the institution.

I related all to him and he particularly commended my plan of increasing the library by making it a collection of the productions of American authors. I found him very cheerful, and no one could be in his company without perceiving that he is a person of the greatest purity of character, and the most profound learning. He inspired me with so much new zeal and love for my vocation that I shall return to [my] labors with new pleasure and satisfaction. He showed some of the maps and charts he had made of his family which evinced the most astonishing industry. He had not connected his ancestor in this country with the parent stock in England, but he had started the race in Wales and had followed it back for more than nineteen hundred years. The subject of the English nobility was one of his hobbys and he had pursued it with great success.

He is quite a small man, wears breeches, and combs his hair back over his forhead. He has a fine head, with the organ of Language largely developed.

I met Jared Sparks at Wilkins' Bookstore.[1] I never had seen him before. He has no look about him that would make one believe he was an author. He is square built and inclined to grossness. He is short, with very black hair. I spent a half hour with him very pleasantly and he in an especial manner commended me for my care and labor in the collection and preservation of newspapers, saying that in his different publications he had made great use of them and regretted that so few perfect files of old papers had been spared from destruction.

Lieut. Gov. Winthrop, President of the Society, sent to

[1] This was John H. Wilkins (H. C. 1818) who in 1828 was a partner in the firm of Hillard, Gray & Co., the predecessors of Little, Brown & Co., and on the same premises as now occupied by the last named firm. Mr. Wilkins, at about the time referred to by Mr. Baldwin, had gone into business with Charles Bolles in Water Street for the sale of paper.

have me pay him a visit. He has been sick for 6 months so as not to be able to go out of his house. He is happy to see company, and I spent two hours with him very pleasantly. He had purchased several books for the Society, which, when bound, he would send to Worcester.

I left Boston in the mail stage at 10 in the evening, and reached Worcester in the morning between 4 and 5.

June 4, 1834.

William Bentley Fowle, Esq., of Boston, came to see me today and remained with me two days and a half. He is the nephew of the late Rev. Dr. William Bentley of Salem, and was formerly a bookseller in Boston, but of late years has been at the head of a school for young ladies. Recently he has made himself famous by his success as a lecturer on Phrenology. He talked incessantly during his stay in town, and I was greatly pleased and instructed by his company. He promised me that some convenient time he would present to the Antiquarian Society the manuscripts which belonged to his uncle, and also that he would prepare a biographical memoir of him for the transactions of the Society. He gave me this information in relation to the painting of Saint John which hangs in the Library. Some sailors from his uncle's parish in Salem were at Leghorn at the time Bonaparte was transferring the paintings and statuary from Italy to Paris. As these articles were brought to Leghorn in their passage to Paris, these Salem sailors were required to render some assistance relating to them, and as they did not understand French could only understand by signs what was doing. When they found out the whole of the paintings and statuary had been stolen, one of them cried out, "by G—d, Parson Bentley must have some of them," and thereupon seized this Saint John and brought it to Salem and gave it to him. And at his decease he bequeathed it to the Antiquarian Society.

June 6.

Rev. Howard Malcom, a distinguished Baptist clergyman from Boston, spent an half day with me. He was born in Philadelphia and has been settled seven years. His ancestor was from Scotland.

June 10, 1834.

I had a pleasant visit today from Hon. Aaron Tufts and his family from Dudley; and Hon. James Wilson of Keene, N. H.

Dea. James Wilson of Worcester brought me many pamphlets and newspapers. He has been Post Master for about thirty years. He was the successor of the late Isaiah Thomas, LL.D., who was removed by President Jefferson on account of his Federalism, and Deacon Wilson, who was a good Democrat, put in his place. But last fall the deacon was charged with being a Federalist, having lost his Democracy, and Jubal Harrington, Esq., editor of the *Worcester County Republican*, a newspaper devoted to Gen. Jackson, was appointed Post Master in his place. The deacon, being old and out of employment, is now making arrangements to go to Cincinnati, Ohio, to live with his son. His family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, Frances and Sarah, are to go with him.[1]

Deacon Wilson was born in Durham, County of Durham, in England in 1762. His father was a clergyman there and left England in March, 1775, for this country, with his son James, then thirteen years old. They were off Newfoundland Bank when the fight at Lexington took place. Their vessel put into Marblehead and in a few days occurred the Bunker Hill affair; and the deacon says that so great was the light created by the burning of Charlestown that the time of night could be distinguished at

[1] Deacon James Wilson was the founder of the first Baptist Society in Worcester, often having meetings in his own house. He died at Cincinnati February 5, 1841.

Marblehead by the watch. His father was soon after settled at Haverhill, Mass., where he remained as a preacher until 1776, when he obtained permission to return to England to bring out his two daughters, whom he had left at Durham. But information was given, after he had gone on board the vessel, then lying in Glo[u]cester Harbor, that he was returning to England to give an account to the government of the poverty and distress prevailing in the Province, which induced the Committee of Safety to detain him, together with four British officers who were to embark in the same vessel, for examination. They all entered a boat to return to the shore, when a sudden squall of wind upset the boat and they were all drowned.

James was then in the store of William White of Haverhill, with whom he lived until 1785, when he returned to England to obtain a legacy left him by his grandmother at Durham. He remained in England until 1792-3, when he returned to America, and settled at Worcester in 1795, where he has remained ever since. His wife is the sister of William White, Esq., of Haverhill, afterwards of Boston, and, finally, of Rutland, in the County of Worcester.

Mr. Wilson is now deacon of the Baptist Church in Worcester, and has always enjoyed the most unblemished reputation.

June 12, 1834.

I dined today at Simeon Burt's. It was a family party to eat a salmon brought from Merrimack. William Moore Town, Esq. (son of Gen. Salem Town of Charlton), who married Frances, and Dr. Edward Lamb, also a native of Charlton, who married Katherine, sisters to Mrs. Burt, and all daughters of Dr. Jeremiah Robinson, and Mary Robinson, made up the party.

June 16, 1834.

John Howard Payne[1] brought me a letter of introduction from Prof. Holland of Washington College, Hartford, Con. He remained with me at the Antiquarian Hall all day. He came to Worcester from Springfield, by way of Greenfield, on foot. He is a small man, about forty-five, and very modest and unpretending for one who has been so much caressed by the public. He is obtaining subscribers to a magazine which he proposes to publish in London at ten dollars a year, and has undertaken the laborious task of visiting all parts of the United States to obtain patrons to his work. The name of the magazine is "Jam Jehan Nima!" and a very frightful name it is, too. William M. Towne and myself were the only subscribers found in Worcester.[2]

I spent the whole day and evening in talking with him, and found him very interesting and intelligent. He promised to send me a copy of each of his publications and some other books, which he made a memorandum of.

June 20, 1834.

Mr. Charles J. Stratford of Milbury came to see me. He is the nephew of the venerable Thomas Walcot [Wallcut], Esq., of Boston, who has made himself well known in Boston as a curious and indefatigable collector of pamphlets.[3] Mr. Stratford told me that he and his brother, Kent B. Stratford, a journeyman printer in Boston, would probably inherit Mr. Walcot's collections, and that he should be pleased to have all his pamphlets, maps and newspapers

[1] Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

[2] The title of the proposed Journal "Jam Jehan Nima" was taken from the Persian, being the name given to a famous cup, which was supposed to possess the property of representing in it everything which was then doing in the World. The price of the Journal was to be ten dollars, but although Mr. Payne travelled in many of the States to obtain subscribers he was finally obliged to give up the attempt for want of sufficient support.

[3] Thomas Wallcut was one of the ten original members of the Massachusetts Historical Society. A memoir of him by his nephew, Rev. Robert F. Wallcut, is in the second volume of the Proceedings of that Society.

sent to the Library of the Antiquarian Society, where they might be kept together. The number of them is now very large, he having been collecting them for many years. He has also a respectable collection of books. A few years ago he gave five hundred volumes of the most valuable among them to the library of Bowdoin College.

Mr. Walcot resided a few years at Marietta, Ohio, in its early settlement, and while there translated some part of the New Testament into the Indian language. This fact was unknown to me before; but Mr. Stratford says that he has often seen the volume, and is certain that it was done by his uncle. His name is not in the translation, nor have I ever seen any notice of the work.

Mr. Stratford's father was a native of England, and came to this country immediately after the peace of 1783. He was a cabinetmaker, and married Mr. Walcot's sister, and died about 1804, aged 55.

Mr. Walcot was never married, and he is now between 70 & 80. He was for a great many years a scrivener in the State House. His benevolence has kept him always poor, and the main part of his subsistence is derived from a pension from the General Government for some services rendered in the Revolutionary War.

June 28, 1834.

Dea. James Wilson and his wife and two daughters, Frances & Sarah, left Worcester this morning for Cincinnati, Ohio. His son, who resides there, had come to accompany them back with him. Before Mr. Wilson left, I asked him to give me an account of his life, and wrote him a polite note to that end. He gave me no answer.

July 1 & 2.

Today assembled in this town a convention of young men from all parts of the State to help on the cause of

temperance. Over four hundred delegates were present. I was introduced to many of them. They were all, so far as I could learn, young gentlemen of great respectability. Some of them, however, were rather old, being more than forty. They behaved very well, though I could have wished they had drank less cyder. But people will never escape falling into absurdities, especially reformers.

The convention sat two days. The members made many speeches and voted that no more wine should be drank. This was ultimately carried by a strong vote, though it cost many wry faces and some sharp speaking.

July 3.

I rode on horseback, accompanied by three ladies: Mrs. John Putnam, whose husband was of the firm of Putnam, Williams & Co.; Miss Ellen Bigelow, eldest daughter of Hon. Lewis Bigelow, formerly of Petersham, and author of the "Digest of the Mass. Reports"; and Miss Elizabeth Trumbull, eldest daughter of George A. Trumbull, cashier of the Central Bank in Worcester.[1] We had one race after we got out of the street, but putting horses to the top of their speed with ladies upon them is rather dangerous. We got back safely.

July 4.

The day was celebrated by the Whig party in an imposing manner. Franklin Dexter, Esq., son of the late Hon. Samuel Dexter of Boston, delivered the oration in Dr. Bancroft's meeting house. A national salute of artillery was fired at sunrise, accompanied by the ringing of the four church bells, and the same ceremony repeated at sundown. Dinner was provided in the Town Hall, where three hundred sat at the table. I was unwell and

[1] Mr. Trumbull was afterwards cashier of the Citizens Bank at Worcester.

did not join in the festivities. I took my dinner at Rejoice Newton's, tea at Governor Davis', and attended a party in the evening at Governor Lincoln's.

Gov. Lincoln reached town last evening from Washington, being a member of Congress, and made a speech at the dinner table of an hour and a half, on the affairs at Washington, which was most favorably received by the audience.

July 19 (Sat.), 1834.

During the month of July, thus far, I have been engaged very busily upon the Catalogue of the Library. The weather, some of the time, has been so very warm as to prevent my working to much effect. On one day the thermometer, which hung on the north side of the house, stood at 98½, which is the highest it has reached for sixteen years.

Yesterday (18) I was introduced to Mr. Bennett, a lawyer from Winchester, N. H., who is a native of Swanzey, and was formerly at the head High School in Keene. He was never graduated at any college. This morning William Lincoln, Joseph G. Prentiss, with Mr. Bennett and myself, went to Hopkinton Springs. We reached there a little after nine, and left at sundown. We spent the day in bowling, in which I had good luck. We played at bagatelle, at graces, and heard the ladies play on the piano. There were thirty or forty boarders at the Spring House, and I was told by Mr. Norcross, the keeper, that some of the time he had had as many as seventy staying with him at once, which is as many as his house will accommodate. My ride cost me three dollars and forty cents.

My father was here to see me on Thursday and left on Friday morning.

July 22, 1834.

Charles Allen and David T. Brigham, Esqs., having made arrangements to visit Hopkinton Springs today, George Tilly Rice invited me to take a seat in his chaise and accompany them. Charles G. Prentiss, Esq., kindly offered to remain in charge of the Antiquarian Hall during my absence, and so I accepted his invitation. We reached the Springs at ten, and rolled nine pins until seven in the evening, when we returned and arrived at Worcester at a little past nine. We played for fourpence a game; that is, each of us put that sum into the pool, and he that knocked down most pins with the three balls took the pool. At night I was twelve and a half cents out of pocket, which I accounted rather poor luck, as I generally am a winner. Though I say it myself, I am quite a dab at the game.

July 23, 1834.

I saw Mr. Benjamin Hale today from Hanover, N. H., who is professor of chemistry in the college there. He is a native of Newburyport, Mass., and was formerly connected with the Gardiner Lyceum in Maine, and, for a season, tutor in Bowdoin College. He married the daughter of Cyrus King, who is the brother of —— King of Maine. He had a brother, Josiah L. Hale, in his company, who is a merchant in New York.

July 30 (Wed.), 1834.

There was a meeting of the Council of the Antiquarian Society this evening, and I communicated to them my good fortune in having prevailed upon the venerable Thomas Walcott of Boston to present to our library his collections of pamphlets and newspapers. The Council thereupon directed me to proceed to Boston and bring his bequest to Worcester. They gave me also twenty-five

dollars to purchase such rare books as might fall in my way.

July 31. Thu.

I left Worcester at 3 P. M. in the stage for Boston, having first arranged matters at the hall so that I could leave home and not be troubled by anxiety during my absence. We reached Needham at 8 in the evening, and being afflicted with rheumatism, I stayed here during the night calculating to reach Boston by the Rail Way at 8 in the morning. An intelligent and interesting gentleman from Georgia by the name of Jackson, son of a former Governor of that State, remained with me.

Aug. 1, 1834.

This is my birthday. Alas! how swift the year has flown. This day I am thirty-four years old.

I saw today for the first time a Rail Way Car. What an object of wonder! How marvellous it is in every particular! It appears like a thing of life. The cars came out from Boston with about an hundred passengers and performed the journey, which is thirteen miles, in forty-three minutes. I cannot describe the strange sensations produced on seeing the train of cars come up. And when I started in them for Boston, it seemed like a dream. I blessed my stars that such a man as Robert Fulton had lived to confer on his fellow mortals an improvement so valuable as his application of steam engines to driving boats, and that this had suggested the application of the same power to moving carriages on land.

Mr. Jackson would not believe that Fulton had any idea of a Rail Way. I told him that I had seen a description of a Rail Way long before any such thing was known. There was a small volume published in Baltimore in 1813, under the title of "Patent-Right oppression Exposed; or

Knavery Detected." by Patrick N. I. Elisha, in which a Steam Rail Way was aptly and accurately described. In the end of the book, the author has a chapter headed "Prophecy by the Poet," in which he says, "The time will come when people will travel in stages moved by steam engines, from one city to another, almost as fast as birds fly, fifteen or twenty miles an hour. A carriage will set out from Washington in the morning, the passengers will breakfast in Baltimore, dine at Philadelphia, and sup at New York the same day." But Oliver Evans had entertained the opinion that both boats and carriages might be propelled by steam as early as 1783. But I am digressing too much.

We reached Boston about half past 11. I put up at the Tremont House. I wandered about the city during the day and arranged business so as to go to work in the morning. I called upon the Rev. Robert F. Walcott, nephew of our benefactor, Mr. Thomas Walcott, and he agreed to shew me the collections of his uncle in the morning.

Aug. 2. Sat.

I called on Mr. Walcott this morning, who lives in Columbia Street, and he went with me to India Street where the pamphlets, &c., of his uncle were deposited. They were in the fourth story of an oil store kept by C. W. Cartwright & Son, where they had been placed about four months ago. They were put in ancient trunks, bureaus, and chests, baskets, tea chests and old drawers, and presented a very odd appearance. The extent of them was altogether beyond my expectations. Mr. Walcott told me that I might take all the pamphlets and newspapers I could find and all books that treated of American history, and that I might make use of any of the boxes containing them. I went immediately to work to putting them in order for transporting to Worcester.

Every thing was covered with venerable dust, and as I was under a slated roof and the thermometer at ninety-three, I had a pretty hot time of it. Nothing but a love of such work could inspire any man to labor in such a place. The value of the rarities I found, however, soon made me forget the heat, and I have never seen such happy moments. Every thing I opened discovered to my eyes some unexpected treasure. Great numbers of the productions of our early authors were turned up at every turn. I could hardly persuade myself that it was not all a dream, and I applied myself with all industry to packing, lest capricious fortune should snatch something from my hands. I worked from 8 in the morning until half past two in a heat and dust and stench of oil that would have been intolerable in any other circumstances. When I came out to go to dinner I could but just crawl. Yet at three o'clock, I returned to it again and labored until night.

Aug. 3 (Sun.), 1834.

Mr. William Bentley Fowle, nephew of the late Dr. Bentley of Salem, called upon me in the morning and invited me to accompany him to church. We heard Mr. [Nathaniel L.] Frothingham, who preaches in the first church. I could see no face in church which I had ever seen before. Mr. Charles Ewer, formerly a bookseller in Boston, was with us. He is a bachellor, and particular friend of Mr. Fowle. After meeting, I went home with Mr. Fowle and dined there. His wife's maiden name was Moulton, an interesting and intelligent lady. They have seven children. After dinner Mr. Fowle showed me his library and his phrenological collections, he being famous as a lecturer upon that subject. He has a good collection of books, most of which he inherited from his uncle, Rev. Dr. [William] Bentley, besides his uncle's manuscripts, which are very numerous, all of which he says shall be

added to the library of the Antiquarian Society. These manuscripts are very numerous and his letters and diary are very valuable.

After meeting, we went, accompanied by Mr. Ewer, who is a very modest and sensible man, to the north end of the city to pick out and examine the places famous in history. We took in our way Fort Hill, and so followed along upon the wharves and talked about old things. They were quite familiar with city history, both being natives of it. They showed me the changes and alterations which had been wrought in different quarters in their day. Mr. Fowle's father has been famous as a Freemason, and the son was disposed to defend this persecuted institution on the father's account. He pointed out the place where he formerly lived and where he himself was born. It is in what is now called Salutation Street.[1] It derived its name from this circumstance. Anciently there was a tavern in this street with a sign having upon it the representation of two men talking to each other, and the tavern on this account was called the "Two Palaverers." The street finally fell into bad repute, and its inhabitants petitioned that instead of the "Two Palaverers" it might take the more dignified name of "Salutation Lane," alluding to the polite attitude of the two men on the sign, who appeared with their hats off bowing to each other.

We went into the north burial ground, which is near the street above named, where we saw many "names dear to fame." There we saw the "Tomb of the Mathers," which is near the northeast corner of the yard. I had no time to copy the inscriptions, though I saw many that I wanted. The only one which I took was the following, which is in the south wall:

Here Lyes Interred the Body of John Langdon Aged 82 years, Dec^d Dec. 1732.

---

[1] Drake says "Salutation Alley down by the Salutation (Tavern) into Ship Street."

Here Lyes Interred the Body of Mrs. Joanna Feveryeare, wife to Mr. Grafton Feveryeare aged 33 years Dec[d] April 10. 1727.

Here Lyes Interred the Body of William Pitman Aged 45 years. Dec[d] Dec. 17. 1732.

Here Lyes Interred the Body of Deacon Joseph Langdon who died Nov. 5. 1742 in the 55th year of his Age.

Edward Langdon obt. 30 April 1755. Aet. 31.

Nath[l] Langdon obt. 27th Dec. 1757. Aet. 63.

Susanna Langdon obt. 21st. Nov. 1765. Aet. 38.

Dea. Edward Langdon obt. 25 May 1766. Aet. 69.

Mary Langdon, only child of Edward Langdon Jun. Dec[d] obt. 8th Sept. 1771, aet. 18.

We went also to see the house built by Sir William Phipps, which is a little way east of the Burial Ground. It is now used as a charitable institution and is finely shaded with large sycamore trees. We went to the North Square, where resided formerly Increase, Cotton, and Samuel Mather, Gov. Hutchinson and Rev. Dr. Clarke. How pleasant it is to visit these memorable places! How thickly the events of past days rush upon the mind! How much of fashion, wealth, wit and learning are now buried in oblivion!

After walking about three hours we returned to Mr. Fowle's and there took tea. I went afterwards to see my namesake, Aaron Baldwin, Esq., who, with his lady, had just returned from Nahant, where his family is now staying on account of the ill health of his youngest daughter. I took tea again with them and remained there until ten o'clock.

Aug. 4 (Mon.), 1834.

I arose at four, and not finding the store open where my pamphlets were deposited, I wandered about the city and visited different book stores. At seven, I had access to the garret of my oyl-store, and I resumed my labors with fresh fury. One of the first things that gladdened my eyes was the forty first year of the Diary of the never to be forgotten Cotton Mather. It was perfect and in good condition and the first pages contain an account of a young

lady's having asked him to marry her! After several fasts, and plenty of prayers for divine direction in such an embarrassment, he wrote her a letter declining her suit! I worked until two o'clock, when the heat becoming so oppressive, I gave over my work and accompanied Mr. Jackson (from Georgia) to the Athenæum, Historical Society's Rooms, the Market, State House and other places of interest.[1]

Aug. 5. Tues.

The thermometer was at 93, and I worked upon the pamphlets as before.

Aug. 6.

I prosecuted my labors the same as yesterday and in the same heat.

His Excellency Gov. Davis, Gov. Lincoln, Hon. Rejoice Newton and Thomas Kinnicutt, Esq., from Worcester, reached Boston today on their way to Salem to attend the public dinner there tomorrow as a testimony of respect to Mr. Webster and Silsby, our Senators in Congress.

Aug. 7 (Thurs.), 1834.

I finished packing my things today and help[d] load them and saw them start for Worcester. Their weight was forty four hundred and seventy six pounds! I cannot but think that it is the most valuable collection of the early productions of New England authors in the country. As to the number of the pamphlets, I am unable to form even

[1] The diaries of Cotton Mather for eight years are in the library of the American Antiquarian Society, and for about fifteen years are in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The one mentioned by Mr. Baldwin, has on the outside leaf, in his handwriting, "I found this number of the Rev. Cotton Mather's diary among the collections of Thomas Walcott Esq. at Boston, Aug[t] 7 1834." Stitched into a page of the diary is a small 32° publication of six pages, entitled "Conversion Exemplified," signed Cotton Mather. On the next page of the MS. are the words, "I composed a poem Expressive of Comfort * * * * * * which I add to a little book which I have in press. * * * I have here annexed it with my hand signing it."

a conjecture as to their number. There must be ten thousand of them at least. The newspapers are broken files and are of no great value. Many of them are from Ohio & Kentucky. After I had made out my load the Rev. Mr. Walcott, who is the agent or guardian of his uncle, invited me to come to his house and take some books which related to American history, that were in his library. He told me that his uncle had given all his collections to him, but that as his intention always had been that they should go to some public institution, he felt an obligation to see that his purposes should be complied with, and he then showed me all the books given to him by his uncle, and told me that I might take any which would promote the objects of the institution. Was ever such an offer made to an antiquary before? I told him that he was rash to make such an offer, for if he knew my fury for collecting, he could not expect me to leave him so much as a Psalter. He answered that he was doing what had long been his design, and that it was only fulfilling his uncle's wishes. Seeing that there were something like fifteen hundred volumes before me, my phrenological development of acquisitiveness, not yet satisfied with two tons and a quarter of books and pamphlets, began to enlarge itself and sigh for further accumulations. I could not, however, take advantage of his generosity and I told him that we would begin with one end of the cases and as we came to books relating to America, we would take them out and see what should then be done. This he consented to and we soon found volumes enough to fill a hand cart, which I laid by and brought them away. Among them were many rare and scarce books, which I had never seen before, though I was familiar with their value and titles. There are not very many persons who would deal so honorably as this clergyman. He is very poor and is now without employment, except occasionally. He was at liberty to dispose of the collection, which would have placed some

thousand dollars in pocket, but instead of this, he gives the whole up to the Antiquarian Society. I cannot enough admire and applaud such a generous spirit. Few heirs entertain so much respect for the intentions of ancestors.

I took tea with Mr. Walcott and agreed to find him in the morning and call upon his uncle.

In the evening I was invited to visit John Stratton Wright, who boards in the house on Beacon Street, formerly occupied by Gov. Hancock. He is a widower and is the son of Dr. Ebenezer Wright, late of Plainfield, N. H. Dr. Wright was born in Rockingham, Vt., where his father, Moses Wright, Esq., resided and died. Moses is the same person mentioned in Slade's Vermont State Papers. Dr. Wright married the daughter of the Rev. James Wellman, who was settled as the minister of the North Parish in Sutton, Milbury, in 1747, and dismissed in 1763, and after preaching for a season in Chesterfield, N. H., and Springfield, Vt., was finally installed at Cornish, N. H., where he died. John Stratton Wright now has a son, Ebenezer Wright, in Harvard University. Mr. Wright was formerly a cashier of one of the banks in Boston. I think it was the American Bank. After helping him drink a bottle of claret wine, I went to my lodgings.

Aug. 8 (Frid.), 1834.

After breakfast, I called on the Rev. Mr. Walcott (Robert Folger Walcott), and he accompanied me to see his uncle, our Society's benefactor. We went up Washington St., south of where the Worcester Railway crosses it, & on the east side of the street turned down a narrow passage called Orange Lane, which we followed almost to the water, and then turned to the left and, after pursuing a crooked and very narrow walk over loose boards, we came to a small house, one story high, in one end of which we found our venerable antiquary's habitation. He came

in soon after our entrance, when I was introduced to him. He is a tall, well-shaped man, appearing not much above sixty, although I was told he was in his seventy-seventh year. He wore a red woolen cap upon his head, which looked more like an old stocking leg than anything else. The rest of his dress was not uncommon, but similar to the costume of elder people generally. But the furniture in his room was of the most antique stamp. I saw hardly anything which was less than two hundred years' old. There were some two or three hundred volumes of books, many of which were curious as well as valuable. Among them was a volume of pamphlets by our early New England clergy, containing a thousand pages, 4to., neatly bound in calf, with C. M. upon the outside cover (Cres-[c]entius Matherus). His nephew saw that I wanted the volume, and said in a low tone that I might take it; but brother antiquary suspecting that I was going to ask him for something more, complained that he was very poor and that he was compelled to hold on upon the remainder of his library to protect him from want. I saw that it might be unpleasant to him to have anything said about taking more books, and I signified to the nephew that I would not take any from him.[1]

---

[1] Under date of August 7, 1834, Mr. Baldwin wrote to Mr. Samuel Jennison who was in charge of the Antiquarian Society's Library, during his absence in Boston:

"I have just completed loading the Team with Mr. Walcott's donation. It makes a most imposing appearance, being about as large as a load of hay. It has started and will reach Worcester on Friday evening or Saturday morning. I have preached to the teamster about care and circumspection until I believe he cordially hates the sight of me, and I want to preach to you a little. The pamphlets are almost innumerable. I cannot even guess at their number. There must be seven or 8 thousand. I venture to say that there are three times as many as are now in our Library—at least four times as valuable. Dr. Jenks informs me that he has been familiar with them and that they are exceedingly rare. Among them are rare books: Neal's New England, Venegas' California, Colden's Indians, Hennepin, Wynne, Mason's Pequod War, Williams' Indian Grammar, Mather's Indian War, his Witchcraft, &c., &c., &c. * * * * * * * Gov. Lincoln insisted upon my seeing Mr. Walcott and thanking him personally. He cannot be seen until tomorrow and it will then be too late for me to reach Worcester in season to receive the Waggoner." * * * * * * *

With all love & Duty,
and in a "foam of sweat,"
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS BALDWIN.

He is very much broken and debilitated, though his memory is very good as to the events of his youth. After remaining with him about an hour we took leave, and I made arrangements to return to Worcester at 3 P. M. In my way to my lodgings I saw the sign of a person who cut full-length profiles. I went into his room, where I found my friend Mr. Fowle. He introduced me to the profile-cutter, whose name is [William H.] Brown, from Charleston, S. C., and I was amazed to find that he completed the profile in about four minutes. I am no judge of its correctness. Those who have seen say that it is accurate.[1]

I reached Worcester at nine in the evening, being in company with Gov. Lincoln and Rev. Mr. Anderson, who is connected with the American Missionary Society, and resides in Boston.

Aug. 9 (Sat.), 1834.

Today my waggoner came about noon with the donation of Mr. Walcott, which was safely lodged in our hall.

Aug. 16 (Sat.), 1834.

I visited my father at Templeton today. I left Worcester at 12 and reached my father's at five. I invited Andrew Jackson Davis, youngest son of Phineas Davis of Northborough, to accompany. I found my friends well.

Aug. 17 (Sund.), 1834.

I spend the day at home very pleasantly in reviewing the scenes of childhood. How pleasant it is to visit the place of one's birth! It always seems as though I should one day go back there to live. I cannot get rid of the impression that I am to die in Templeton.

[1] For a notice of Mr. Brown, see an article by Charles H. Hart, entitled "The Last of the Silhouettists," in "The Outlook" for Oct. 6, 1900.

Aug. 18 (Mond.), 1834.

At half-past four in the morning I left for Worcester, where I arrived about half-past ten.

Aug. 27 (Wed), 1834.

There was a meeting of the Council at my room this evening. I am particular to mention it because some things transpired which affected me very unpleasantly. I was congratulating myself that the valuable addition made to our Library by Mr. Walcott would be thought very well of by the Council, and that the agency I had had in obtaining it would be something of a feather in my cap. But I was amazed to find that instead of thanks for my pains in the acquisition, I was like to receive quite a different sort of entertainment. They did not so much as utter a single note of gratitude. The only consolation I had in such an embarrassment was that Mr. Samuel Jennison, one of the Council, did not happen to be present. He had expressed himself very warmly in favor of the value of the donation, & there is no gentleman among my acquaintance whose judgment upon any subject connected with American history is to be preferred to his. But I am sensible that some person, from hostility to me, had represented to the Council that the donation was of small value. It was some comfort to me to know that no one knew so much of their worth as I did myself, for no one had examined them. I had the horrors for a few days, but ultimately recovered.[1]

Sept. 1 (Mond.), 1834.

Rev. Alexander Young of Boston, son of the late Mr. [Alexander] Young, who was one of the publishers of the

[1] The opinion of Mr. Baldwin as to the great value of the gift of Mr. Wallcut has been confirmed in later years. It contained many early New England imprints now considered of great rarity, and the collection as a whole was a most valuable acquisition.

New England Palladium, preached for us yesterday, and spent today with me at the Antiquarian Hall. His visit was very timely, for he completely dispelled the gloom I had been in from what I related above. His labors in editing the "Old English Prose Writers" has imbued him with a veneration and respect for the labors of a literary antiquary, which enabled him to give me plenty of consolation. He has been personally known to me for ten years. I first became acquainted with him at Barre, in this county, in 1824. I resided there for a month while a student at law, keeping the office of Hon. Nath[l] Houghton during his absence at Boston as member of the Legislature for the June session. Mr. Young was there on a courting visit to Miss Caroline James, second daughter of Eleazer James, Esq., whom he married in 1825. I used to ride on horseback with her every fair day, and, occasionally, with her elder sister, Eliza, who was then engaged in marriage to Charles Allen, at that time an attorney in New Braintree, but who, the next year, married Miss James and removed to Worcester, and became the partner with Gov. Davis. I will not omit this opportunity to bear my testimony to the worth of these two ladies. As maidens they were without blemish, and as wives they are above all praise. I know of none more estimable.

In the evening I found Joseph T. Buckingham, Esq., editor of the *Boston Courier*, at my boarding house. His son, who had just graduated at Cambridge, was with [him], being on his way to Hartford to commence the study of law with Mr. El[l]sworth of that place, who has recently been a distinguished member of Congress. I carried Mr. Buckingham to Gov. Davis's, where we spent the evening. I clandestinely stole from Mr. B. some of his personal history, which I will give in this place. He was born at Windham, Con., Dec., 1779, near the famous pond which is the scene of the frog-story in Sam. Peters' history of Connecticut. In 1796 he went to Greenfield, Mass., where

he learned the art of a printer in the service of Thomas Dickman, who, at that time, printed the *Greenfield Gazette.* He remained at that place until 1800, when he went to Boston. He reached the city Feb. 8, 1800, and heard Fisher Ames pronounce a eulogy upon George Washington. This was the first and only time he ever saw that distinguished man. From that time to the present he has been engaged as a printer in Boston. He worked about three years as a journeyman, when he went into business for himself. The first book he printed with his name to it was "Belknap's Hymns & Psalms," 12mo., Boston, 1803. The "Ordeal," an 8vo. periodical, was partly edited by him. He also published the "Polyanthos," in 7 12mo. vols., and 4 8vo. vols. from 1807, I think, to 1814, and afterwards the *New England Galaxy*, a weekly newspaper, which first brought him into general notice. As a pithy editor there are few in the country equal to him.

Sept. 2 (Tues.), 1834.

I saw today my classmate in college, Dr. Joseph Reynolds. He left college in our junior year, and I have never seen him until today. He commenced practice at Concord, N. H., in 1826, but left there in 1829, and resumed it in Chester, in the same state, where he remained about a year, when he again removed to Glo[u]cester, Mass., and is still in his profession. He married the daughter of the late Judge Prescott of Groton, Mass., who is the sister of the wife of my classmate, John Wright, Esq., who is now at the head of a female school in Worcester.

According to ancient custom, the Judge took his dinner at the public house where I board. The name of this usage is the "Bar dine with the Court," and was originally adopted as a mark of respect. I have this explanation from Judge Wild. The Court of Common Pleas commenced its session today, holden by the Hon. Judge

Williams of Taunton. While at table, he gave me a strange epitaph, which he copied from a monument in a burying ground at Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard. The epitaph was composed by the defunct when in full life, and required that his heirs should place the inscription upon his gravestone, or otherwise to forfeit his estate. His name was Ripley. This is the inscription :—

> "By the force of vegetation,
> "I was raised to life & action;
> "When life and action that shall cease,
> "I shall return to the same source."

He was an avowed atheist through life. I have seen epitaphs that had very little sense in them; some that were silly: and many that were positively ridiculous; but never until the present was shown me have I seen one that was impious.

Sept. 5 (Fri.), 1834.

I spent the evening in the company of Chief Justice Shaw and Judge Wild. They were on their way to commence the Fall circuit. Judge Shaw told me he had seen a notice of a pamphlet on Virginia, sold in London lately for Four hundred Pounds!!

Sept. 10 (Tues.), 1834.

I had an agreeable visit from the Hon. Francis Baylies of Taunton. His mother was the sister of the Hon. Daniel Leonard, who left the colonies at the beginning of the Revolution, a Royalist, and died in London a few years ago at the age of 90. He was killed by the explosion of a pistol. He is famous as the author of the essays printed in Boston in 1774-5 over the signature of "Massachusettensis," which have improperly been imputed to Jonathan Sewall.

Mr. Baylies told me that his father had always informed him that Leonard was the author of the essays above

referred to; but that he dared not say so openly, because the elder Adams had said that they were written by Sewall. He pointed out a passage in Trumbull's McFingal which induced him to think that his father was correct in the opinion that they were written by Leonard. Leonard was famous for his expense and display in his personal appearance and the cost of his equipage, and Trumbull, in referring to the author of "Massachusettensis," alludes to this trait in his character, which could not apply to Mr. Sewall. These are the lines from McFingall:—

> "Thus far our clergy; but 'tis true
> "We lack'd not earthly reas'ners too.
> "Had I the poet's brazen lungs
> "As sound-board to his hundred tongues,
> "I could not half the scribblers muster
> "That swarmed round Rivington in cluster;
> "Assemblies, Councilmen, forsooth;
> "Brush, Cooper, Wilkins, Chandler, Booth.
> "Yet all their arguments and sap'ence,
> "You did not value at three half pence
> "Did not our Massachusettensis
> "For your conviction strain his senses?
> "Scrawl ev'ry moment he could spare
> "From cards, and barbers, and the fair;
> "Show, clear as sun in noonday heavens
> "You did not feel a single grievance?"

It is manifest that Trumbull did not regard Sewall as the author, for soon after he refers to him and explains him in a note. Mr. B. was sent in 1832 as our Minister to Buenos Ayres in South America. He mentioned to me an interesting fact communicated to him by the Governor of that province, who had resided long in the country, had travelled much in it, and could speak several of the Indian languages. He had visited one tribe living between the kingdom of Brazil and Chili, who resembled in their personal appearance, their habits, &c., Englishmen. They were unlike any of the natives and had little connexion with them. Mr. Baylies asked him what the tribe was called, and the Governor told him they were called

"Twelches." The story occurred to him at once of the emigration from Wales in the 9 or 10th Century, and that this tribe might be the same race. I expressed my regret that he had not instituted an inquiry upon the spot as to the truth of what the Governor had imparted to him. In answer to this, he remarked that the Governor was an ignorant man and had never heard of the Welch emigration, that he was an observing man and that he placed reliance upon what he communicated.

I had not time to speak with him so much as I could upon this interesting subject. It occurs to me now, however, that some one competent for the undertaking will examine into the truth of this report and throw much light upon the subject.

The conversation of Mr. Baylies has suggested to me an idea which I have never found mentioned in any work on the origin of our Indians:—it is that the Patagonians in South America are totally unlike any of the natives of either continent. They are taller and more gigantic than any other of the human race. And the Esquimaux tribes of the most northern regions of North America are, like the Patagonians, a distinct race. They are short and very fat. But I must examine this subject at some future day, when I have more leisure.

Sept. 11 (Wed.), 1834.

I was introduced to W. S. Pendleton the lithographic printer of Boston. He was the first who introduced this curious art into the United States. He exhibited the first specimens of it in Boston in 1824. He gave me this account of himself. He was born in the City of New York in 1795, and at an early age was put to learn the trade of a copper-plate engraver. His father was a native of Liverpool, England, and was captain of a New York and Liverpool packet, whose wife was by birth a native of England, but at the time of his marriage a widow lady

residing in New York. He was lost in a storm at sea in 1798, leaving two children—W. S., above named, and a younger son. William S. (I think his name is William), after coming of age, went in 1819 to Washington, where he pursued his business as engraver for about a year, when he was joined by his brother, and, mounting their packs, they started in pursuit of their fortune to [the] unknown West. When they reached Pittsburgh his brother returned, having been invited by the Peels of Philadelphia to make an exhibition of the "Court of Death";[1] and W. S. remained there. He could find no employment in his trade and, being driven to his wits, betook to teaching music. He gave lessons upon the flute and pianoforte, and continued in this business till 1824 when he returned to New York, and soon afterwards went to Boston, where he resumed the business of engraving. A merchant by the name of Thaxter having brought out from Paris an apparatus for printing lithographing circulars, but not being acquainted with using it sufficiently to operate it to advantage, was glad to dispose of it to Mr. Pendleton, who, by his ingenuity, was able in a short time to put [it] in successful operation. His brother was now in Paris, and having communicated with him upon the subject, they formed a copartnership, and a press was soon established in Boston, where he has continued from 1824 to the present time. He is an intelligent and enterprising man.

Sept. 12, 1834.

A little before 12 at night, I was awoke by the cry of fire. It proved to be the house standing on the north side of School Street, and corner of Main Street. It was owned by Mr. Andrew March, and occupied as a dwelling house. It was built in 1780 by the late Hon. Joseph Allen of this town and formerly Clerk of the Courts for

[1] This was, no doubt, for exhibition in Peale's Museum of Art and Natural History.

this County. It was totally burnt down, with a barn, bake house, &c., and very little of the furniture saved. The house was two stories high, with a kitchen running back, and back of the kitchen was the bake house, which was erected a little more than a year ago.

The building north of Mr. March's house, called the "Green Store" from its color, was on fire several times. It was saved with great difficulty. This is not a very old house. The large square house next north of the "Green Store," was erected in 1786–7 by —— Patch. This stands immediately south of the tavern. One of the oldest houses now stands on the West side of Main Street, a little south of Hon. William Eaton's.[1] This was erected in the autumn of 1779–80, by William Stearns, Esq., formerly an attorney in this town and father of Lucy and Mary Stearns, two ancient virgins yet living in the street. It is now owned and occupied by Mrs. Tucker. I have this information from Samuel Brazer, Esq., now in his eightieth year and who remembers very well the events of his youth.

Sept. 13, 1834.

I ought to have mentioned that last week I was visited by Mr. Chs. Sumner, son of C. P. Sumner, Esq., sheriff of Boston. He is a young man of good promise. He came to Worcester to be admitted to the bar. He was admitted here, I believe, on the 3rd. I have never seen him before. I cannot but believe that he is destined to make a conspicuous figure in his profession.

I found the Hon. Horace Everett of Windsor, Vt., Representative in Congress, at the Temperance House. I have visited him at his house in Windsor, and remembering the kind hospitalities extended to me there, I called upon him, and went to the Antiquarian Hall and afterwards went to the Hospital, where we were joined by Gov.

[1] The Eaton house is still standing.

Davis. He was born in Roxbury or Dorchester, Mass., and is a cousin to the Hon. Edward Everett.

I have seen the Rev. Dr. Bancroft's wife, who mentioned all the buildings now standing in the street, which were erected before the Revolution, that is before 1775. She thinks the house south of the one owned and occupied by Charles Allen, Esq., to be as old as any one. It was long known as a tavern. The Nazro House, on the south side of Pleasant Street, and cornering on Main Street, was built by the Rev. Mr. Burr, the predecessor of Rev. Mr. Maccarty. The house which stood where the brick hotel at the south end of Main Street now stands, and which is now on the south side of Mechanic Street, was the one in which Mrs. Bancroft was born.[1] Her father, Judge John Chandler, purchased the estate, the house then standing, of Cornelius Waldo, uncle of the present Hon. Daniel Waldo. The house occupied by Dr. Oliver Fiske was erected by Judge Jennison before the Revolution, and before the remembrance of Mrs. Bancroft, who is now seventy. The large house nearly west of the South Church was also built before the Revolution. It was originally two stories. The north wing and the third story were added by John Bush long since the Revolution. One end of the dwelling house of Mrs. Salisbury was erected before the Revolution. The late Dea. Sam. Salisbury of Boston, when the British took possession of Boston, came to Worcester and remained here until 1786. Dr. Bancroft says that he was here when he was settled. Dr. Fiske says that his house is undoubtedly the oldest one in the street and that he thinks Judge Jennison did not build it, as Mrs. Bancroft has suggested. The doctor says that many years ago in repairing it, he found that the northwest corner room had been designed for something different from a dwelling house, and on asking the father of the late Sam. Flagg, who was then

[1] This was the Worcester Hotel, later the United States Hotel, and was on the present site of Walker's Block, Worcester.

quite aged, if he knew what that room had been occupied for, he told him that the first sheriff of the county resided there, and that the northwest corner room was used as a jail and was the first one in the county. The road, before it went where it now does as the street stands, went over the hill by Dr. Fiske's house, and the house was placed to square with the road. The town records might possibly show when this road was discontinued, which would afford some light upon the probable antiquity of the house.

Sept. 20, 1834.

We make arrangements for our annual Agricultural Ball. I am selected as one of the managers. The persons connected with me in this important trust are Frederick William Paine, George Tilly Rice, Pliny Merrick (County Attorney), Thomas Kinnicutt, Esq., myself, Nathaniel Eaton, & Daniel Waldo Lincoln; the three last unmarried. See Oct. 7, 1833, for an account of ceremonies.

Oct. 1, 1834.

During the two years past, I have met with many of the descendants of the memorable John Rogers, the martyr, who have told me that the Bible which belonged to him was brought to New England & was still in one of the branches of the family. This tradition being so uniform among the descendants who were unacquainted with each other, induced me to make inquiry among those of the name, and happening to speak of the subject at my boarding house one evening, when Col. Edmund Cushing of Lunenburgh was present, he remarked that there was a neighbor of his who had this very Bible and that he had often seen it, and that the account which he gave of it was that it was brought to Ipswich by the Rev. Mr. Rogers, who was settled there in the early history of the Colony, and had been transmitted in the family and was finally

presented to him (Thomas Carter) by Dr. O. W. B. Peabody of Exeter, N. H., who married the daughter of the Rev. John Rogers, who was a minister at Boxford, Mass. (father of the Rev. John Rogers who was settled at Leominster in 1743 & died in 1789), and died at Leominster in 1754 or 5. Upon my asking Mr. Cushing to borrow the Bible for my examination, he readily complied, and this morning I had the happiness to take the venerable relic into my hands. And I have no doubt that it is the very book which the martyr owned. There is no date to it, the title page and imprint at the end both wanting. It is not divided into verses, which shows that it came from the press as early as the first part of the reign of Elizabeth. It is a small quarto and in the black letter. At the end of the book of Job, there is a sort of title page, or one [of] the divisions of the whole Bible which has the mark of John Cawood. Upon referring to Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica, I find that Cawood printed but one edition of the Bible, which was in 1549 and was a 4to, and in English. This is the mark used by John Cawood.

There is a part of the imprint at the end of the New Testament, but the date is wanting, and the volume is very much defaced & injured.

Oct. 25, 1834.

This was the annual meeting of the Society. It was held at the Antiquarian Hall, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Only one member from out of town was present, and that was the Rev. Thomas Robbins, of Rochester, Mass. He was formerly a clergyman at Windsor, in Connecticut.[1] He is

[1] Dr. Robbins who died in 1856, was one of the originators of the Connecticut Historical Society, a zealous antiquary and a biblical scholar of wide reputation.

a bachelor and about sixty. He is small in his person and very neat in his dress. He wears long boots, the tops coming over his pantaloons and almost as high as his knees. His hair is white, having become so from age. He is distinguished for his attention to American history, and his love of pamphlets. He told me that he had collected five or six thousand and had about twenty three hundred bound volumes of choice books, which he had been a long time gathering. I found great comfort and encouragement in his company, and I was the more ready to be pleased with him from the sort of impression I had that he would some day give us some part of his library.

We had a full attendance of the members of the Society living in Worcester, and every thing was conducted harmoniously, except a small jar about the publishing committee.

Dec. 1, 1834.

Today I rode to Templeton to see my father and to attend a meeting of a committee of Harris Lodge, which assembles at Templeton on the second. This lodge by the careful and prudent management of its funds, has accumulated the sum of nine hundred and seventy nine dollars, well secured and paying interest. The excitement against the Masonic institution having in a great measure subsided and its usefulness at an end, the lodge determined to surrender their charter and appropriate the funds to some charitable object. My father, who was one of the committee to whom the subject of disposing of the funds was committed, wrote to me that he feared there was no institution of a religious character upon which the committee could agree to give them, & under this state of affairs, there would be no impropriety in my asking the committee to consider the Antiquarian Society as a candidate for the money. As it might be useful for me to be present, he recommended to me to be where I could go

before the committee and make such statements as might be necessary for the better information relative to the objects and purposes of the institution.

The committee met at nine in the morning, and before noon they had failed to agree upon the Bible Society, to which it had been proposed to give it, as well as many other institutions which [had] been named. The Bunker Hill Monument Association was then tried, and that failed. The chairman of the committee, Hon. & Rev. Charles Hudson of Westminster, an intelligent and worthy man, then mentioned the American Antiquarian Society, and that the claims of this institution might be properly understood, he would call me, the librarian, and request me to state generally the designs of it. This I accordingly did. I must confess, however, I was greatly embarrassed in making my address. They inquired how much money we had, and when I told them we had twenty two thousand dollars, I could see that the impression it produced was much against the success of my project. After I had finished, I bowed and retired. My father told me afterwards that there was a favorable opinion produced by my speech and answers to the committee's inquiries and that a majority of the committee were for giving us a good portion of the fund. One of the committee coming in, however, who had not sat in the morning, and who was for giving the fund to Templeton High School, proposed this as the best way of disposing of it. But finding that he could not get the whole of it, determined to have a part, and to accomplish this proposed to divide the whole among the towns where the members of the lodge resided, in proportion to the numbers in each, which was finally carried, though not until evening. So I lost my money for the Antiquarian Society.

Dec. 3, 1834.

I accompanied my father, with several other gentlemen,

to see about a new road to be constructed on the bank of Miller's River from Athol to Royalston Factory. We dined at Athol and returned at evening, and spent the evening in playing whist at Capt. Davis's, a neighbor of my father's.

Dec. 4, 1834.

I returned to Worcester by way of Westminster, and got home about two in the afternoon, and to make amends for the loss of the funds of Harris Lodge, found a letter from the secretary of the American Bible Society, informing me that that institution, in compliance with my request, had directed to be forwarded to our library seventeen Bibles and twenty four New Testaments, in English, and various other European and Indian languages.

Dec. 9, 1834.

Better luck still. The 30icth Aug. I wrote a letter to Obadiah Rich [at London], the American bookseller there, and, among other things, asked how our library could be enriched with a set of the works published by the "Record Commission." Twenty copies of these works, consisting of seventy-four folio volumes to a set, had been presented to as many American libraries by the generous liberality of the British government. Our library was not included among them and I wanted exceedingly to obtain them. And to my great delight, Mr. Rich has answered my letter, saying that C. P. Cooper, secretary of the Record Commission, having seen my letter, gave orders to have a library furnished with all the volumes that were not out of print, and that we shall receive above fifty of them. The whole set cost the British government £800 the set; which is near four thousand dollars! How very liberal this! So much for my begging propensities. I took so much courage upon this news that I sat down and wrote to Lord Viscount Kingsborough, an Irish nobleman, requesting

him to give our library a copy of the great work prepared by Augustine Aglio, and published at his lordship's expense, on the "Antiquities of Mexico," comprised in seven imperial folios and costing £175, equal to about eight hundred & fifty dollars! There's impudence with a vengeance! And being in a begging humor, I also wrote to the British & Foreign Bible Society, asking them for all the Bibles printed in the Asiatic & Indian languages!

Dec. 22, 1834.

I noticed this day as the anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plimouth, by inviting William Lincoln to dine with me, and with the help of Charles G. Prentiss, we drank a bottle of wine to commemorate the day.[1]

Dec. 25, 1834.

Being Christmas, I was invited to dine with Frederick W. Paine, where I met the Rev. Dr. Bancroft, Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Swan and their families, with Mrs. Davis, the lady of the Governor, and Dr. [George] Chandler, who is engaged to Miss Josephine Rose, a niece of Mr. Paine's.

I have spent my evenings during the last month in transcribing the ancient Laws of New Haven Colony, 4to, Lond. 1656, 80 pages. I am doing it in compliance with a Resolve of the General Assembly of Connecticut.

I have read in the course of this month my favorite work "The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane"; this is the ninth time that I have read it. I shall now read Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World" and his "Vicar of Wakefield," which I read once a year. These and Plutarch's Lives are my favorites.

Jan. 4, 1835.

During the last seven days I have been confined to the house, not once going out of doors. My complaint is

[1] Mr. Prentiss was appointed Register of Probate for Worcester County in 1837 and held the office for twenty years.

a lameness in my right foot, a sort of rheumatism. I was advised to bathe it in white ley: that is, take about two quarts of ashes and two gallons of water and boil them together;—drain off the water and bathe the limb while the ley is as hot as it can be borne. I was directed to do this two nights in succession. After the first washing, it seemed to produce some relief and I repeated the operation. But alas! the second application played the devil with my leg; for the next morning, I found my stocking was completely soldered to the skin. The ley was so strong or hot that it took off half the skin from my ankle to the knee, and then to take the stocking off! O such a remedy for rheumatism! I have now, however, nearly recovered.

During my confinement, I finished copying the New Haven Colony Laws and have had the transcript neatly bound.

Jan. 6, 1835.

The thermometer this morning at sunrise stood twenty-four degrees below zero, the lowest it has been, I am told, in this place for twenty years. One thermometer stood as low as twenty six. This is Sunday morning, Jan. 6.

Solon Whiting, Esq., of Lancaster, told me that there were five thermometers in that place which stood at 36° below 0 on Sunday morning last.

Jan. 11, 1835.

At 7 o'clock in the evening I went to Boston in the mail stage. We reached the Tremont House, my stopping place, at 12. It was good sleighing.

Jan. 12, 1835.

I visited Jo. Willard, now an attorney, and formerly of Lancaster, and made arrangements for bringing off the duplicate pamphlets of the Mass. Historical Society and also

those belonging to the Boston Athenæum. I spent most of the day in the library of the Historical Society, examining their rarities. That which struck me as the pearl of the whole collection is a manuscript written on parchment and dated 1379. It is a treatise on medicine and is in English. It is from this last consideration that it derives its great value. It is one of the most ancient specimens of English. It is in perfect condition and in a very legible hand. I could find no history of it, nor even ascertain how it became the property of the Society.[1]

Jan. 13, 1835.

I passed the day in the different stores. At Hilliard and Gray's, I found a large number of ancient volumes that formerly belonged to the Bamberg Library, "Bibliotheca Bamberga." I have never found any account of this institution, though I have seen many cart loads of books that came from it. Many of those at Hilliard and Gray's were printed before 1500. The oldest was of 1495. Most of them were folios in hogskin binding, and could be purchased for a dollar a volume. They were, however, of small value and I had no money, or perhaps, I should have bought them.

Jan. 14, 1835.

Today I walked with Miss Harriet Denny to Charlestown to visit the ruin of the Ursuline Convent. It is a melancholly spectacle. Poor New England has never before had so deep a wound upon her fair name. It is a foul blot upon her character. I fear some dreadful judgment must follow such wicked business.

I was invited to dine with Judge James C. Merrill, but declined. I was invited to a party in the evening at Edmund Dwight's and this too I declined.

---

[1] This manuscript was presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society by Dr. Jeremy Belknap.

Jan. 15, 1835.

I went over to Cambridge, where I found Charles Sumner, Esq., an attorney of Boston, but now employed as an instructor in the Law School. He introduced me to Charles Folsom, printer to the University, who is full of black letter and every way a man after my own heart. He went with me to the library of the college and showed me all the rarities of the collection. I had not time to examine as I wished to, but he showed me the manuscripts and such books as were of the greatest value. I returned to Boston in the afternoon.

Jan. 16, 1835.

I dined today with the Hon. Francis C. Gray. I met several gentlemen there, who it would seem preferred eating to conversation, and the dinner was the principal part of the entertainment. Mr. Gray is a very sensible and well informed person.

Jan. 17, 1835.

Saturday and Sunday I did very little.

Jan. 19, 1835.

I dined today with the Hon. Thomas L. Winthrop, and in the evening went to the theatre. I have attended the theatre every night since I have been in the city, Saturday and Sunday excepted, when it was not open. The principal attraction is Miss Fanny Jarman, the wife of Mr. Teman. She retains her maiden name. I must confess, I have never heard any actress before, who gave me so much pleasure.

Jan. 20, 1835.

I returned to Worcester, being tired of the city. I brought with me many books that were given to me for

our library. The pamphlets from the Historical Society and Athenæum are in number between three and four thousand.

Feb. 1, 1835.

The whole of this month was employed by me in arranging the Walcott collection of pamphlets and newspapers for binding. Frederick W. Paine, Esq., one of the council, came almost every afternoon to assist me, and what has given me great happiness is that instead of being a pamphlet hater as he was a few months ago, he has now become a pamphlet hunter. To what point of fury he has attained, I can't say precisely. I should not willingly expose a pamphlet to his hands, lest he should bestow it upon our library without the ceremony of asking for it.[1]

The principal cause or topic of excitement this month, and indeed of January and February, has been the election of a Senator to Congress by the Massachusetts Legislature. Before the session commenced, the prevailing opinion was that Gov. Lincoln would be selected. This sentiment among his political friends had been of long standing, and seemed to have obtained the general acquiescence of the Whig party. It was soon rumored, however, that he would be deserted by his former friends and a new candidate fixed upon. Mr. Davis, the governor, was rarely mentioned or thought of, from the fact that it was believed he was the only man that the Whig party could elect. Party policy required that he should be kept in the place of governor, and some one fixed upon for Senator who would be acceptable to the people, honorable to the State, and withal, an help to the Whig interest. For the accomplishment of these ends, J. Q. Adams was the most prominent candidate, as his selection would conciliate the antimasons and keep them from uniting with the Jackson

Mr. Paine retained his interest in collecting pamphlets till his death and was a constant contributor to the library of the Antiquarian Society.

party. When the election of Senator came on in the House, Mr. Adams' vote was found by far the strongest. Each county almost had its own candidate. Shaw was voted for in Berkshire, Bates in old Hampshire, Lincoln in Worcester, Saltonstal[l] in Essex, Baylies in Bristol and Adams from all parts of the State. By the first ballot there was no choice, nor by the second. At the third trial, I believe Gov. Davis had a fair majority and was declared elected on the part of the House. The next week the Senate chose on their part J. Q. Adams. They believed that no man but Gov. Davis could be chosen governor, and they chose Mr. Adams, not on account of his popularity, but as a measure of policy. The House again chose Mr. Davis and the Senate again presented Mr. Adams. The House now again chose Mr. Davis by an increased majority, and Mr. Adams, very unluckily for his popularity, having advocated in the Congress, at this very time, hostile measures towards France, the Senate dropt him and concurred with the House in the election of Gov. Davis.

I have no doubt this will be the cause of unpleasant feeling on the part of Gov. Lincoln towards Gov. Davis. I am not aware, however, that Gov. Davis has endeavored to obtain the place of Senator against Mr. Lincoln. Politicians are generally selfish, and the situation of Gov. Lincoln was such as to induce many expectants to wish him out of the way. But to elect him Senator would effectually extinguish all their hopes of preferment, because Gov. Davis would still remain Governor and no vacancies would be made; while, by electing Gov. Davis to the Senate there would, of course, be many changes, and in the general scramble for the loaves and fishes, these expectants would stand a fair chance for some of them.

March 2, 1835.

The thermometer fourteen degrees below zero!

March 17, 1835.

Eden Augustin Baldwin, my nephew, came from Templeton today, having been sent here by his grandfather, with the request that I would put him to the Baptist School in this town or send him to Leicester Academy, as I might think most for his advantage.[1] I concluded to send him to Leicester, though I was inclined to put him to the first named, and should have done so had it not been for their regulations about board. No tea, coffee or milk are given to the pupils who board in the institution. In my judgment, this is a bad arrangement. If a boy be not treated well at school he will hardly know what he has a right to expect when he becomes a man. We should learn children their rights if we would have them respected when they become men.

March 19, 1835.

I gave him a letter to the preceptor, Mr. Wright, and he left me today to join the school. He will be fifteen in April. He is the third son of my oldest brother, Eden, who died June 2, 1826, at Templeton. I gave him some pocket money and plenty of good advice, with directions to write to me, to his mother and his grandfather once each week.

April 1, 1835.

This is a day of excitement. At the March town meeting a vote was carried by the town to instruct the selectmen not to approbate any innholders for licences to retail ardent spirits. This comes of the temperance reform, and is now the subject of deep interest. The town is divided into three parties, viz.: the rigid advocates of temperance, the friends of retailers, and the neutrals, who will not belong to either party. Our innholders find themselves closely

[1] The Baptist School—now the Worcester Academy—was previous to 1846 called the Worcester County Manual Labor High School.

pressed by the vote of the town and have had a caucus, at which they determined that they would not take out licences for any purpose, but would take down their signs and close their houses on the 1st of April. Accordingly, this morning, the signs to all the taverns, except the Temperance House, nine in number, were taken down and the houses all shut against travellers. I saw several ladies sitting in the portico of one of the houses, who had arrived in a stage; there were many gentlemen in the same plight. But none of them were permitted to enter the house. A table was set in the portico, with several decanters filled with cold water, set upon it, which I took to be an emblem of temperance. The travellers looked cross, and the dear ladies in particular. The public sympathy was such as to justify the tavern keepers, and this enraged the temperance party.

April 6, 1835.

The town is now more full of excitement than has been known since 1812. There is a strong disposition to bring temperance into politics. The late attempt to instruct the select men has awaked many fears that the leaders of the temperance reform design to make it a political subject. Several who were members of the Society for promoting Temperance have directed their names to be withdrawn. Wherever two men are seen together, the subject of conversation is temperance. In many instances they have become so furious as to almost come to blows. I perceive that whoever speaks upon the subject manifests his passions at once. In this respect the friends of temperance are as *intemperate* as their opponents. Every body is getting mad, and what is cause of especial madness with me is that I am already as mad as the *maddest*.

I would here give an account of two fights which have taken place in the promotion of temperance, were it proper for me to put such events upon record. I can only give the names of the combatants—Jesse [W.] Goodrich, George

Folsom, Daniel Waldo Lincoln, all attorneys at law in Worcester; and Levi Lincoln, Jun., midshipman in the U. S. Navy.

April 16, 1835.

I went to Templeton today to see my father, who has sent to have me visit him, he being sick. I went in a chaise. I took the road by way of Princeton that I might visit Henry Prentiss, Esq., who lives in the edge of Hubbardston, next to Princeton. He was concerned in the settlement of the estate of the late Lieut.-Gov. Moses Gill, and I wished to see him to ascertain whether he had not some of the manuscripts belonging to the Rev. Thomas Prince the historian. Gill's first wife was the daughter of Mr. Prince. Her name was Sarah, and she died in 1771, I think. She was the only surviving child, and all the books and papers of her father came into her possession. Gill was a very cautious, prudent man, and preserved everything; and at his death, all the papers of Mr. Prince, with his books, had been kept. He (Mr. P.) gave his Latin and Greek books to the Old South Church in Boston, and also his maps, charts and manuscripts that were of most value. This I saw in his will, which was in Mr. Prentiss' possession. He was very rich, and his daughter received most of his estate. He owned large tracts of land in Princeton, Rutland, Holden, Hubbardston & Barre, in the County of Worcester; and also at Rochester and Middleborough in the County of Bristol, and in the Province of Maine. I found Mr. Prentiss a very sensible and intelligent man. He is now sixty-eight. He was born at Berwick in Maine, where his father was a schoolmaster, who was a native, I believe, of Cambridge, near Boston. His father died young. Mr. Prentiss had no papers that belonged to Mr. Prince except deeds, or some memoranda of property. These he showed me, and I spent about three hours in examining them. I found nothing to reward me for my journey, except, perhaps, the intelligent and

interesting conversation of Mr. Prentiss. What I was in pursuit of more particularly was the Ms. History of Plymouth Colony by Gov. Bradford. Mr. Prince had this in his possession, and it has been said that it perished in the *gutting* Gov. Hutchinson's house. Yet, as it has never been found, I entertained a sort of hope that I might find it at Princeton.[1]

It began to snow in the morning and when I reached Princeton it was seven inches deep. It fell very fast and incessantly from 7 in the morning till three in the afternoon. I did not reach my father's house until sundown. I found him quite unwell and threatened with a lung fever. He was not confined to his bed.

Apr. 17 (Friday).

The weather is very cold and blustering. I remained with my father during the day.

Apr. 18.

In the afternoon I returned to Worcester. The ground was frozen so hard that the travelling was as rough as in January.

May 2, 1835.

I had a visit today from Mr. Nahum Capen, one of the bookselling firm by the name of Marsh, Capen & Lyon of Boston. Mr. Capen is favorably known as the publisher of Dr. Spurzheim's manuscripts. He is a confirmed phrenologist. He is a sensible, self-educated man, and a good deal given to metaphysics. He evidently had a strong love for this abstruse, and, to me, uninteresting, science, and yet what seem'd quite paradoxical, he was very superstitious; for he told me he fully believed in the

[1] The Bradford Manuscript has since been discovered in the library of the Bishop of London at Fulham, and in 1897, by special decree of the Consistorial and Episcopal Court of London, was returned to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and is now in the State Library. A report of the proceedings on the occasion of the return of this precious manuscript was published by order of the General Court in 1898.

vulgar notion that the fœtus in the womb may be disfigured by the imagination of the mother! I denied this nonsense outright, yet he undertook to prove that it was not only possible but even probable! I told him that I could not believe that the Deity would be so cruel as to subject the fœtus to the hazard of becoming a monster through the visionary and silly dreams of the mother. He not only affirmed this doctrine, but added to it a fresh absurdity, which was that the child would be affected in its character through life by the particular impressions on the minds of its parents at the time it was begotten! * * * * * * Mr. Capen is now thirty-two. He was born in Canton, Mass., and has resided in Boston several years.

May 10, 1835.

I went to Templeton to see my father, whom I found in a low state of health. His complaint has been a lung fever. He is confined to his bed most of the day. I believe that he will recover. God grant that my hopes may be realized, and that he may live and enjoy his health for many years. I am more unwilling to part with him now than ever. This results, undoubtedly, from the fact that I am unmarried and have no one to divide my affections with him. He was sixty-seven in Feb. last.

May 11, 1835.

I received today the publications of the Record Commission, presented to the Library of the Antiquarian Society by the British Government; there are fifty-two imperial folio volumes.

May 25, 1835.

Took the stage this morning for Boston to attend the semi-annual meeting of the Antiquarian Society, which is to be on the 27th. At Westborough I left the stage and took seat in one of the cars of the rail road, and reached Boston at 10 A. M. There were about two hundred passengers, nearly half of them being ministers on their

way to Boston to attend the various charitable and religious societies that were to hold their anniversaries this week. I was surprised at their youthful appearance, none of them being above thirty-five or forty. The old ones, I think, feel that they are too poor to encounter the expense of such a journey; and, besides, their maintenance from salaries is so precarious that they are compelled to exercise the most rigid prudence. Formerly the settling of a minister was a permanent life-matter, and parishes took their pastors as men take wives. There must be no backing out from the contract or impatience manifested unless for downright adultery, or some such most flagrant fault. But now ministers are settled for a year or so, and some work by the month, and I have known some who job'd it by the single Sunday, and glad to work so. There is a great change in public opinion in relation to the clergy. They are treated, as a body, with much less respect than formerly.

I stopt at the Tremont House. I went to see the Dioramic View of the Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt. The picture was about thirty feet square, and the light was admitted upon it in such a manner as to make it appear infinitely larger. I believe the picture was designed by Martin, though I could find no author's name. The Israelites are represented as going out of the city of Memphis; they are proceeding through an immense street which is lined with the most gorgeous palaces, and in the front ground are seen Moses and Aaron upon an elevated place directing the march. I had more pleasure in examining the picture than any one I have ever seen. The illusion was most perfect. I visited it twice a day during the four days I was in Boston. I went to the theatre in the evening.

May 26, 1835.

I went to see the famous cartoons of Raffaello. They are not the cartoons themselves, but the tapestries wrought

from them. There are four of them, each one being twenty feet long and fourteen feet high. The groundwork or foundation seems to be a coarse canvas and the figures are wrought with sewing silk, with a needle! The expressions of countenance in all the figures are to the very life. The four pictures are: The "Death of Annanias," "Peter Curing the Cripple at the Gate of the Temple," "Paul Preaching at Athens," and "Christ Delivering the Keys to Peter." Peter curing the cripple pleased me most, but why the painter makes the cripple a negro I do not know. In the same gallery was a copy of Reubens' famous picture of the Crucifixion.

May 27, 1835.

The Antiquarian Society met at 12 o'clock at the Exchange Coffee House. Hon. Thomas L. Winthrop, Hon. Judge [James C.] Merrill, Hon. Benjamin Russell, Hon. Rejoice Newton, Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell, Rev. Thomas Robbins of Rochester, Frederick W. Paine, Rev. Mr. [Alonzo] Hill and S[amuel] M. Burnside, Esq., of Worcester, were the members present. We were all invited to dine with Mr. Winthrop, President of the Society. The Society always dine with him at the annual meetings, and he gives a prime entertainment.

May 28, 1835.

I went to the Athenaeum with Mr. Paine and examined the library, picture gallery and divers other things. We saw in the gallery a most capital likeness of Gov. Davis, by Alexander. The likeness is admirable as well as the painting. There was a marble bust of Mr. Webster, which is also excellent. I went to see "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman." Was there ever any statuary to equal this? Uncle Toby is inimitable. Such benevolence and perfect honesty as appear in his face! How well this is contrasted with the wicked looks of the frisky and lecher-

ous widow! There they are, snug in the sentry box, and no one can look upon them but with great pleasure.

May 29, 1835.

In the night I was attacked by a rheumatic pain in the calf of my left leg, which was so violent as to produce great perspiration. I was in great agony through all the next day and night. My friend and classmate, Dr. Martin Gay, call[d] repeatedly through the day and prescribed for me. I was confined to my bed during the day.

May 30, 1835.

And having found no rest through the night, I arose at 5 and went to the railway and returned to Worcester. I could not put my foot to the ground. I reached Worcester at 10 A. M., went to bed, sent for Dr. [John] Green, and laid there during eighteen days; not once leaving my room, and hardly sitting up. My complaint was a rheumatic fever. The week before going to Boston I weighed one hundred and eighty-four pounds, and the 22d of June I weighed, by the same scales, one hundred and fifty-five pounds!

June 25, 1835.

Since my confinement I have done nothing but read. The chief medicine I have taken has been opium pills, which have created an extraordinary wakefulness, so that I have lost very little time in sleeping. The first of my reading was the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th vols. of the "Writings of George Washington," prepared by Jared Sparks. The reading of these volumes has inspired me with a respect for their illustrious author which I had not entertained before. I had a very erroneous opinion of him. I have not thought well enough of him. I am amazed at his gigantic mind, even when compared with the most

famous men of the Revolution. I think I should prefer to have the character of George Washington to any man described by Plutarch. The letters, everywhere, furnish the strongest proof of his consummate prudence and sagacity. But what fills one with perfect admiration is his extraordinary sense of justice. Tho' he was trusted with almost unlimited power by Congress, yet in no instance did he abuse it. I cannot describe the pleasure I have had in reading the letters thus far. I bless God that I am his countryman.

I read also the first series of the "Curiosities of Literature," by D'Israeli, and his "Literary Character." I read also the "Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Citizen of the World," both by Dr. Goldsmith, and two volumes of Pope's Letters and the "Dunciad," Francklin's dissertation on the probable situation of the ancient City of Palibothra, 2 vols., 4to.; Spix and Martius' Travels in Brazil, 2 vols., 8vo. The five books of Moses; and Josephus, so far as relates to the story of Joseph going to Egypt and the ultimate return of the Israelites to their own country. Mrs. Butler's [Miss Fanny Kemble] Journal, 2 vols., 12mo. What a satyrical little baggage she is!

I feared, after reading Washington's Letters, that I had done injustice to some of the worthies of antiquity by preferring his character to any of them. To satisfy my mind upon this point, I read "Goldsmith's History of the Roman Empire," 2 vols., 8vo., which embraces the period of about twelve hundred years, *i. e.*, from 758 B. C. to the year A. D. 476, or the death of Constantine, the last of the Roman Emperors. I found no occasion to alter my opinion. But what a miserable set of rascals were most of those Roman Emperors! I had a sort of malicious pleasure in having them find violent deaths.

I have now read the 6th, 7th & 8th volumes of Washington's Writings, and my respect and admiration of his character increases with my reading.

June 30, 1835.

The Rev. Robert Folger Walcott, nephew of Thomas Walcott, Esq., of Boston, who presented to the Antiquarian Society a valuable collection of pamplets, paid me a visit today. He related to me many interesting anecdotes of his uncle, & promised that he would furnish me the materials for his biography. I omit recording them here because I shall have the opportunity of doing [so] in another place. Mr. Walcott dined, supped and stayed with me all night. He is a sensible and pure-minded clergyman, and is worthy of one of the best parishes in New England. He was born in the Island of Nantucket.

July 3, 1835.

The Rail Road from Westborough to Worcester was this day finished, and one of the engines passed over the road for the first time. Some of the directors of the corporation came up in it.

July 4, 1835.

The road was publicly opened today, and the first train of cars reached Worcester at half-past ten in the forenoon. The streets were thronged with people from the adjoining towns at an early hour, and these, with our own population, presented a larger multitude in the town than I have ever before witnessed. Few of them had ever seen carriages moved by steam, and their curiosity was very great. The sides of the road were lined with people for nearly a mile, all equally eager to have a glympse of the novel and marvellous spectacle. It being the 4th of July, which is, perhaps, our greatest holyday in the year, made the collection of people greater than it might otherwise have been. The females were almost as numerous as the males.

That I might witness the entry of the first train of cars to the greatest advantage, I invited the Hon. Joseph G.

Kendall, Clerk of the Courts, who is my fellow boarder, to accompany me in a waggon to a high ground above Pine Meadow, where the road may be seen for near a mile. We were told that the cars would arrive at Worcester at half past eight, and we accordingly, that we might lose no part of the interesting exhibition, took our station upon the hill at ten minutes past eight. I must remark here that my lameness is such that I can only hobble along, and walking in any way is extremely painful to me, owing to my rheumatic complaint. I therefore sat in the waggon and held the horse. The day was a very warm one, and as I had no protection from the sun, I was nearly roasted. The cars came at half [past] ten instead of half past eight!! What a poor time I had of it! Mr. Kendall left the waggon and sat under the shade of a tree. When the cars came in sight, my horse took fright, and I was compelled to get out of the waggon and had great difficulty in holding him. He reared and jumped most furiously, and when he was so far recovered as to permit me to look round, the train of cars had reached their destination! The only reward I had for sitting in a hot sun more than two hours was to run the risque of having my neck broke, and of irritating my rheumatic maladies in such manner that I was confined to my bed the whole of the next day!!

July 6, 1835.

This day was appointed for the stockholders of the Boston and Worcester Rail Road to visit Worcester and partake of a public dinner provided by the citizens of the place. A committee, appointed at a meeting of the citizens, was chosen for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements and determining, among other things, how the entertainment should be given and how the money to defray the expenses of it should be obtained. They consulted among themselves and finally agreed that the expenses should be met by the sales of tickets to the table,

putting them at five dollars each. When this determination was made known, a prodigious clamor was raised against it, as being much too large a sum; and a new meeting of the citizens was called to appoint a new committee who would be more moderate in their demands, and thereby less exclusive. At the same time the new meeting was called, the former meeting's committee assembled, and sent a delegation to the new meeting, informing them that seeing there had been dissatisfaction manifested with their doings, they would resign the appointment made at the former meeting; and they resigned accordingly. This step so far reconciled the aggrieved, that all the members of the old committee, with the exception of five or six, were reappointed, and the tickets to the table were put at two dollars instead of five. But what was matter of great surprise was that some of the ultra temperance men insisted that the entertainment should be wholly without any kind of ardent spirit and wine! Only think of a public dinner without wine! Yet this objection to wine was urged by so large a number that at first it was feared it would upset the whole affair.

The number of gentlemen who came up from Boston and partook of the entertainment was about three hundred. I gave my two dollars for a ticket, which I gave to my friend Charles G. Prentiss, Esq. The occasion was a pleasant one to the company, and passed off very happily.

This day died John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, in his eightieth year. He died at Philadelphia.

July 14, 1835.

I went to Boston by the Rail Way, and thence to Hingham by the Steam Boat *General Lincoln*, where I arrived between one and two o'clock. The ride among the islands in the harbor was delightful. I went to the village in Hingham instead of the Old Colony House. I had never

seen this venerable place before, and having just read the Letters of General Washington wherein he speaks often of General Lincoln, who was a native of Hingham, and entertaining a great respect for him, I sought out the place where he was born, which is in the village, and spent most of the afternoon in looking about the different streets. At six I returned by the Steam Boat to Boston, where I arrived about half past seven. I found upon the boat the Rev. Dr. [Thomas] Gray of Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, and Capt. Curtis of the same place. I was introduced to them by Mr. John Lane Boylston of Princeton. Dr. [Thomas] Gray, now of Boston, is the son of this clergyman and my classmate.

July 15, 1835.

This morning at 9 o'clock I went to Nahant in the Steam Boat, *Sandusky*. We had a band of music and three hundred and one girls from the Hancock and other public schools of the city. They crowded the boat full. They were sent down to Nahant to spend the day, and to afford them a pleasant relaxation from their studies. The music sounded well when near the city and in passing the islands, but at other times there was a singular deadness about it, which greatly diminished its effect. I met a gentleman upon the boat with whom I fell into conversation and with whom I exchanged cards. He is a Baltimorean by the name of Frick, a lawyer by profession, and now on a northern visit to see his son, who is to graduate at Cambridge at the coming Commencement. He told me that he had a sort of respect for New England, growing out of his having been a parishioner of the Rev. Jared Sparks, who was formerly settled at Baltimore. He is a very sensible man, though furiously given to Jacksonism.[1]

[1] The diary from this point to the last entry, was made in a small note book, in the form of brief memoranda, probably with the intention of entering it more fully on his return.

Saturday, at 4 o'clock, Aug. 15, reached Pittsburgh in the Packet Boat. Put up at the Exchange, in Penn St. Crossed into Pittsburgh over the aqueduct, which is over the Alleghany River. The bridge sustaining it is about 1500 feet in length, and was constructed by Mr. Lothrop, a Yankee. Visited some iron works and saw the process of drawing bars of iron. One minute draws the bar from the pig. Making of nails. Sheet iron.

Sunday, Aug. 16.

Went with Mr. Southgate to Grant's Hill, so called from his memorable fight with the Indians. He was a Scotchman; was defeated. The Catholic Church upon Grant's Hill. New Court House & Jail on the same hill. Waterworks to supply the city. Went up on the high hill southeast of the city between the rivers. Appearance of the city; smoke & soot. Churches. Nunnery on the west side of the Alleghany. Suspicions about it, and excitement of the populace. Went over the Alleghany bridge, 1500 feet long. Cotton factories. Seminary upon Sugar Loaf hill. Scenery. Fort Du Quesne. Fort Pitt, obliterated. Not both on the same site. The Garrison above Alleghany bridge, erected about 1793–4. Wrote in journal.

Monday, Aug. 17, 1835.

Went with Mr. Southgate to the Glass Works of Mr. Bakewell on the Monongahela; fine cut glass. He came to Pittsburgh in 1807; before that had a brewery in New Haven, Ct., to which place he came in 1793–4. He is a Unitarian. Dr. Bancroft stayed with him when he came West. Mr. Bakewell an intelligent gentleman; his kindness to us; invited us to take tea with him; shewed us the Rolling Mill above the Glass Works, owned by Messrs. Leonards, Welshmen. Machinery in the rolling mill; drawing rods from pigs; 2 minutes. Saw them roll plates for

boilers. Hercules handling juncks of iron 150 to 200 pounds for the large trip hammer. Crossed the Monongahela bridge and ascended Coal Mountain. Saw the process of digging coal. Bituminous coal—abundance of it. Situation; 4 to 5 cents the bushel delivered in Pittsburgh. Crossed the Monongahela in a ferry. View of the city from the mountain, 450 feet elevation. Returned to dinner. Water works. Furnaces for iron casting Mills for making steam engines. Dam over the Alleghany above the city. Pittsburg, Alleghany, Bardstown, & Birmingham, 35 to 40 thousand. Mr. Patterson. Epitaphs.

PRESBYTERIAN YARD.

In Memory
of
JAMES CALDWELL
who departed this life
September the 24, 1803
in the 38th year of his age.

To the Memory
of
MR. JAMES IRWIN SENR
an old and respectable inhabitant
of Pittsburgh; who died on the 16th
of July 1825, aged sixty five years.

In
Memory
of
CAPT. JOHN IRWIN,
a soldier of the Revolution,
who died
May 5th A. D. 1808,
aged 56 years.

In Memory of
JOHN JOHNSTON ESQ.
late Postmaster,
was born near Strabane, Ireland,
June 15, 1765 & d. May 4. 1827.

Sacred to the Memory
of
JOHN CAMERON
who departed this life
March 23, A. D. 1822,
aged 107 years
He was born in the
Parish of Kilmorack
County of Inverness,
Scotland:
but for many
years has been
a respectable
citizen of Pittsburgh.

In Memory of
JAMES ROBINSON ESQ.
who died Aug. 16.
1814, aged 65 years.

In Memory of
NATHANIEL GRAHAM
who departed this life
Oct. 9th 1830,
aged 81 years.

Sacred to the Memory of
COMMODORE JOSHUA BARNEY
who died in this City
Dec. 1. A. D. 1818,
in the 60 year of his age.

Sacred
to the memory of
the REV. JOSEPH PATTERSON
the first Pastor of Racoon
and Montours Run Congregations
who died on the 4th of Feb. 1832
in the 80th year of his age.
This venerable servant of Christ
who commenced his ministerial labours
in 1788, was eminently distinguished
among the Fathers in Planting
these Western Churches—
for zeal piety & usefulness
and his exemplary life
beamed a practical commentary
on the text of his last sermon,
"The path of the just is as a shining
Light that shineth more and more
unto the perfect day."

He was the father of Deacon Robert Patterson of Pittsburgh.

In Memory of
CAROLINE LOTHROP
Consort of
SYLVANUS LOTHROP
who departed this Life
November 10, 1829,
in the 30 year of her age.

In Memory of
GENERAL JOHN WILKINS
who died 30th April A. D. 1816
in the 55 year of his age.

In Memory of
JOHN WILKINS
who died on the 11 Dec. 1809
in the 77th year of his age.

In Memory of
EBENEZER DENNY
A man highly esteemed
for probity & good sense;
a soldier of the Revolution,
who passed,
with Roman Simplicity,
a Life without reproach, &c.

Hon. Mr. Denny, M. C. of this District, is the son of the above.

Tuesday, Aug. 18, 1835.

Started at 4 o'clock A. M. for Steubenville by stage. Mr. Southgate with me. Crossed the Monong[a]hela bridge, passed many furnaces. Strange appearance of the fires. Infernal regions. Smell of coal. Crossed saw mill run; road hilly beyond all precedent. Montours Run. Place where Parson Patterson labored. Log house church. Difficulty of travelling after a rain from the clay character of the ground. Raccoon Creek, another parish of Parson Patterson. Hills shockingly bad, and yet the country not mountainous. Successive swells, and apparently without

valleys. Coal pits on the way. Agricultural appearances. Some fine farms, not many. Land uniformly fertile and the people as uniformly shiftless. Few people in carriages. Most of them on horseback. In the morning crossing the Monongahela saw many females on horseback in the bridge going to market. Gate not open, and they were all huddled up, 12 or 15 of them. Passed two little villages; one called Florence, and the other Hollyday's Cove. Hollyday's Cove is at the foot of a most prodigious hill. This is in the county of Washington, and have seen in the course of the day many large flocks of sheep. Are ferried over the Ohio one mile above Steubenville. See people loading wool to be carried to Philadelphia. Reach Steubenville in Ohio at 4 o'clock, distance from Pittsburg 36 miles! 12 hours; 3 miles the hour! Steubenville stands on a widening of the interval, high lands back and on the Virginia side. Houses of brick and wood, and dirty from the use of bituminous coal. Most of the buildings two stories, and few of three. Population four thousand. Streets cross at right angles. Shire town of Jefferson County. Here we took a small flat bottomed steamer for Wheeling; distance twenty miles. After we had got under way was told of the discovery in the mountain of an Indian grave. Sixty eight entire skeletons found. It was discovered by some workmen who were searching for building stone, and having removed the moss from a large rock upon one side, found a joint or seam, which upon examination turned out to be a door of stone. This being removed furnished ready entrance to a cavity in the rock, where the skeletons were found. The rock seemed to be dug out. The rock was conical in shape from the base, and high enough inside to admit a person to stand erect in. The rock outside was about ten or 15 feet over. Is [it] not a new fact shewing the analogy between our Indians and the Asiatics. The rock was some 150 or 200 feet above the bed of the river in the mountain.

In passing down the river to Wheeling we passed Wellsburgh in Virginia, and Warren in Ohio. Small villages. Water in the river very low; two or three places water only 2 feet & half deep. Reached Wheeling a little after sundown, and stopt at the Virginia Hotel.

Wednesday, Aug. 19, 1835.

Spent the day at Wheeling, Va., with Mr. Southgate. He had a letter to Dr. Charles Baker, to whom he introduced me. He is an apothecary, and native of Philadelphia. He showed us the Iron Furnace and Glass Works, his own establishment for making white lead and the process. Visited the public garden; the property of an individual who cultivates plants for sale. And to the Waterworks by which the city is supplied with water. It is taken from the Ohio and forced up by steam power. 80 horse power engine. The water thrown up one hundred & seventy five feet into a bason. Cumberland road terminates here. Appearance of it. Population, 7,000. Busy place. Bituminous coal. Court of Justice. The Sheriff after a jury. Women barefoot, with great feet and legs.

Thursday, Aug. 20, 1835.

Start by stage on the Cumberland road for Zanesville.[1]

[1] A short time after this entry was made, the stage was overturned and Mr. Baldwin immediately killed.

INDEX.

A.

Abbott, *Rev.* John S. C., 50, 53.
Adams, *Hon.* Benjamin, 96.
Adams, *Pres.* John, 290, 330.
Adams, *Pres.* John Quincy, viii, 344.
Adams, Samuel, 99.
Allen, *Hon.* Charles, vi, vii, 5, 18, 58, 64, 72, 154, 166, 327. Location of his residence, 139 *n.*
Allen, *Mrs.* Charles (James), 64, 72, 166, 327.
Allen, *Gen.* Ethan, 275.
Allen, *Rev.* George, 9, 50, 139, 143, 219. Notice of, 9 *n.*
Allen, *Hon.* Joseph, 332.
Allen, *Rev.* Joseph, 25, 175.
Allen, Samuel, *Jr.*, 42.
Alvord, James C., 210, 211.
American Annual Register, ix.
American Antiquarian Society, vii, xvii, 6 *n.*, 11, 24 *n.*, 37, 45 *n.*, 50, 98 *n.*, 102 *n.*, 169, 173, 178, 188 *n.*, 194, 238, 244, 279 *n.*, 282 *n.*, 294 *n.*, 307, 321 *n.*, 324 *n.*, 338.
Catalogue of, 37, *ib. n.*, 197, 215, 240, 245, 269, 314.
Annual Meetings of, xvii, 37, 145, 146, 240, 303, 336.
Relations with Odd Fellows' Society library, 38 41.
Building forcibly entered, 58.
Deposits by Worcester Co. Hist. Soc., 144.
Accessions to, 170, 198, 210, 212, 224, 253, 259, 279, 281, 295, 303, 304, 308, 311, 319, 321, 339, 344, 350.
Grounds laid out in front of building of, 185; *ib.* set out with trees, 282, 291.
Newspapers of, 188 *et seq.*
Council meetings of, 277, 295, 315, 326.
Semi-annual meeting of, 350.
American Asylum at Hartford for the Education of Deaf and Dumb Persons, 232, 290.
American Bible Society, 339.
American Colonization Society, 200.
American Education Society, 170.
American Jurist, editors of, 5.
American Temperance House, 83 *n.*
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, 306.
Anderson, *Rev.* Rufus, 325.
Andrews, Ebenezer T., 146.
Armstrong, Samuel T., 299.
Arnold, Nathan, *Jr.*, 86.
Ashmun, *Prof.* John H., 77, 210.
Assalini, Paolo, 195.
Astrology, 177.
Auburn, *Mass.*, originally called Ward, 139 *n.*
Aurora borealis, 66, 87, 89.
Austin, Charles, 302.
Austin, *Rev.* Samuel, 242, *ib. n.*

B.

Bachelor, 213.
Bacon, Francis, *Lord Verulam*, cited, 233.
"Bacon's and Ingram's Rebellion," 170.
Baily (Bailey), *Rev.* John, 189.
Baily (Bailey), Silas, 130, 289.
Baldwin, Aaron, 263, 320.
Baldwin, *Miss* Adelaide, 263.
Baldwin, Christopher C., biographical sketch of, v-xx. His letters, viii *n.* His purpose to prepare a bibliography of America, x. Has his books insured, 5, 48. Enters justice actions, 5, 9, 12, 22, 24, 25, 32, 43, 55. Goes to Boston, 6, 37, 98, 121, 145, 151, 259, 303, 316, 341, 350, 357; where he visits theatre, 7, 37, 122, 145, 151, 264, 343. Boarding places since 1823, 8, 32, 43, 63, 80, 285. Makes specifications for boot cutter, 10, 17; *ib.* for setting fractured limbs, 20; *ib.* for a Post Office stamp, 47; *ib.* for a machine for mortising, 54. Solicits for the A. A. S., viii, 11, 37, 53, 147, 152, 178, 184, 189, 207, 339. Reason for not being elected Town Clerk, 12. Serves on School Committee, xv, 14; declines to be re-elected, 56. Edits *Ægis* in W. Lincoln's absence, 14-16, 28, 29, 36. Studies Phrenology, 15. His speech at

Latin School gives offence, 15. Death of his mother, 19. Sets out trees, 21, 22, 282, 291. Goes on journey with his father, 26, 78. Cares for C. Mirick, 28-31. Contracts to edit *National Ægis*, 29; *ib.* resigned, 47. Buys and furnishes pew, Second Cong'l Church, 32. Corrects error in Hist. of Lynn and is attacked by the author, 34. Contributes family records to *New Eng. Reg.*, 36. Gross libel upon him, 38, 41; *ib.* causes much excitement, 39, 40. How he spent Thanksgivings since 1823, 42 *et seq.* Lectures before Lyceum, 43, 257, 267. Adjusts concerns with *Worcester Magazine*, 53. Moves to Barre, 63; removes to Worcester, 75. Delivers 4th July oration, 68. Moves to Sutton, 80; removes to Worcester, 149. Transcribes Sutton records, 95. Copies papers in State House, 101. Goes to Vt. and N. H., 102, 125; there copies epitaphs, 106, 125. Begins History of Sutton, 124. Invited to deliver Masonic address, 129. Loses his valise cont. valuable papers, 129; *ib.* recovered, 145, 149. Chosen to report proceedings of the County centennial, 144. Candidate for librarianship of A. A. S., 148; salary begins, 169. Works on catalogue A. A. S. library, xiv, 197, 215, 240, 245, 269, 314. Journey to Greenfield, 201; there copies epitaphs, 206. Cured of politics, 215. Writes sketch of Lt.-Gov. W. Stoughton, 216. Goes to New York, 216. Elected member Penn. Hist. Soc., xvi, 241. Prepares third edition Goodwin's "Town Officer," 269, 300. Writes for *Palladium*, xiv, 279. His volumes of epitaphs, xiii *n.*, 294 *n.* Copies ancient laws of New Haven Colony, 340. His favorite books, 340. Makes a journey West, xvi, 359. Death of, 364 *n.*

Baldwin, Ebenezer, 17, 226.

Baldwin, *Capt.* Eden, *father of Christopher C.*, v, 26, 46, 69, 162, 248, 295, 314, 338, 348.

Baldwin, Eden, *brother of Christopher C.*, 346.

Baldwin, *Mrs.* Eden (Force), *mother of Christopher C.*, dangerously ill, 12. Her death, 19.

Baldwin, Eden A., *nephew of Christopher C.*, 346.

Baldwin, Henry, 18.

Baldwin, Jonathan, *grandfather of Christopher C.*, v.

Baldwin, Jonathan, *brother of Christopher C.*, 13, 26, 46, 69, 74.

Baldwin, Joseph, 150 *n.*

Baldwin, Roger S., 227.

Baldwin, Samuel, 150 *n.*

Baldwin, *Hon.* Simeon, 7, 14, 226.

Baldwin, William, 263.

Baldwin family, 145, 227.

Baldwinville, *Mass.*, origin of name of, v.

Bamberg, *Bavaria*, old books from, 266, 342.

Bancroft, *Rev.* Aaron, *D.D.*, ix, 6 *n.*, 12, 19-25, 31, 36, 42, 43, 45, 56, 143, 146, 172, 176, 185, 240, 278. Notice of, 8 *n.* Portrait of, 200.

Bancroft, *Mrs.* Aaron (Chandler), 334.

Bancroft, *Hon.* George, *LL.D.*, x, 8 *n.*

Bancroft, *Miss* Lucretia (Mrs. Farnum), 9, 15, 22, 53, 54. Private school of, 16, 251 *n.*

Bancroft, *Miss* Sarah, 9, 22, 33, 172, 252.

Bancroft, Timothy W., 71, 134.

Bangs, Edward, 106.

Bangs, *Hon.* Edward D., 146, 299, 303.

Banister, Samuel, *innholder*, 34, 45, 236.

Barber, *Dr.* Jonathan, 284, 290.

Barker, Christopher, 230.

Barker, *Capt.* George, 281.

Barker, John, 281.

Barker, Robert, 117.

Barker, William (Capt. John), 281.

Barlow, *Rev.* David H., 108.

Barnard, *Hon.* Hezekiah, 244.

Barnes, *Rev.* David, *D.D.*, 210.

Barney, *Com.* Joshua, 361.

Barre, *Mass.*, statistics of, 88.

Barry, John A., 249, 253.

Bartlett, *Dr.* Elisha, 13, 51, 73, 192.

Barton, Edmund M., 144 *n.*

Bascom, *Rev.* Ezekiel L., 67, 73.

Bass, *Dr.* Seth, 152, 153 *n.*, 264.

Batcheller, Samuel, 31.

Bates, *Hon.* Isaac C., 24.

Baylies, *Hon.* Francis, 329.

Beecher, *Rev.* Lyman, 29.

Belcher, *Gov.* Jonathan, 99.

Belden, *Dr.* L. W., xiii *n.*

Belknap, Andrew E., 260, 303.

Belknap, *Rev.* Jeremy, *D.D.*, 260, 303, 342 *n.*

Benedict, *Dr.* William M., 121, 122.

Bennett, Asahel H., 314.

Bentley, *Rev.* William, *D.D.*, 308, 318.

Bernard, *Gov. Sir* Francis, 292.

Beverly, *Mass.*, *First Parish*, 47 *n.*

Bible, x, 214, 224, 232, 312, 335, 339, 340. New version of N. T., *etc.*, 203.

Bigelow, *Hon.* Abijah, 45, 58, 183.
Bigelow, *Rev.* Asahel, 28.
Bigelow, *Miss* Ellen, 51, 66, 212, 313.
Bigelow, Joshua, 155.
Bigelow, *Hon.* Lewis, 51, 63, 212, 313.
Bigelow, Lewis, 7.
Bigelow, Sarah, 9.
Bigelow, *Miss* Susan (Mrs. Green), 183.
Bigelow, *Hon.* Timothy, 155.
Billings, Samuel, 72.
Black, Archibald, 63, 73, 76.
Black, *Miss* Mary (Mrs. Barry), 250.
Black, *Rev.* William, 250.
Blackstone Canal, 16, 22, 33.
Blackwood's Magazine, 213.
Blake, *Miss* Dorothea W. (Mrs. Blood), 258.
Blake, Elihu, 187.
Blake, *Mrs.* Eliza, *widow* of *Hon.* Francis, 8, 174. Location of her house, 138 *n.*
Blake, *Miss* Elizabeth C. (Mrs. G. T. Rice), 8, 18.
Blake, *Hon.* Francis, vii, 8, 18, 138, 258.
Bliss, Jesse, 291.
Blood, *Dr.* Oliver H., 6, 9, 14, 15, 187, 302. Notice of, 195, 257.
Blood, *Hon.* Thomas H., 258.
Bolles, Charles, 307 *n.*
Bond, Jonas, 99.
Bond, Moses, 193.
Bond, Thomas, 13.
Bonney, Z. & D., *innholders*, 302.
Booth, Junius Brutus, 122.
Boots and Shoes, fashions, 87.
Boston, *Mass.*, old theatre, 7. Notice of, *ib. n.* Tremont theatre, 7, 37, 122, 146 *n.*, 151, 221. Notice of, 7 *n.* St. Paul's Church, 124. Burying grounds, 304, 319. Salutation Street, 319 *n.* Old South Church, 348.
Boston Athenæum, xi, 152, 352. Donations from, 259, 344.
Boston Cadets, 143.
Boston Courier, 91, 266 *n.*, 327.
Boston Daily Advocate, 200, 304.
Boston Evening Post, 98, 163 *n.*
Boston Lyceum for Young Ladies, 176 *n.*
Boston Mirror, 48.
Boston Recorder, 189, 304.
Boswell, James, his "Life of Johnson," 276.
Bottom, Frederick W., 291.
Boudinot, Elias, *Cherokee Indian*, 171, *ib. n.*
Bowdoin, James, 146, 170, 196, 241. Notice of, 196 *n.*
Bowdoin College, 312.
Boyden, Dwight, *innholder*, 153, 260.
Boyden, John, 260.
Boyden, *Mrs.* John (Fry), 260.
Boyden, Samuel, 23.
Boyden, Simeon, 260.
Boylston, John L., 358.
Boylston, Zabdiel, 99.
Boynton, John, 21.
Bradford, *Gov.* William, his Ms. "History of Plymouth," 349.
Brainard (Brainerd), *Rev.* David, 212, 295.
Braman, *Dr.* Amasa, 122.
Brazer, *Mrs.* James (Mrs. Wm. Kinnicutt), 59.
Brazer, *Rev.* John, 29.
Brazer, Samuel, 333.
Brazer, *Mrs.* [Samuel], 35.
Brigham, *Dr.* Amariah, 217.
Brigham, David T., 278, 315.
Brigham, Dexter, *innholder*, 187.
Brigham, Ebenezer, 278.
British and Foreign Bible Society, 340.
Brookfield, *Mass.*, *Unitarian Church*, 8 *n.*
Brooks, Aaron, 203.
Brooks, Silas, 17.
Brown, Albert (W. & A. Brown), 54, 56, 140, 144.
Brown, *Dr.* Buckminster, 208 *n.*
Brown, David Paul, his "Sertorius," 122 *n.*
Brown, Jenks, 149.
Brown, William (W. & A. Brown), 54, 56, 140, 144.
Brown, William, 46.
Brown, William H., 325 *n.*
Brown Brothers & Co., *Messrs.*, 122.
Bruce, Abigail (Mrs. Hunter), 205.
Bruce, Eli, 205.
Bruce, Josiah, 205.
Bruce, Levi, 79.
Bryant, George W., 75, 159.
Bryant family, 117.
Buckingham, *Hon.* Joseph T., 36, 91. Notice of, 327.
Bullard, *Dr.* Artemas, 80.
Bullard, Jonathan, 155.
Burbank, Gardner, 17.
Burbank School, 5.
Burke, *Master*, 151, 152 *n.*, 154.
Burleigh, John, 98.
Burnett, Luther, 21.
Burnside, Samuel M., viii, xviii, 11, 108, 146, 352.
Burr, *Rev.* Isaac, 334.
Burrage, Lowell, 46.
Burt, Simeon, 31, 144, 310.

Burt, *Mrs.* Simeon (Robinson), 279, 310.
Burton, *Rev.* Warren, 262.
Bush, John, 334.
Butler, *Dr.* John S., 20, 25, 28, 50, 302.
Butman, Benjamin, 11, 23, 187, 200.

C.

Cabot, *Hon.* George, 256, 261.
Cady & Doolittle, *innholders*, 145.
Caldwell, James, 360.
Calhoun, *Hon.* William B., 57.
Cameron, John, 361.
Capen, Nahum (Marsh, Capen & Lyon, *Messrs.*), 349.
Card-playing, 9, 13, 16, 90.
Carter, Elias, 12.
Carter, James G., 31, 252.
Carter, Thomas, 336.
Carter, Andrews & Co., *Messrs.*, 252.
Cartwright (Charles W.) & Son, *Messrs.*, 317.
Cartwright, John W. (C. W. Cartwright & Son), 317.
Catholic Press, 289.
Cawood, John, *printer*, his edition of the Bible, 336.
Centinel, 235, 304.
Central Hotel, 45 *n.*
Chamberlain, Jacob, 126.
Chamberlain, John C., 120.
Chamberlain, *Hon.* Levi, 120, 126.
Chamberlain, Thomas, 120. Notice of, *ib. n.*
Chandler, *Miss* Catherine (Mrs. Parsons), 253.
Chandler, *Dr.* George, 302, 340.
Chandler, *Hon.* John, 334.
Chandler, Nathaniel, 252, 253.
Chandler, Samuel, 116, 117. Notice of, 116 *n.*
Chandler, Samuel W., 253.
Channing, *Rev.* William E., *D. D.*, 262.
Charles II., *of England*, 296.
Charlestown, *N. H.*, epitaphs from, 294 *n.*
Chase, Anthony (Earle & Chase, *Messrs.*), 22, 192, 302.
Chase, Aquila, descendants of, 156 *et seq.*
Chase, Baruch, family of, 293.
Chase, Caleb, 149.
Chase, *Hon.* Dudley, 107.
Chase, Harvey, 107, 126.
Chase, *Hon.* Ithamur, 294.
Chase, Jonathan, 108.
Chase, Moses, 107.
Chase, Nehemiah, 93, 149.
Chase, Philander, *successively Bishop of Ohio and of Illinois*, 294.
Chase, *Hon.* Salmon P., 294 *n.*
Chase, *Hon.* Samuel, 107.
Chase family, 107, 156, 293.
Cheese, 87.
Cheney, Lucy (Mrs. Grosvenor), 157.
Cheney, Thomas, 156.
Cherokee Indians, 171.
Cherokee Phœnix, 171.
Chickering, *Rev.* Jesse, 72 74.
Child, Asa, 181, 298.
Child, *Mrs.* Asa (Goddard), 181.
Child, John, 156.
Child, Linus, 21, 180, 298.
Chillicothe Gazette, 189.
Chipman, *Judge*, 290.
Chittenden, *Gov.* Thomas, 268.
Choate, *Dr.* Charles, 124, 152.
Cholera, 186, 192-194, 199.
Christian Examiner, 214.
Churchill, John, viii.
Clapp, Daniel, 155.
Claremont, *N. H.*, epitaphs from, 294 *n.*
Clark, Edward, 121, 130.
Clark, John, 155.
Clark, Myrion, family of, 267.
Clark, William C., 285.
Clarke, *Miss* Frances M. (Mrs. Hill), 73, 86, 283.
Clarke, *Rev.* John, *D.D.*, 320.
Clarke, *Rev.* Josiah, 167.
Clarke, Matthew St. C., 237, 238.
Clarke, *Rev.* Samuel, 73, 283.
Clay, *Hon.* Henry, *LL.D.*, 182, 242.
Clay, *Mrs.* Henry, 244.
Coal mine, 18. Notice of, *ib. n.*
Coffin, Joshua, 7, 49, 50, 153, 200.
Cogswell, *Rev.* William, 170.
Cole, Sumner, 85.
Coleman (Colman), *Rev.* Henry, 166. Notice of, 210, *ib. n.*
Colonization Society, *see* American Colonization, *etc.*
Coney (Cony), *Gen.* Samuel, 36.
Congdon, Samuel, 248.
Connecticut Historical Society, 336 *n.*
Cook, *Rev.* Parsons, 66.
Cook, Zebedee, *Jr.*, 194.
Coolidge, Nathan, 106.
Cooper, Thomas A., *actor*, 37.
Copley, John S., *artist*, 207.
Corbett, Otis, 50.
Cornish, *N. H.*, epitaphs from, 294 *n.*
Court, augmentorial, 17.
Cowdin, Augustus, 32.
Crane, *Col.* Ichabod B., 70.
Crocker, Samuel L., 60.
Crockett, *Hon.* David, anecdote of, 239.

Cummings, *Judge* David, 10, 11, 13, 25, 44, 45, 56, 84, 96. Notice of, 10 *n.*
Cunningham, Joseph L., 266 *n.*
Curtis, *Miss* Rebecca, 9, 55, 249, 252.
Cushing, *Col.* Edmund, 335.
Cutler *Rev.* Manasseh, *LL.D.*, xi.
Cutler, Temple, xi.
Cutting, Jonathan, *Jr.*, 50.

D.

Daman family, 112.
Dana, *Rev.* Josiah, 166.
Dana family, 117.
Danforth, N. & P., *Messrs.*, 130.
Daniels, Joseph, 130.
Davenport, *Rev.* James, 100.
Davenport, *Rev.* John, 230.
Davis, Andrew J. 325.
Davis, *Hon.* Daniel, 18, 174.
Davis, Eliakim notice of, 94 *et seq.*
Davis, George T., xi, 209.
Davis, *Hon.* Isaac, 5, 16, 24, 39, 40, 59, 130, 271. Donation from, ix *n.*
Davis, Jesse, 94.
Davis, *Gov.* John, 5-8, 10, 15, 18, 20-24, 30-33, 38-44, 63, 67, 124, 125, 141-146, 184, 186, 193, 235, 242, 244, 246, 264, 265, 306, 321, 344, 352.
Davis, *Hon.* John, *LL.D.*, his edition of the "New England Memorial," 209.
Davis, *Mrs.* John, 23, 28, 33, 43.
Davis, John B., 5.
Davis, Joseph, 50, 62, 70.
Davis, Phineas, 325.
Davis, Samuel, 209.
Davis, Wendell, 209.
Davis, Wendell B., 209.
Day, David, 54, 94, 130.
Day, *Hon.* Thomas, 231, 234.
Day, Willard, 15.
Day family 19.
Dean, Aaron, 246.
Dean, *Miss* Catherine (Mrs. Flint), 246.
Dean, *Miss* Rebecca S. (Mrs. S. Salisbury), 246.
Dean, *Miss* Sally W. (Mrs. Hubbard), 246.
Dearborn, *Hon.* Henry A. S., 36.
Declaration of Independence, 188.
Deerfield, *Mass.*, 211.
Delafield, John, 223.
Denny, Austin, 14, 20, 29, 48.
Denny, Daniel, 101.
Denny, Ebenezer, 362.
Denny, *Miss* Harriet, 342.
Denny, *Misses*, 14.
Dewey, *Rev.* Orville, 184.
Dexter, Franklin, 140, 313.
Dexter, *Hon.* Samuel, 313.
Dickenson (Dickinson), *Rev.* Rodolphus, 203, 211.
Dickenson (Dickinson), Samuel F., 74.
Dike, Anthony, 286.
Dike family, 128.
Dix, *Dr.* Elijah, 193 *n.*, 194.
Dix, *Miss* Mary (Mrs. Harris), 193 *n.*
Doolittle, Ephraim, 156.
Doolittle, Luclus, *innholder*, 121, 123.
Dorchester *Mass.*, *First Church*, 193 *n.*
Dorr, Joseph, 155.
Dorr & Howland, *Messrs.*, 269.
Dorrillites, 205.
Douglas, Thomas, *5th Earl of Selkirk*, 88.
Downer, John, 103, 111, 121.
Drake, Samuel G., 153.
Draper, Asa, 127.
Dudley, Samuel, 99, 141.
Dunmoore, *Dr.* William, 155.
Dwight, Edmund, 342.
Dwight, Henry E., 295.
Dwight, Louis, 190.
Dwight, *Rev.* Sereno E., 295.
Dwight, *Rev.* Timothy, *D. D.*, *Pres. of Yale College*, 295.
Dwight family, 98.

E.

Earl, Hezekiah, *innholder*, 7.
Earle, John M., 34, 192, 302.
Earle, Robert, 179.
Earle, Silas, 179.
Earl's Coffee House, *Boston*, 7 *n.*
Eastern Argus, 189.
Eaton, *Dr.* Eliot, 280.
Eaton, Jonas, 260.
Eaton, Nathaniel, 335.
Eaton, William, 24, 333.
Eclipse, 93.
Edgartown, *Mass.*, epitaph from, 329.
Edson, Calvin, account of, 109 *et seq.*
Edwards, *Rev.* Jonathan, *D. D.*, *Pres. of the Coll. of N. J.*, 295.
Eliot, *Rev.* Andrew, *D. D.*, 100.
Eliot, Carter, 89.
Elisha, Patrick N. I., his "Patent right oppression exposed," cited, 317.
Elliot (Elliott), *Com.* Jesse D., 244.
Ellsworth, Henry L., 327.
Elton, *Prof.* Romeo, 197
Emerson, Frederick, 251.
Emerson, *Rev.* Joseph, 45.
Emerson, Thomas, 106, 123.
Emmons, Ichabod, 56 *et seq.*
Emmons, *Rev.* Nathaniel, *D. D.*, 142, 298.
Emmons, Samuel, *Jr.*, anecdote relating to, 298.

Epitaphs, xiii *n.*, 112, 116, 206, 294 *n.*, 319, 329.
Essex Historical Society, xvi.
Estabrook, Daniel, 94.
Estabrook, *Dr.* George, 94.
Estabrook, James, 138.
Estabrook, Jedidiah, 94.
Estabrook, Jones, *innholder*, 144, 236.
Estabrook, *Hon.* Joseph, 13.
Estabrook, *Miss* Mary H. (Mrs. I. Davis), 5, 15.
Evans, Oliver, 317.
Everett, *Hon.* Alexander H., 70.
Everett, *Hon.* Edward, *LL.D.*, ix, 36, 146, 188, 334.
Everett, *Hon.* Horace, 125, 126, 333.
Ewer, Charles, 318.
Exchange Coffee House, *Boston*, 146 *n.*

F.

Fairbanks, Ephraim, 156.
Farmer, John, 36, 172.
Farnsworth & Harris, *Messrs.*, *innholders*, 285.
Felt, *Rev.* Joseph B., efforts to procure funds for a Female College, 198.
Fessenden, Thomas G., his "New England Farmer's Almanack," xix.
Field, John, 150.
Fisher, Alvan, *artist*, 195-201. Family of, 190. Anecdote of, 277.
Fisher, Clara (Mrs. J. G. Maeder), notice of, 146, *ib. n.*
Fisher, Maturin L., 302.
Fiske, *Dr.* Oliver, 97, 250, 334.
Fitchburg, *Mass.*, *First Congregational Church*, 39 *n.*
Fitton, Abraham, 289.
Fitton, *Rev.* James, 288.
Flagg, *Dr.*, 24.
Flagg, Abel, 30.
Flagg, Samuel, 334.
Fletcher, Joel, 108.
Fletcher, Richard, 5, 108.
Flint, Dr. Austin, 176, 246, 292.
Flint, *Dr.* Edward, 275.
Flint, *Mrs.* Edward (Emerson), 275.
Flint, *Dr.* Josiah, 292.
Flint, Waldo, 176, 246, 251, 275.
Flint, *Mrs.* Waldo (Dean), 275.
Folsom, Charles, 343.
Folsom, George, 187, 251, 348. Notice of, 188 *n.*
Forbes, Abner, 106.
Forbes, Absalom, 106.
Forbes, Jotham, 106.
Forbes, Libbeus, 106.
Forbes, Phillip J., 222 *n.*
Force, *Miss* Abigail (Mrs. Baldwin), v.
Force, George, 278.
Force, *Lieut.* Jonathan, v.
Force, *Hon.* Peter, 237.
Force family, 164 *et seq.*
Foster, Abner, 54, 59.
Foster, Alfred D., 51, 79, 201, 243. Location of his residence, 83 *n.*
Foster, *Mrs.* Alfred D., 51.
Foster, Jedidiah, 155.
Foster, *Mrs.* —, (Walcott), 113.
Foxcroft, *Miss* Charlotte (Mrs. Phillips), 249, 252 *n.*, 262.
Foxcroft, *Miss* Mary, 249.
Fowle, William B., 308, 318.
Fowle, *Mrs.* William B. (Moulton), 318.
Franklin, Benjamin, *LL.D.*, anecdote relating to, 305.
Franklin Mercury, xi, 209.
Freemasons, 23, 42, 50, 56, 82, 102 *n.*, 129, 141, 186, 337. Anti-masonic convention, 43, 199.
Frick, *Mr.*, 358.
Frothingham, *Rev.* Nathaniel L., *D.D.*, 318.
Fry, *Col.* James, 260.
Fuller, Simeon, 96.
Fulton, Robert, 316.
Fulton, *war-ship*, explosion of, 24.

G.

Gall, François J., 146, 284.
Gardiner, *Maine*, Lyceum, 315.
Gardner, *Dr.* Joseph, 99.
Garrison, William Lloyd, 200.
Gates, Ebenezer, 130.
Gates, *Gen.* Horatio, 224.
Gates, *Miss* Seraphina, 73.
Gates, Seth, 71.
Gay, *Rev.* Ebenezer, 210, 250.
Gay, Ebenezer, *son of the preceding*, 250.
Gay, *Dr.* Martin, 124, 152, 249, 353.
George II., *of England*, 231.
Gibbs, *Prof.* Josiah W., 230.
Gilbert, Dexter, 13.
Giles, *Miss* Marianne C. (Mrs. Washburn), 51.
Gill, *Lieut.-Gov.* Moses, 348.
Gill, *Mrs.* Moses (Prince), 348.
Goddard, *Hon.* Calvin, 297.
Goddard, Luther, 181, 298.
Goddard, William A., 298.
Goffe, *Rev.* Joseph, 80, 97.
Goffe, *Col.* William, *the regicide*, 296.
Going, *Rev.* Jonathan, *D.D.*, 48, 49. Notice of, 48 *n.*
Goldsmith, *Miss* Molly (Mrs. Hill), 284.
Goldsmith, Oliver, cited, 237.

Goodale, *Rev.* William, 47.
Goodrich, Charles P., 60.
Goodrich, Jesse W., 348.
Goodwin, *Rev.* D. Le Baron, 139, 149.
Goodwin, Henry, 183.
Goodwin, Isaac, 6, 71, 102 *n.*, 146, 147, 181, 183. Notice of, 45 *n.*, 269 *n.* Editions of his "Town Officer," *ib.*, 300.
Goodwin, *Mrs.* Isaac, 71.
Gookin, Daniel, 83.
Gorton, Samuel, his "Simplicity's defence," 193.
Grafton, *Mass.*, epitaphs from, 294 *n.*
Graham, Nathaniel, 361.
Granger, Daniel, 170.
Granger, Jack, 170.
Grant, *Miss* Zilpah P. (Mrs. Banister), 198, 296.
Gray, Francis C., 289, 343.
Gray, *Rev.* Thomas, *D.D.*, 358.
Gray, *Dr.* Thomas, 358.
Green, *Mr.*, *antiquary*, 304.
Green, Benjamin, 303.
Green, *Dr.* Charles, 183.
Green, *Miss* Elizabeth, 9, 51, 53, 55, 59.
Green, James, 39.
Green, *Dr.* John, 16, 24, 83, 192, 250, 302, 353.
Green, *Mrs.* John, 83.
Green, *Dr.* Isaac, 183.
Green, William N., 39.
Greenwood, Isaac, 100.
Greenwood, Samuel, 100.
Griffin, Charles (Griffin & Morrill, *Messrs.*), 29, 50, 300.
Grimké, *Hon.* Thomas S., 241.
Grosvenor, Ebenezer, family of, 157.
Gun factory, *Millbury*, 20.

H.

Hackett, James H., 225.
Hakluyt, Richard, viii.
Hale, *Prof.* Benjamin, 315.
Hale, Josiah L., 315.
Hale, Moses, 156.
Hale, *Mrs.* Sarah J., *editor* "Ladies' Magazine," 213 *n.*
Hall, *Miss* Anne, *artist*, 196.
Hall, Charles H., family of, 195.
Hall, *Rev.* David, 172. His diary, 148. Family record of, 158.
Hall, *Rev.* Edward B., 30, *ib. n.*
Hall, *Rev.* Edward H., 176 *n.*
Hall, Jonathan, 106.
Hall, Josiah, 119.
Hall family, 112, 118, 158.
Hallett, Benjamin F., 200, 304 *n.*
Hamilton, Alexander, 66.
Hanson, *Mr.*, 26, 27.
Hapgood, Thomas, 163 *n.*
Harback, Thomas, 86, 123.
Harback family, 123.
Harding, *Rev.* Alpheus, 64.
Harding, Chester, *artist*, 31, 32, 97, 198. Portraits by, 31, *ib. n.*
Harrington, Jubal, 24, 138, 309. Publishes libel upon C. C. Baldwin, 38-41.
Harrington, Oliver, 52.
Harrington, Samuel, 15, 130.
Harris, Clarendon, 5 *n.*, 9, 193 *n.*
Harris, *Rev.* Thaddeus M., *D.D.*, 146, 147, 264. Notice of, 193 *n.*
Harris, *Dr.* Thaddeus W., xiii, 264.
Harris, Toleration, 193.
Hart, Charles H., his "Last of the Silhouettists," 325 *n.*
Hartford, *Conn.*, 216. Visit to, 1833, 231.
Harwood, Rasselas, 193.
Hassanamisco Indians, 90, 92, 131, 153.
Hastings, *Hon.* Seth, 161.
Hastings, William S., 17.
Hatch, Estes, 99.
Hathaway, Samuel, *innholder*, 236.
Haven, Samuel F., *LL.D.*, xvii, 144 *n.*
Hawes, *Rev.* Joel, 50.
Hayden, Joel, 120.
Haynes, Josiah, 286.
Hayward, Phinehas, 155.
Heard, *Gen.* Nathan, 9, 143.
Henry, John, 109.
Henshaw, Daniel, 75.
Henshaw, Joseph, 155.
Herrick, *Rev.* Osgood, 80, 125.
Hewit, *Rev.* Nathaniel, 10.
Heylyn, Peter, his "MIKROKOSMOS," 253.
Heywood, *Dr.* Benjamin F., 14, 24, 192, 302.
Higginson, *Rev.* John, 230.
Hill, *Rev.* Alonzo, 6 *n.*, 9, 14, 28, 30, 31, 42, 45, 49, 59, 73, 86, 249, 352. Notice of, and of his family, 283.
Hillard, Gray & Co., *Messrs.*, 307 *n.*, 342.
Hitchcock, Edward, *D.D.*, *Pres. of Amherst Coll.*, 184. His "Geology of Massachusetts," 211.
Hoadly, *Rev.* Loammi I., 53.
Hoar, *Hon.* Samuel, 61, 77.
Holbrook, Josiah, 258.
Holbrook, Sylvanus, 104.
Holden, Abner, 156.
Holden, Benjamin, 156.
Holden, Moses, 64.
Holden, Seth, 72, 121.
Holland, *Prof.* William M., 232, 311.

Holman, *Rev.* David, 140.
Holman, *Mrs.* David (Adams), 140.
Holman, Jonathan, 19.
Holmes, *Rev.* Abiel, *D.D.*, 146.
Homans, *Dr.* John, 258.
Hopkins, *Prof.* Albert, 258.
Hopkins, *Rev.* Daniel, *D.D.*, 258.
Hopkins, *Col.* Mark, 258.
Hopkins, *Mrs.* Mark (Sergeant), 259.
Hopkins, *Rev.* Samuel, *D.D.*, 258.
Hopkinton Springs, 138 *n.* 187, 314.
Horton, *Rev.* William, 108.
Hosmer, Asa, *Jr.*, 46, 76, 168.
Hosmer, *Miss* Mercy, 298.
Hosmer family 167
Houghton, *Hon.* Nathaniel, 63, 71, 327.
Housatonic (Houssatonuc), Indians, 259.
Hovey Jonas A. 81.
Howard, Thomas, 159.
Howard family, 159 *et seq.*
Howe, Hammond, 179.
Howe, *Dr.* Josiah, 132 *n.*
Howe, Lyman, 179.
Howe, Thomas, 10, 17.
Hoyt, *Col.* Elihu, 211.
Hoyt, *Gen.* Epaphras, his "Antiquarian researches," 211.
Hubbard, *Hon.* Henry, 246. Notice of, 280 *n.*
Hubbard, *Miss* Sarah D., 280.
Hudson, *Rev.* Charles, 338.
Hull, Jabez, 125.
Hunt, Ezekiel, 101.
Hunter Comfort, 204.
Huntington, Charles, 292.
Huntington, *Rev.* Daniel, 292.
Huntington, *Gov.* Samuel, 297.
Huntington, William, 292.
Hutchinson, *Rev.* Aaron, 115.
Hutchinson, *Gov.* Thomas, 297, 320, 349.
Hutchinson family, 115.

I.

Independent Chronicle, 189.
Indians, 331.
Ipswich, *Mass.*, Female Seminary, 296.
Irwin, James, 360.
Irwin, *Capt.* John, 360.
Israelites, Dioramic View of the Departure of the, 351.
Ives, *Dr.* Eli, 227.

J.

Jackson, — (How, Jackson & Co., *Messrs.*), 272.
Jackson, *Pres.* Andrew, 9, 11, 122, 132, 187.
Jackson, *Gov.* James, 316.
Jackson, —, *son of the preceding*, 316, 321.
Jackson Party, 59, 138, 344.
Jam Jehan Nima, xiii, 311 *n.*
James, Edwin, 306.
James, Eleazer, 63, 66, 72, 76, 166, 327.
James, George, 166.
James, *Miss* Mary (Mrs. Thompson), 58–60, 62, 64–66, 69, 72, 73, 154, 166.
Jarman, *Miss* Fanny (Mrs. Teman), *actress*, 343.
Jarvis, *Dr.* [Leonard], 128.
Jarvis, *Rev.* Samuel F., *D.D.*, 233.
Jefferson, *Pres.* Thomas, 170, 309.
Jeffries, David, 101.
Jeffries, *Hon.* John, 101.
Jenks, *Rev.* William, *D.D.*, 146, 306, 324 *n.*
Jennison, *Miss* Catherine, 249.
Jennison, Samuel, 84, 156, 240, 249, 259, 281, 324 *n.*, 326. Notice of, 98 *n.*
Jennison, *Hon.* William, 334.
Johnson, Nahum, 130.
Johnson, Samuel, *LL.D.*, 276.
Johnson, Timothy, 94, 121, 130.
Johnston, John, 360.
Jones, *Rev.* Abner D., 34, 73.
Jones, Ezra, 64, 65, 71, 74.
Jones, Joseph S., 260.
Jones, *Hon.* Nathaniel, 67.
Jones family, 112.

K.

Kean, Edmund, 218 *n.*
Keating, William H., 306.
Keene, William, 101
Kendall, *Hon.* Joseph G., 17, 251, 302, 355.
Kenrick, John, 148.
Kettell, Daniel, 43.
Kettell, John P., 43.
King, Cyrus, 315.
King, Henry, 155.
King, Robert, *Earl of Kingston*, his "Antiquities of Mexico," ix, 340.
Kingsborough *Viscount*, *see* King R., *Earl of Kingston*.
Kinnicutt, Thomas, 5 *n.*, 9, 11, 16, 19–25, 28, 34, 61, 143, 182, 321, 335.
Kinnicutt, *Mrs.* Thomas, 28.
Kinnicutt, William, 59.
Kinnicutt, *Mrs.* William (Brazer), 59.
Kirkland, *Rev.* John T., *LL.D.*, *Pres. of Harvard College*, 261.
Kirkland, *Mrs.* John T. (Cabot), 261.
Kneller, Godfrey, *artist*, 231.
Knowlton, Ezekiel, 34, 35.
Knowlton, John S. C., 279.

L.

Ladies' Magazine, 213 *n.*
Lamb, *Dr.* Edward, 310.
Lamb, *Mrs.* Edward (Robinson), 310.
Land Bank, 98, 99.
Langdon family, epitaphs of, 319.
Learned, Ebenezer, 155.
Lechmere's Point, 7.
Lee, Artemas, 50, 70, 76.
Lee, Charles, 71, 88.
Lee, *Rev.* Joseph, 167.
Lee, Joseph, *the elder*, 256.
Lee, Joseph, 256.
Lee, Samuel, 167 *n.*
Lee, Seth, 63, 69, 73.
Lee, Thomas J., his "Spelling-book," 167 *n.*
Legate, Thomas, 156.
Leicester, *Mass.*, *First Congregational Church*, 37 *n.*
Leicester Academy, vi, 346.
Leland, Cyrus, 90, 107.
Leland, Jonathan, 153.
Leland, Joshua W., 122.
Leland, Thomas, 107.
Leland family, 123.
Leonard, *Hon.* Daniel, 290, 329.
Leonard, *Rev.* George, 107.
Lesure, William T., 50.
Lewis, Alonzo, his "History of Lynn," 34.
Liberator, 200.
Lincoln, *Miss* Anne, 191.
Lincoln, *Rev.* Calvin, notice of, 39 *n.*
Lincoln, Daniel W., 302, 335, 348.
Lincoln, *Hon.* Enoch, *Gov. of Maine*, information of his death, 36-39.
Lincoln, John W., 17, 32, 33, 38, 45, 55.
Lincoln, *Gov.* Levi, *the elder*, 32.
Lincoln, *Gov.* Levi, 7, 13, 16, 19, 26, 30, 35-38, 42, 43, 45, 58, 60, 77, 97, 243, 244, 259, 264, 265, 270, 271, 314, 321, 344. Traits of his character, 215, 272.
Lincoln, Levi, *Jr.*, 28, 348.
Lincoln, *Miss* Lucy, 201, 212, 249.
Lincoln, *Miss* Penelope, 191.
Lincoln, William, vi, vii, xviii, xix, 14, 17, 19, 21, 32, 36, 39-45, 53, 61, 72, 76, 83, 94, 98, 101, 130, 134, 138, 145, 182, 246, 252, 282, 303, 340. Location of his estate, 23 *n.*, 32.
Lind, Jenny, 152 *n.*
Lithography, 331.
Little, Isaac, 99.
Little & Brown, *Messrs.*, 307 *n.*
Livingston, *Hon.* Edward, 241.
Lombard, Davis, 92.
Long, Stephen H., 306.
Longley, *Dr.* Phineas, 93.
Longley, *Miss*, 93.
Loring, Ellis G., 152.
Loring, *Rev.* Israel, 288.
Lothrop (Lathrop), *Rev.* Joseph, *D.D.*, 19.
Lothrop, Sylvanus, 362.
Loud, Edward, 26, 46.
Lovell, Joseph, 58, 130.
Lowell, *Rev.* Charles, *D.D.*, 146, 352.
Lowell, *Mass.*, factory at, burnt, 6.
Lynn Mirror, 34.
Lyon, *Capt.* Benjamin, 280.
Lyon, *Hon.* Chittenden, 268.
Lyon, *Hon.* Matthew, notice of, 268 *n.*
Lyon, *Mrs.* Matthew (Chittenden), narrative of, 269.
Lyon, William, library of, 229.

M.

Maccarty, *Rev.* Thaddeus, 334.
McClellan, James, 92.
MacGregory, *Miss*, 180.
Makepeace, Gershom, 156.
Malcom, *Rev.* Howard, *D.D.*, 309.
Maltby, *Rev.* John, 81, 133, 149. Notice of, 90 *n.*
Manners and customs, 236, 247, 260, 287, 328.
Mansfield, *Rev.* Isaac, 266.
Mansfield, Isaac, *son of the preceding*, 266.
Mansfield, Jacob, 291.
Manufactory Bills, 98, 99.
Manufactures, failures, 7. Losses by fire, 8.
Marble family, 107.
March, Andrew, 332.
Marsh family, 113.
Marshall, *Hon.* John, *LL.D.*, 97, 170, 357.
Martha's Vineyard, 184. Indian tradition of, 185.
Martin, *Hon.* Francis X., 241.
Mason, Jeremiah, 197.
Mason, *Maj.* John, his "History of the Pequot war," 324 *n.*
Mason, *Dr.* John, family of, 192.
Mason, Jonathan, *artist*, 198. Family of, 197.
"Massachusettensis," 290, 329.
Massachusetts, Provincial Congress of, 155. Members of, from Worcester Co., *ib. et seq.*
Massachusetts Historical Society, 148 *n.*, 185 *n.*, 190, 311 *n.*, 321 *n.* Rare Ms. in, 342. Donations from, 344.
Massachusetts Register, xix.

Massachusetts Spy, 34, 132 *n.*, 188, 192.
Massachusetts Yeoman, 34, 279.
Massasoit, *Wompanoag sachem*, 145.
Mather, *Rev.* Cotton, *D.D.*, 320, 324. Cited, 248. Diaries of, 321 *n.*
Mather, *Rev.* Increase, *D.D.*, 320.
Mather, *Rev.* Samuel, *D.D.*, 320.
Mather house, *Boston*, treasures in, 147.
Mattoon, *Gen.* Ebenezer, 303, 304, 306.
Maynard, Avary, 15.
Maynard, Harvey, 85.
Maynard, *Rev.* Lyman, 84.
Medford, *Mass.*, Female Academy of, 274.
Mendal, Paul, 156.
Mercurius Politicus, 229.
Merrick, *Rev.* John M., 67, 72, 73.
Merrick, *Miss* Nancy, 22.
Merrick, Pliny, 22, 24, 38-41, 48, 55, 143, 146, 176, 335. Renounces masonry, 44.
Merrick, Thornton A., 48, 138, 140.
Merrill, *Hon.* James C., 146, 303, 342, 352.
Merrimack Manufacturing Co., factory of, destroyed by fire, 6 *n.*
Metalluc, *Indian*, 272.
Metcalf, John, 99.
Metcalf's tavern, *Charlestown, N. H.*, 126.
Millbury, *Mass.*, armory at, 20. Epitaphs from, 294 *n.*
Millbury Bank, 102, 125.
Miller, Hannah (Mrs. Hall), 158.
Miller, Henry W., 22
Miller, *Rev.* John, 158.
Miller, *Rev.* Rodney A., 143.
Mills, *Mrs.* Abigail (*Mrs.* Emmons), 142.
Mills, *Rev.* Edmund, 142, 149.
Mills, Edmund J., 96, 149.
Mills, *Hon.* Elijah H., 292.
Mills, Richard, 43.
Mills, *Rev.* Samuel J., *elder*, 142.
Mills, *Rev.* Samuel J., 141.
Millstone Hill, 184.
Mirick, Charles, illness of, 28-31.
Mitchell (Mitchill), *Dr.* Samuel L., anecdote relating to, 219.
Moen, Philip L., residence of, 32 *n.*
Monroe, *Dr.* Alexander LeB., 141, 142.
Monroe, *Dr.* Stephen, 142, 151.
Monroe, Timothy, 151.
Moore, Hugh, 275.
Moore, *Rev.* Zephaniah S., *D.D.*, 142.
Morgan, *Capt.* William, 205.
Morgan family, 231.
Morrill, Samuel (Griffin & Morrill, *Messrs.*), 29, 50.
Morris, Gouverneur, ix, 123.
Morris, *Gen.* Lewis R., 123.
Morris, *Lieut.* Richard H., 123.
Morse family, 107, 128.
Morton, *Hon.* Perez, 174.
Morton, Thomas, his "New English Canaan," ix.
Mourning customs, change of, 48 *et seq.*
Mower, Henry, 116.
Munson, Israel, 231, 260.
Music, 11, 51, 92, 143, 192, 237, 275.

N.

Napoleon I., *Emperor*, 266, 308.
Nash, *Rev.* William, notice of, 19.
National Ægis, vii, 14, 28, 30, 215, 279, 299.
National Calendar, 238.
National Journal, 238.
Neal, Daniel, his "History of New England," 324 *n.*
Neal, John, notice of, 213, *ib. n.*
Nelson, *Rev.* John, 37. Notice of, *ib. n.*
New England, *steamboat*, 217.
New England Palladium, 327.
New Hampshire Historical Society, xvi, 172.
New Haven, *Conn.*, visit to, 1833, 226. Trumbull Gallery, 230.
New York (City), Park Theatre, 78, 221, 225.
New York (City), Phœnix bank, 223.
New York (City), *Trinity Church*, 218 *n.*
New York Historical Society, 12, 188 *n.*, 223.
New York Magazine, 223 *n.*
New York Society Library, 222 *n.*
Newburyport, society formed to abolish wearing mourning, 49.
Newcomb, Caleb, 21.
Newcomb, *Capt.* Francis, 226.
Newcomb, Henry K., 16, 17, 22, 23, 29, 38, 42, 51, 52, 138, 201, 205, 209, 216.
Newcomb, Horatio G., 205, 209.
Newcomb, Joseph W., 22, 208 *n.*, 210.
Newcomb, *Mrs.* Joseph W., 201, 212.
Newcomb, *Hon.* Richard E., 201, 205, 208 *n.*, 210, 236.
Newcomb family, 205.
Newton, Daniel, 35.
Newton, Henry, 26, 46.
Newton, *Hon.* Rejoice, 21, 35, 197, 200, 256, 321, 352.
Newton, *Mrs.* Rejoice, 33, 173.
Newton, *Rev.* Roger, 206.
Newton family, 208.
Norris, *Miss* Eliza (Mrs. Papanti), 191.
North American Review, ix.
Norwich, *Ohio*, xvii.
"Novanglus," 290.

Noyes, *Rev.* George R., 37, 73, 176. Notice of, 8 *n.*
Noyes, Thomas, 191.
Nye, Ebenezer, notice of, 163 *n.*
Nye family, 163 *n.*, 165.

O.

Odd Fellows Fraternity, meetings of, in reference to its library, 38-41.
Ohio Company, xi.
Ohio Valley, mounds of, ix, xvi.
Olmstead, *Prof.* Dennison, 226 *n.*
Osgood, *Rev.* Jonathan, 120.
Osgood, *Dr.* Jonathan W. D., 13, 120.
Osgood, *Rev.* Peter, 60.
Otis, *Hon.* Harrison G., *LL.D.*, 36.

P.

Packard, *Rev.* Asa, 252.
Paine, Charles, 6, 9, 22, 24.
Paine, *Hon.* Elijah, 126.
Paine, Frederick W., 302, 335, 340, 352. Library of, 279. Pamphlet collector, 344 *n.*
Paine, *Mrs.* Frederick W., 279.
Paine, Gardiner, 8, 17, 32.
Paine, *Rev.* George S., 279.
Paine, Henry, 38.
Paine, *Hon.* Nathaniel, 29, 35, 48, 54, 73, 97, 141. Omits mourning customs, 49. Location of his residence, 80 *n.*
Paine, *Mrs.* Nathaniel, death of, 48.
Paine, Robert Treat, *LL.D.*, 248.
Paine, Robert Treat, 248.
Paine, Robert Treat, *Jr.*, 248.
Paine, *Rev.* Thomas (Samuel), 248.
Papanti, Lorenzo, notice of, 191, *ib. n.*
Park, *Dr.* John, xviii, 173. Notice of, 176 *n.*
Park, *Mrs.* John, 173.
Parker, *Hon.* Isaac, *LL.D.*, 17, 35, 60, 61, 71. Notice of, 175 *n.*
Parker, *Miss* Martha, 249.
Parker, Timothy, 156.
Parkman, *Rev.* Francis, *D.D.*, 146.
Parsons, Theophilus, 253.
Patch, Lucy, 9.
Patridge, *Dr.* Warren, 120.
Patterson, *Rev.* Joseph, 361, 362.
Patterson, Robert, 362.
Payne, John H., xii, 311.
Peabody, Oliver W. B., 336.
Peale's Museum of Art and Natural History, 332 *n.*
Peckham, Robert, *artist*, family of, 283.
Peirce, *Dr.* Leonard (Ebenezer), 82, 91.
Pendleton, William S., 331.
Pennsylvania Historical Society, xvi, 241.
Percival, *Dr.* James G., library of, 227.
Perkins, Oliver L., 303 *n.*
Perry, Emory, 17, 143. Notice of, 51 *n.*
Phelps, Azor, 124.
Phelps, *Dr.* Azor R., 84, 124.
Phelps, *Mrs.* Deborah (Monroe), 151.
Phelps, *Dr.* [Francis E.], 107, 126, 127.
Phelps, *Dr.* Moses, 151.
Phelps, Simeon, 85.
Philadelphia, Chestnut St. Theatre, 78. Arch St. Theatre, 79.
Phillips, Moses D. (Phillips, Sampson & Co., *Messrs.*), 252 *n.*
Phillips, Willard, 5.
Phillips Academy, *Exeter*, 273.
Phipps (Phips), *Gov. Sir* William, 320.
Phrenology, 15, 61, 97, 217, 284, 290, 308, 349.
Pierce, *Gov.* Benjamin, notice of, 26 *n.*
Pierce, *Pres.* Franklin, 26 *n.*
Pierce family, 117 *et seq.*
Pierpont, *Rev.* John, xi, 184, 214, 263.
Pigeons, 46, 76, 168.
Pittsburgh, *Penn.*, visit to, 359. Epitaphs from, 360.
Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, 211 *n.*
Polyanthos, 328.
Porter, *Rev.* Eliphalet, 194.
Porter, *Dr.* Jacob, 25.
Powers, Nero, 11.
Pratt, William, 62, 65, 143.
Prentice (Prentiss), *Rev.* Thomas, 286.
Prentis, Luke, 96.
Prentiss, Charles G., 315, 340 *n.*, 357.
Prentiss, Henry, 348.
Prentiss, Joseph G., 314.
Prescott, Edward G., 303, 306.
Prescott, Elizabeth (Mrs. Hall), 158.
Prescott, *Judge* James, *Jr.*, 273, 328.
Prescott, Jonathan, 158.
Prince, *Rev.* Thomas, 9, 348.
Prison Discipline Society, 190.
Purchas, Samuel, viii.
Purgatory, *Sutton*, 84.
Pursh, Frederick, 88.
Putnam, Edward, 85, 86, 155.
Putnam, Elisha, 99.
Putnam, *Gen.* Israel, 117.
Putnam, Israel, 82, 95.
Putnam, John (Putnam, Williams & Co., *Messrs.*), 313.
Putnam, *Mrs.* John, 313.
Putnam, LeBaron, 82, 85, 97, 102, 103, 121, 122.

Putnam, *Miss* Mary, 82.
Putnam, *Gen.* Rufus, xii. Family of, 166.
Putnam, *Hon.* Samuel, *LL.D.*, 17, 121.
Putnam family, 107.

Q.

Quarterly Medical Journal, 192.
Queechy Manufacturing Co., 102, 103.
Quincy, *Hon* Josiah, *LL.D., Pres. of Harvard College*, 7. His inauguration, 23.
Quincy, *Col.* Josiah, 143.
Quinsigamond, Lake, 18 *n.*

R.

Raffaello Santi, tapestries of his cartoons, 352.
Railroads, 316, 355.
Ram's-horn Pond, 33.
Ranger, *Miss* Charlotte, 70.
Read, Benjamin, 121.
Record Commission, *British*, donations from, x, 339, 350.
Reed, John T., 260, 262.
Regicides, 227, 296.
Revival, religious, 133.
Reynolds, *Dr.* Joseph, 328.
Reynolds, *Mrs.* Joseph (Prescott), 328.
Rhode Island Historical Society, xvi.
Rice, Abel, 65.
Rice, George T., 7, 8, 11, 16, 18, 22, 24, 38, 42, 48, 60, 82, 138, 187, 335. Summoned before Augmentorial Court, 17.
Rice, *Mrs.* George T. (Blake), 187.
Rice, Samuel B., 17.
Rice, Stephen, 156.
Rice family, 128.
Rich, Obadiah, x, 292, 339.
Rich, Peter, 11.
Richards, David, 179.
Rider, Jane C., xiii.
Ripley, *Rev.* Ezra, *D.D.*, his "Concord Fight," 238.
Ripley, *Rev.* George, 214.
Rives, *Hon.* William C., 30.
Robbins, Joseph, 168.
Robbins, *Rev.* Thomas, 352. Notice of, 336.
Roberts, Amasa, 140.
Roberts, Augustus W., 140.
Robinson, *Miss* Catherine, 52.
Robinson, James, 361.
Robinson, *Dr.* Jeremiah, 310.
Robinson, John P., 73.
Robinson, *Miss* Mary, 52, 310.
Robinson, William, 75.
Rogers, Henry, 299.
Rogers, *Rev.* John, *martyr*, 335.
Rogers, *Rev.* John, *Ipswich*, 335.
Rogers, *Rev.* John, *Boxford*, 336.
Rogers, *Rev.* John, *Leominster*, 336.
Rogers, William, 299.
Rose, *Mrs.* H., 12.
Rose, *Miss* Josephine (Mrs. Chandler), 340.
Royce, Rodney C., 275.
Russell, *Major* Benjamin, 146, 235, 303, 352.
Russell, *Mrs.* Benjamin (Rice), 235.
Russell, *Rev.* John, 296.
Russell, *Rev.* Jonathan, 296.
Russell, *Hon.* Jonathan, notice of, 23 *n.*
Russell, *Mrs.* Jonathan, 23.

S.

Sadler, Abiel, 156.
St. John, portrait of, 308.
Salisbury, *Mrs.* Elizabeth (Tuckerman), 31.
Salisbury, Samuel, 334.
Salisbury, Stephen, *the elder*, 117. Death of, 21. Reputed wealth of, *ib.*
Salisbury, *Hon.* Stephen, *LL.D.*, 9, 17, 31, 35, 102 *n.*, 152, 184, 201, 246, 275, 280, 295, 302.
Sargent, Jabez, 108.
Sargent, *Rev.* Samuel, 108.
Sawyer, Cooper, 77.
Sawyer, James, 26, 30.
Scott, Thomas, 88.
Scott, *Sir* Walter, 88.
Sedgwick, Robert, 221.
Sedgwick, *Hon.* Theodore, 221, 258.
Sedgwick, *Mrs.* Theodore (Sergeant), 259.
Selfridge, Thomas O., 132 *n.*, 302.
Selkirk, *5th Earl of, see* Douglas, T., 88.
Sergeant, *Dr.* Erastus, 259.
Sergeant, *Rev.* John, 259.
Sergeant, *Rev.* John, *son of the preceding*, 259.
"Sertorius," 122 *n.*
Sewall, *Attorney-General* Jonathan, 290, 330.
Sewall, Samuel, 5.
Shattuck, *Dr.* Benjamin, 132 *n.*
Shattuck, Benjamin, notice of, 132 *n.*
Shattuck, *Dr.* George C., 132 *n.*
Shattuck, *Hon.* Lemuel, 77, 153, 296, 301, 329.
Shaw, Henry, 97.
Sheffield, Sullivan, *astrologist*, 176 *et seq.*
Sheffield family, 178.
Sherman, *Hon.* Roger, 227.
Shuttleworth, Samuel, 106.

Sibley, *Miss* Joanna, 85, 90, 139, 154.
Sibley, *Hon.* Jonas, 125, 130, 270.
Sibley, Jonas L., vii, 75, 80, 82, 92, 138, 148, 270.
Sibley, *Mrs.* Jonas L., 93.
Sibley, Lyman, 72.
Sibley, *Miss* Mary Ann, 93.
Sibley, Reuben, 86.
Sibley, *Miss* Susan, 85, 90, 139, 154.
Sibley family, 125, 128, 160 *et seq.*
Sigourney, Charles, 232.
Sigourney, *Mrs.* Lydia (Huntley), 232.
Sikes, *Miss* Elizabeth, 62, 65.
Sikes, Henry M., 28.
Silsby (Silsbee), *Hon.* Nathaniel, 321.
"Simplicity's defence," *see* Gorton, Samuel.
Slavery, 200.
Smith, *Dr.* David S. C. H., 20, 21, 82, 108, 134. Notice of, 88.
Smith, Isaac S., 190, 251.
Smith, *Dr.* Jerome V. C., 172.
Smith, Jonas, 67.
Smith, *Prof.* Nathan S., 20, 108.
Southgate, ——, 359, 362.
Sparks, Jared, *LL.D.*, vii, ix, xiv, 70, 194, 307, 358.
Sprague, *Rev.* William B., *D.D.*, 297. His collection of pamphlets, 22.
Springer, James, 299.
Sprout (Sproat), *Col.* Ebenezer, 161.
Spurzheim, Johann F. K., 146, 199, 284, 349.
Stage coaches, 7, *ib. n.*, 12.
Steadman (Stedman), William, 35.
Stearns, Abijah, 155.
Stearns, *Miss* Lucy, 333.
Stearns, *Miss* Mary, 333.
Stearns, *Dr.* Thomas, family of, 285.
Stearns, William, 333.
Sterne family, 106.
Steubenville, *Ohio*, visit to, 362.
Stevens, *Gen.* Ebenezer, 224.
Stevens, John A., 224.
Stiles, Ezra, *LL.D.*, *Pres. of Yale College*, 297, 436.
Stockwell, Amos W., 93.
Stockwell, Cyrus, *innholder*, 236.
Stockwell, John, 140.
Stockwell, Nathaniel, *the elder*, 140.
Stockwell, Nathaniel, 140.
Stockwell, Stephen, 125.
Stockwell family, 128.
Stoddard, Daniel, 101.
Stone, *Dr.* Alpheus, 203.
Storrs, *Rev.* John, 66, 70.
Stoughton, *Lieut.-Gov.* William, 216.
Stratford, Charles J., 311.
Stratford, Kent B., 311.
Strong, *Judge* Solomon, 12, 32, 43, 44, 55, 84, 236.
Strong, *Rev.* Titus, 209.
Studley, Zenas, 181.
Sturgis, *Misses*, 279.
Sturgis, Nathaniel R., 279.
Sullivan, *Rev.* Thomas R., 68.
Sullivan, *Hon.* William, *LL.D.*, 44.
Sumner, Bradford, 71.
Sumner, *Hon.* Charles, *LL.D.*, 333, 343.
Sumner, Charles P., 333.
Sumner, Frederick A., 127.
Sumner, *Dr.* Frederick A., 124, 127, 152.
Sumner, *Gen.* William H., 143, 244.
Superior, *steamboat*, 226.
Sutton, *Mass.*, contemplated history of, 124. Revival of religion, 133.
Swan, Benjamin, 116.
Swan, William, 116.
Swords, James, 223.
Swords, T. (Swords, T. & J., *Messrs.*), 223 *n.*

T.

Taverns, Earl's Coffee House, *Boston*, 7 *n.* Worcester Hotel, or United States Hotel, 8, 18, 132, 236, 285. Wesson's Tavern, *Westborough*, 9, 51. Thomas', or Worcester Coffee House, later the Exchange Hotel, 11, 31, 35, 275, 281, 285. Central Hotel, 36, 45, 144, 236. Tremont House, *Boston*, 37, 101, 145, 151, 153, 260, 304, 317, 341, 351. Bay State House, 45 *n.* American Temperance House, 83 *n.* Tourtelott's hotel, *Sutton*, 89. Doolittle's City Tavern, *Boston*, 121. Harback's, *Wilkinsonville*, 123. Metcalf's tavern, *Charlestown*, 126. Cady & Doolittle's tavern, *Burlington*, 145. Exchange Coffee House, *Boston*, 352. Location of, 146 *n.* Brigham's hotel, *Westborough*, 187. City Hotel, *New York*, 218 *n.* Tontine House, *New Haven*, 226. City Hotel, *Hartford*, 231. Whitcomb's Tavern, *Millbury*, 252.
Taylor, Jonathan, 156.
Temperance, 182, 212, 313, 346.
Temple, *Rev.* —, 47.
Templeton, *Mass.*, xiv. Epitaphs from, 294 *n.* Harris Lodge, disposal of its funds, 337.
Tenney, *Rev.* Caleb J., *D.D.*, 241, 242 *n.*
Tenney, Daniel, 83, 92.
Thacher, *Judge* George, 174.
Thayer, *Rev.* Christopher T., 47. Notice of, *ib. n.*
Thayer, *Rev.* Nathaniel, *D.D.*, 47, 252.

Thomas, Benjamin F., 187, 269 *n.*, 302.
Thomas, *Miss* Caroline, 60.
Thomas, Isaiah, *LL.D.*, xvi, 20, 25, 37, 60, 235, 305, 309. Notice of, 24 *n.* Subscription toward A. A. S. catalogue, 37. Illness of 44. Notice of his death, 102 *n.* Read Declaration of Independence in Worcester, 188.
Thomas, Robert B., his "Farmer's Almanack," xix, 47 *n.*
Thomas, Samuel B., *innholder*, 11.
Thomas's Temperance Exchange Coffee House, 11, 31 35.
Thompson, *Rev.* James, 65–67, 166.
Thompson, *Rev.* James W., 72, 73, 166.
Thompson, *Miss* Louisa, 64, 69, 166.
Thompson, *Dr.* Thomas H., 123.
Thomson, William, 122.
Todd, *Dr.* Eli, 231, 233.
Tontine House *New Haven, Conn.*, 226.
Torrey, *Dr* John 219.
Tourtelott's hotel *Sutton*, 89 *n.*
Towne, *Gen.* Salem, 310.
Towne, William M., 16, 25, 38, 63, 138, 301, 310, 311.
Towne, *Mrs.* William M. (Robinson), 310.
Townsley, Calvin, *innholder*, 12, 202.
Treat, *Miss* — (Mrs. Paine), 248.
Treat, *Gov.* Robert, 248.
Tremont House, *Boston*, 37. Bill of fare of, 261, 265.
Trowbridge, E. H., 50.
Trumbull, *Rev.* Benjamin, *D.D.*, 11.
Trumbull, Benjamin, *son of the preceding*, 11.
Trumbull, *Miss* Elizabeth, 313.
Trumbull, George A., notice of, 313 *n.*
Trumbull, John, lines from his "McFingall" quoted, 330.
Trumbull, *Gov.* Jonathan, *LL.D.*, 234.
Tucker, Jonathan, 155.
Tucker, *Mrs.* Mary, 333.
Tuckerman, Edward, *Jr.*, 263.
Tufts, *Hon.* Aaron, 280, 301, 309.
Tufts, *Mrs.* Aaron (Barker), 281.
Tufts, *Hon.* George A., 280, 301.
Tufts, *Mrs.* George A. (Fales), 301.
Turner, Avary, 12, 50.
Turner, Edward, 162.
Turner Joseph T 2, 21.
Turner William W., 232.
Turner family, 162.

U.

Udal family, 114.
United States Hotel, 18, 132. Notice of, 8 *n.*
Upham, Daniel, 60.
Ursuline Convent, destruction of, 342.

V.

Van Rensselaer, *Dr.* Jeremiah, 219.
Vaux, Robert, 241.
Venegas, Miguel, his "Noticia de la California, 324 *n.*
Virginia, pamphlet on, sold for 400£, 329.
Vose, Edward J., 25.
Vose, Richard, 14, 25.

W.

Wadsworth, Charles, 26, 63, 72, 73, 129, 131, 167.
Wadsworth, David, 63, 129, 167.
Walcott, James 113.
Waldo, Cornelius, 334.
Waldo, *Hon.* Daniel, 29, 334. Erected Calvinist or Central Church, 29 *n.*
Wales, Jacob, 50.
Walker, Asa, 33.
Walker, *Miss* Elizabeth, 68, 79, 83.
Walker, *Rev.* James, 214.
Walker, Lovell, 74, 76.
Walker, *Miss* Malissa, 68, 69, 76.
Walker, Varanus, 33, 130.
Wallcut, *Rev.* Robert F., 311 *n.*, 317, 355. Donations from, 322.
Wallcut, Thomas, notice of, 311 *n.*, 324. Donations from, 315, 317, 324 *n.*
Walpole, Horace, 224.
Wampus, John *Nipmug Indian*, 124.
Wangaumbaug pond, 21.
Ward, *Hon.* Artemas, 155.
Ward, Jonathan, 156.
Ward, Samuel 80, 139, 253.
Ward, *Mass.*, name changed to Auburn, 139 *n.*
Ware, *Miss* Abigail (Mrs. Force), 164.
Ware, Jesse, 164.
Ware, Samuel, 164.
Warren, Emory F., 282.
Warren, *Gen.* Joseph, 207. Portrait of, 208 *n.*
Warren, Peter, 282.
Warren family, 117.
Washburn, Emory, vii, 12, 17, 20, 23, 31, 32, 34, 38, 45, 51, 102, 121, 143, 279.
Washburn, *Mrs.* Emory (Giles), 125.
Washburn, Ichabod, 20. His house raised without use of ardent spirits, 23.
Washington, George, *Pres. of the United States*, 54, 194, 275.
Washington, *canal boat*, launching of, 16 *et seq.*
Washington College, *Hartford, Conn.*, 232, 311.